THE VISIONS OF DOM FRANCISCO DE QUEVEDO VILLEGAS,

Knight of the Order of St. JAMES.

Made *English* by
Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE, Kr.

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John Dick
His visions of the
Reformed

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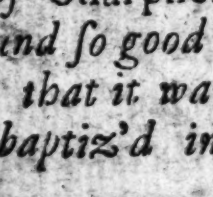
TO THE

READERS,

Gentle *and* Simple.

THIS Preface *is meerly for* Faſhion-ſake, *to* fill *a* Space, *and* pleaſe *he* Stationer; *who ſays*, 'tis neither *uſual* nor *handſome*, to leap immedi-tely from the *Title-Page* to the *Mat-er: So that in ſhort, a* Preface *ye have, ogether with the* Reaſon *of it, both nder one*; *but as to the* ordinary Mode *nd* Pretence *of* Prefaces, *the* Tranſla-or *deſires to be excus'd, for he makes a* onſcience *of a* Lie, *and it were a amn'd one, to tell ye, that he has pub-ſh'd this either to* gratify *the Importu-ity of* Friends, *or to* oblige *the* Pub-ck; *or for any other Reaſon of a hun-red, that are commonly given in Ex-uſe of Scribling. Not but that he loves*

his Friends *as well as any Man, and ha*
taken their Opinion along with him
Not but that he loves the Publick *too*
(as many a Man does a coy Miſtreſ
that has made his Heart ake.) But t
paſs from what had no Effect *upon hi*
in this Publication, *to that which* over
rul'd *him in it: It was pure* Spite; *fo*
he has had hard Meaſure among th
Phyſicians, *the* Lawyers, *the* Women
&c. and Dom Franciſco de Queved
in Engliſh, revenges *him upon all h*
Enemies. *For it is a* Satyr, *that taxe*
Corruption of Manners, *in* all Sor
and Degrees *of People, without reflec*
ing upon particular States *or* Perſon
It is full of Sharpneſs *and* Morality
and has found ſo good Entertainment
the World, that it wanted only Engli
of being baptiz'd into all Chriſti
Languages.



TH

THE FIRST VISION, OF THE *Algouazil* (or *Catchpole*) POSSESS'D.

GOING t'other Day to hear Mass at a Convent in this Town, the Door it seems was shut, and a World of People pressing and begging to get in. Upon Enquiry *what the Matter was?* they told me of a *Demoniac* to be *exorcis'd* (or *dispossess'd*;) which made me put in for one, to see the Ceremony, though to little purpose; for when I had half smother'd my self in the Throng, I was e'en glad to get out again, and think my self of my Lodging. Upon my Way homeward, at the Streets-end, it was my Fortune to meet a familiar Friend of mine of the same Convent, who told me as before. Taking Notice of my Curiosity, he bad me follow him; which I did, till with his *Passe-par-tout*, he brought me thro' a little back-Door into the Church, and so into the Vestry; where we saw a wretched kind of a dog-look'd Fellow, with a Tippet about his Neck, as ill-order'd as you'd wish; his Cloaths all in Tatters, his Hands bound behind him, roaring and tearing after a most hideous Manner. Bless me! quoth I, (crossing my self) what have we here? This (says the good Fa-

ther, who was to do the Feat) is a Man that's po
ſeſs'd with an *evil Spirit*. *That's a Damn'd Li*
(with Reſpect to the Company, cry'd the Devil th
tormented him) for this is not a Man poſſeſs'd with
Devil, but a *Devil* poſſeſs'd with a Man; and ther
fore you ſhould do well to have a Care what you ſa
for it's moſt evident, both by the Queſtion and A
ſwer, that you are but a Company of Sots. You mu
underſtand that we *Devils* never enter into t
Body of a *Catchpole*, but by Force, and in Spite
our Hearts; and therefore, to ſpeak properly, y
are to ſay, this is a *Devil catchpol'd*, and not
Catchpole bedevil'd. And to give you your due, y
Men can deal better with *us Devils*, than with t
Catchpoles; for *we fly from the Croſs*, whereas *th*
make Uſe of it for a Cloak for their Villany.

But tho' we differ thus in our Humours, we ho
a very fair Correſpondence in our Offices: If w
draw Men into Judgment and Condemnation, ſo
the *Catchpoles*; we pray for an Increaſe of Wicke
neſs in the World, ſo do they, nay, and more ze
louſly than we, for they make a Livelihood of
and we do it only for Company. And in this, t
Catchpoles are worſe than the *Devils*; they prey u
on their own Kind, and worry one another. For o
parts, we are Angels ſtill, though black ones, a
were turn'd into Devils only for aſpiring into an
quality with our Maker; whereas *the very Corru*
tion of Mankind, is the Generation of a Catchpole.
that my good Father, your Labour is but loſt in p
ing this Wretch with *Reliques*; for you may as ſo
redeem a Soul from Hell, as a Prey out of his Clut
es. In fine, your *Algouazils* (or *Catchpoles*) and y
Devils, are both of an Order, only your *Catchpo*
Devils wear *Shoes* and *Stockings*, & we go *barefo*
after the Faſhion of this reverend Father, and
deal plainly) have a very hard Time on't.

I was not a little ſurpriz'd to find the *Devil*
gr

reat a Sophiſter; but for all this notwithſtanding, he holy Man went on with his *Exorciſm*, and to ſtop he Spirit's Mouth, waſh'd his Face with a little *Ho-y-water*; which made the *Demoniac* ten times adder than before, and ſet him a yelping ſo horrid-y, that it deafen'd the Company, and made the very round under us to tremble. And now, ſays he, ou may, perchance, imagine this Extravagance to e the Effect of your *Holy-water*; but let me tell ou, that meer *Water* it ſelf would have done the me thing; for your *Catchpoles* hates nothing in this orld like *Water* [eſpecially that of a *Grays-Inn ump.*] But to conclude, they are ſo reprobated a ſort Chriſtians, that they have quitted even the very ame of *Miſins*, (by which they were formerly own) for that of *Algouazils*; the latter being of *aganExtraction*, & more ſuitable to their manners.

Come, come, ſays the Father, there is no Far or Credit to be given to this Villain; ſet but his ongue at Liberty, and you ſhall have him full foul pon the Government, and the Miniſters of Juſtice, r keeping the World in Order, and ſuppreſſing ickedneſs, becauſe it ſpoils his Market. No more opping of Logick, good Mr. *Conjurer*, ſays the *evil*, for there's more in't than you are aware of; t if you'll do a poor *Devil* a good Office, give me ydiſpatch out of this accurſed *Algouazils*, for I am *Devil* you muſt know, of Reputation and Quality, d ſhall never be able to endure the Gibes and Af-onts which will be put upon me at my return to ell, for having kept this Raſcal Company. All in good ne, ſaid the Father, thou ſhalt have thy Diſcharge; t is to ſay, in Pity to this miſerable Creature, d not for thy own ſake. But tell me now, what kes thee torment him thus? Nothing in the orld, quoth the *Devil*, but a Conteſt betwixt him d me, which was the *greater Devil of the two.*

The Conjurer did not at all reliſh theſe wild and

malicious Replies, but to me the Dialogue was extream pleaſant, eſpecially being by this time a little familiariz'd with the Devil. Upon which Confidence, my *Good Father*, ſaid I, here are none, but Friends, and I may ſpeak to you as my *Confeſſor* and the Confident of all the Secrets of my Soul. I have a great Mind, with your Leave, to ask the *Devil* a few Queſtions; and who knows but a Man may be the better for his Anſwers, though perchance contrary to his Intention? Keep him only in the Interim from tormenting this poor Creature. The *Conjurer* granted my Requeſt, and the *Spirit* went on with his Babble. Well, ſays he ſmiling, the *Devil* ſhall never want a Friend at Court, ſo long as there's a *Poet* within the Walls: And indeed the Poets do us many a good Turn, both by Pimping and otherwiſe; but if *you*, ſaid he, ſhould not be kind to us, (looking upon me) you'll be thought very ungrateful conſidering the Honour of your Entertainment now in Hell. I ask'd him then, what Store of Poets they had? Whole Swarms, ſays the *Devil*; ſo many that we have been forc'd to make more room for 'em: nor is there any Thing in Nature ſo pleaſant as a Poet in the firſt Year of his *Probation*; he comes laden, forſooth, with Letters of Recommendation to our Superiors, and enquires very gravely for *Charon*, *Cerberus*, *Rhadamanthus*, *Æacus*, *Minos*.

Well, ſaid I, but what's their Puniſhment? (for I began now to make the *Poets* Caſe my own.) Their Puniſhments, quoth the *Devil*, are many, and ſuited to the Trade they drive. Some are condemn'd to hear other Mens Works: (And this is the Plague of the *Fidlers* too.) We have others that are in for a thouſand Years, and yet ſtill poring upon ſome old Stanza's they have made of Jealouſy. Some again are beating their Foreheads with the Palms of their Hands, and even boring their very Noſes

wit

ith hot Irons, in Rage that they cannot come to a
eſolution, whether they ſhall ſay, *Face* or *Viſage*;
hether they ſhall ſay, *Jayl* or *Gaol*; whether *Cony*
Cunny, becauſe it comes from *Cuniculus*, a
abbet. Others are biting their Nails to the Quick,
d at their Wits end for a Rhime to *Chimney*, and
zing up and down in a brown Study, 'till they
op into ſome Hole at laſt, and give us Trouble e-
ough to get them out again. But they that ſuffer
e moſt, and fare the worſt, are your *Comick Poets*,
r Whoring ſo many Queens and Princeſſes upon
e Stage, and coupling Ladies of Honour with
acquies, and Noblemen with common Strumpets,
the winding up of their Plays; and for giving the
ſtinado to *Alexander* and *Julius Cæſar*, in their
terludes and Farces. Now, be it known unto you,
at we do not lodge theſe with other *Poets*, but
ith *Petty-Foggers* and *Attornies*, as common
ealers in the Myſtery of Shifting, Shuffling Forg-
g, and Cheating. And now, for the Diſcipline of
ell, you are to underſtand we have incomparable
arbingers and *Quarter-Maſters*, inſomuch that
them come in whole *Caravans*, as it happen'd
ther Day, every Man is in his Quarter before
u can ſay, *What's this?*

There came to us ſeveral Tradeſmen; the firſt of
em a poor Rogue, that made Profeſſion of *draw-*
g the Long-Bow; and him we were about to put
ong the Armorers, but one of the Company mov'd
d carry'd it, that ſince he was ſo good at Draughts,
might be ſent to the *Clerks* and *Scriveners*, a ſort
People that will fit you with *Draughts* good and
d, of all Sorts and Sizes, and to all Purpoſes. A-
ther call'd himſelf a *Cutter*; We ask'd him whe-
er in *Wood* or *Stone*? Neither, ſaid he, but in
loth and *Stuff*, (*Anglice* a *Taylor*;) and him we
rn'd over to thoſe that were in for Detraction and
alumny, and for cutting large Thongs out of o-

ther Mens Leather. There was a *blind Fello* would fain have been among the *Poets*, but (fo Likeneſs ſake) we quarter'd him among the *Lover* After him came a *Sexton*, or (as he ſtil'd himſelf) *Burier of the Dead*; and then a *Cook* that was trou bled in Conſcience for putting off *Cats* for *Hares* Theſe were diſpatch'd away to the *Paſtry-Men*. A bout half a dozen *crack-brain'd Fools* we diſpos'd o among the *Aſtrologers* and *Alchimiſts*. In the Num ber, there was one notorious *Murtherer*, and hi we pack'd away to the Gentlemen of the Faculty the *Phyſicians*. The *broken Merchants* we kennel' with *Judas*, for making ill Bargains. *Corrupt Mi niſters* and *Magiſtrates*, with the *Thief* on the le Hand. The *Embroilers of Affairs*, and the *Water bearers*, take up with the *Vintners*; and the *Broker* with the *Jews*. Upon the whole Matter, the Polic of Hell is admirable, where every Man has his Pla according to his Condition.

As I remember, ſaid I, you were ſpeaking e'e now concerning *Lovers*: Pray tell me, have ye ma ny of them in your Dominions? I ask, becauſe I am my ſelf a little ſubject to the Itch of *Love* as well a *Poetry*. *Love*, ſays the Devil, is like a great Spo of Oil, that diffuſes it ſelf every where, and con ſequently Hell cannot but be ſufficiently ſtock'd wit that ſort of Vermin. But let me tell you now, w have ſeveral ſorts of *Lovers*; ſome dote upon *them ſelves*; others upon their *Perſ*; theſe upon their ow *Diſcourſes*; thoſe upon their own *Actions*; and ono in an Age, perchance, comes a Fellow that dotes up on his own *Wife*; but this is very rare, for the Jad commonly bring their Husbands to Repentanc and then the Devil may throw his Cap at them. Bu above all, for Sport, (if there can be any in Hell commend me to thoſe *gawdy Monſieurs*, who by th Variety of Colours and Ribbons they wear, (*Fa*

vour

ours, as they call them) one would ſwear were nly dreſs'd up for a *Sample*, or kind of *Inventory* of l the *Gewgaws* that are to be had for Love or Mo- ey at the *Mercers*. Others you ſhall have ſo over- harg'd with *Perruque*, that you'll hardly know the lead of a *Cavalier*, from the ordinary *Block* of a *yre-Woman*: And ſome again you'd take for *Car- ers*, by their Pacquets and Bundles of *Love-Letters*; hich being made combuſtible by the Fire and lame they treat of, we are ſo thrifty, as to em- loy upon the ſingeing of their own Tails, for the aving of better Fuel. But oh! the pleaſant Po- ures of the Maiden Lover, when he is upon the ractice of the *Gentle Leer*, and embracing the Air or his Miſtreſs! Others we have that are condemn'd or *Feeling*, and yet never come to the *Touch*: Theſe aſs for a kind of *Buffoon-Pretenders*; ever upon the *Vigil*, but never arrive at the *Feſtival*. Some again ave loſt themſelves with *Judas* for a *Kiſs*.

One Story lower, is the Abode of *contented Cuck- lds*; a naſty poiſonous Place, and ſtrew'd all over with the Horns of Rams and Bulls, *&c.* Now, theſe re ſo well read in Women, and know their Deſtiny o well before-hand, that they never ſo much as rouble their Heads for the Matter. Ye come next to he *Admirers* of *Old Women*; and theſe are Wretches f ſo deprav'd an Appetite, that if they were not ept ty'd up, and in Chains, they'd Horſe the very *Devils themſelves*, and put *Barabbas* to his Trumps o defend his Buttocks: For the Truth is, whatever *ou* may think of a Devil, he paſſes with *them* for a ery *Adonis* or *Narciſſus*.

So much for your Curioſity; a Word now for your nſtruction. If you would make an Intereſt in Hell, ou muſt give over that Roguiſh Way ye have got of buſing the *Devils* in your Shews, Pictures, and Em- lems: One while forſooth we are painted with

Claws

Claws and *Talons*, like *Eagles* or *Griffins*: another while we are dreſs'd up with *Tails*, like ſo many Hackney-Jades with their *Fly-flaps*; and now and then ye ſhall ſee a Devil with a *Coxcomb*. Now, I will not deny but ſome of us may indeed be very well taken for *Hermits* and *Philoſophers*. If you can help us in this Point, do; and we ſhall be ready to do ye *one good Turn for another*. I was asking *Michael Angelo* here a while ago, why he drew the Devils in his great Piece of the *Laſt Judgment* with ſo many Monkey Faces, and Jack-Pudding Poſtures? His Anſwer was, That he follow'd his Fancy, without any Malice in the World, for as then he had never ſeen any Devils, nor (indeed) did he believe that there were any; but he has now learn'd the contrary to his Coſt. There's another Thing too we take extreamly ill, which is, that in your ordinary Diſcourſes, ye are out with your Purſe preſently to every Raſcal, and calling of him *Devil*. As for Example. Do you ſee how this *Devil* of a *Taylor* has ſpoil'd my Suit? How the *Devil* has made me wait? How that *Devil* has cozen'd me, *&c.* Which is very ill done, and no ſmall Diſparagement to our Quality, to be rank'd with *Taylors*; a Company of Slaves, that ſerve us in Hell only for Bruſh-wood; and they are fain to beg hard to be admitted at all: Though I confeſs they have *Poſſeſſion* on their ſides, and *Cuſtom*, which is another Law: Being in Poſſeſſion of Theft and ſtollen Goods, they make much more Conſcience of keeping your *Stuffs*, than your *Holy-days*, grumbling and domineering at every Turn, if they have not the ſame Reſpect with the Children of the Family. Ye have another Trick too, of giving every Thing to the Devil, that diſpleaſes ye; which we cannot but take very unkindly. *The Devil take thee*, ſays one: A goodly Preſent, I warrant ye; but the *Devil* has ſomewhat elſe to do, than

to

to take and carry away all that's given him; if they'll come of themſelves, let them come and welcome. Another gives that Whelp of a *Lacquey* to the Devil; but the Devil will have none of your *Lacqueys*; he thanks you for your Love; a Pack of Rogues, that are commonly worſe than Devils; and to ſay the Truth, they are good neither roſt nor ſodden. I give that *Italian* to the *Devil*, cries a third. Thank you for nothing; for ye ſhall have an *Italian* will chouſe the Devil himſelf, and take him by the Noſe like Muſtard. Some again will be giving a *Spaniard* to the *Devil*; but he has been ſo cruel where ever he has got Footing, that we had rather have his Room than his Company, and make a Preſent to the *Grand Signior* of his *Nutmegs*.

Here the Devil ſtopt, and in the ſame Inſtant, there happening a ſlight Scuffle betwixt a Couple of conceited Coxcombs, which ſhould go foremoſt; I turn'd to ſee the Matter, and caſt my Eye upon a certain *Tax gatherer*, that had undone a Friend of mine; and in ſome ſort, to revenge my ſelf of this *Aſs* in a *Lyon's Skin*, I ask'd the *Devil*, whether they had not of that ſort of Blood-Suckers among the reſt, in their Dominions? (an informing, projecting Generation of Men, and the very Bane of a Kingdom.) You know little, ſays he, if you do not know theſe Vermin to be the right Heirs of Perdition, and that they claim Hell for their Inheritance; and yet we are now e'en upon the Point of diſcarding them; for they are ſo pragmatick and ungrateful, there's no enduring of them. They are at this preſent in Conſultation about an *Impoſt* upon the Highway to Hell; and indeed Payments run ſo high already, and are ſo likely to increaſe too, that 'tis much fear'd in the End, we ſhall quite loſe our Trading and Commerce. But if ever they come to put this in Execution, we ſhall be ſo bold as to treat them

them next bout, to the Tune of *Fortune my Foe*, &c. and make them cool their Heels on the wrong side of the Door, which will be worse than *Hell* to them, for it leaves them no Retreat, being expell'd *Paradise* and *Purgatory* already. This Race of Vipers, said I, will never be quiet, 'till they tax the Way to Heaven it self. Oh! quoth the Devil, that had been done long since, if they had found the Play worth the Candles; but they have had a Factor abroad now these half score Years, that's glad to wipe his Nose on his Sleeve still, for want of a Handkerchief. But these new Impositions, upon what, I pray ye, do they intend to levy them? For what (quoth the *Devil*) there's a Gentleman of the Trade at your Elbow, can tell you all; pointing to my old Friend the Publican. This drew the Eyes of the whole Company upon him, and put him so damn'dly out of Countenance, that he pluck'd down his Hat over his Face, clapt his Tail between his Legs, and went his way; with which we were all of us well enough pleas'd, and then the *Devil* went on. Well, (said the *Devil*, and laugh'd) my Voucher is departed, ye see; but I think I can say as much to this Point as himself. The Impositions, now to be set on foot, are upon *Bare-neck'd Ladies*, *Patches*, *Mole-skins*, *Spanish Paper*, and all the *Mundus Muliebris* more than what is necessary and decent; upon our *Tour a la Mode*, and *Spring-Garden Coaches*; excess in *Apparel*, *Collations*, *rich Furniture*, your *Cheating* and *Blasphemy Gaming Ordinaries*, and in general, upon whatsoever serves to advance our Empire; so that, without a Friend at Court, or some good Magistrate to help us out at a dead Lift, and stick to us, we may e'en put up our Pipes; and you'll find *Hell* a very *Desart*. Well, said I, and methinks I see nothing in all this, but what is very reasonable; for to what End serves it, but to corrupt good Manners, stir up ill Appetites, provoke and encourage all sorts of Debauche-

ry

y, deſtroy all that is good and honourable in hu-
man Society, and chalk out in Effect the ready Way
o the Devil?

But you ſaid ſomething e'en now of Magiſtrates,
hope, ſaid I, there are no Judges in Hell! You
nay as well imagine (cry'd the Spirit) that there are
o *Devils* there; for let me tell you, (Friend of
ine) your corrupt Judges are the great *Spawners*
hat ſupply our Lake; for what are thoſe Millions
f *Catchpoles*, *Proctors*, *Attornies*, *Clerks*, *Barriſters*
hat come ſailing to us every Day in Shoals, but the
Fry of ſuch Judges! Nay, ſometimes, in a lucky
Year for *Cheating*, *Forging*, and *Forſwearing*, we
an hardly find Casks to put them in.

From hence now (quoth I) would you infer, that
here's no Juſtice upon the Face of the Earth? Very
ight, (quoth the Devil) for *Aſtræa* (which is the
ame Thing) is fled long ſince to Heaven. Do not
ye know the Story? No, ſaid I. Then (quoth the
Devil) mind me, and I'll tell ye it.

Once upon a time Truth and Juſtice came together
to take up their Quarters upon the Earth, but the
one being naked, and the other very ſevere and
plain-dealing, they could not meet with any Body
that would receive them. At laſt, when they had
wander'd a long time, like Vagabonds in the open
Air, Truth was glad to take up her Lodging with a
Mute; and Juſtice, perceiving, that though her Name
was much us'd for a Cloak to Knavery, yet that ſhe
herſelf was in no Eſteem, took up a Reſolution of re-
turning to Heaven: And in order to her Journey, ſhe
bad Adieu in the firſt place to all Courts, Palaces,
and great Cities, and went into the Country, where
ſhe met with ſome few poor ſimple Cottagers, that
gave her Entertainment; but Malice and Perſecu-
tion found her out in the End, and ſhe was baniſh'd
thence too. She preſented herſelf in many Places,
and People ask'd her, *what ſhe was*? She anſwer'd
them,

them, *Justice*, for she would not lie for the Matter. *Justice!* (cry'd they) *she is a stranger to us*; tell her, *here's nothing for her, and shut the Door.* Upon these Repulses she took Wing, and away she went to Heaven, hardly leaving so much as the bare Print of her Foot-steps behind her. Her Name, however, is not yet forgotten, and she's pictur'd with a Scepter in her Hand, and is still call'd Justice; but call her what you will, she makes as good a Fire in Hell as a *Taylor*; and for Slight of Hand, puts down all the Jilts, Cheats, Picklocks, and Trepanners in the World: To say the Truth, *Avarice* is grown to that Height, that Men employ all the Faculties of Soul and Body, to rob and deceive. The Leacher, does not he steal away the Honour of his Mistress? (though with her Consent.) The *Attorney* picks your Pockets, and shews you a Law for't? The *Comedian* gets your Money and your Time, with reciting other Mens Labours? The *Lover* cozens you with his Eyes; the *Eloquent* with his Tongue: the *Valiant* with his Arm; the *Musician* with his Voice and Fingers; the *Astrologer* with his Calculations; the *Apothecary* with Sickness and Health; the *Surgeon* with Blood; and the *Physician* with Death it self: And in some sort or other, they are all Cheats; but the *Catchpole* (in the Name of *Justice*) abuses you with *his whole Man*; he watches you with his *Eyes*; *follows* you with his *Feet*; *seizes* with his *Hands*; *accuses* with his *Tongue*: And in fine, put it in your *Litany*, From *Catchpoles*, as well as *Devils*, *Libera nos Domine*.

But how comes it, said I, that you have not coupled the *Women* with the Thieves? for they are both of a Trade. Not a Word of *Women*, as ye love me, (quoth the Devil) for we are so tir'd out with their Importunities, so deafen'd with the eternal Clack of their Tongues, that we start at the very Thought

of

f them. And to ſay the Truth, *Hell* were no ill *Winter-Quarter*, if it were not ſo over-ſtock'd with hat ſort of Cattle. Since the Death of the Witch f *Endor*, it has been all their Buſineſs to improve hemſelves in Subtlety and Malice, and to ſet us ogether by the Ears among our ſelves: Nay, ſome f them are confident enough to tell us to our Teeth, hat when we have done our Worſt, they'll give us *Rowland* for our *Oliver*. Only this Comfort we ave, that they are a cheaper Plague to us, than hey are to *you*; for we have no *Exchanges*, *Hide-Parks*, or *Spring-Gardens* in our Territories.

You are well-ſtor'd then with *Women*, I ſee, but f which have you moſt, ſaid I, *handſome* or *ill-favour'd*? Oh, of the ill-favour'd, ſix for one, (quoth he Devil;) for your *Beauties* can never want *Gallants* to lay their Appetites; and many of them, when they come at laſt to have their Bellies full, 'en give over the Sport, repent and eſcape: Whereas no Body will touch the *ill-favour'd* without a Pair of Tongs; and for want of Water to quench their Fire, they come to us ſuch *Skeletons*, hat they are enough to affright the Devil himſelf: For they are moſt commonly old, and accompany heir laſt Groans with a Curſe upon the younger that re to ſurvive them. I carry'd away one t'other Day of Three-ſcore and ten, that I took juſt in the Nick, s ſhe was upon a certain Exerciſe to remove Obſtructions: And when I came to land her, alas, for he poor Woman! what a terrible Fit had ſhe got of the *Tooth-ach*! When upon Search, the Devil a Tooth had ſhe left in her Head, only ſhe bely'd her Chops, to ſave her Credit.

You have exceedingly ſatisfy'd me, ſaid I, in all your Anſwers: But pray'e once again; What Store of *Beggars* have ye in Hell? *Poor People*, I mean. *Poor*! (quoth the Devil) who are they? Thoſe (ſaid

I) that have no Poſſeſſions in the World. How c
that be, (quoth he) that thoſe ſhould be damn'd, th
have nothing in the World, when Men are on
damn'd for cleaving to't? And briefly, I find no
of their Names in our Books, which is no Wonde
for he that has nothing to truſt to, ſhall be le
by the Devil himſelf in Time of Need. To de
plainly with you, where have you greater Devi
than your Flatterers, falſe Friends, lewd Compan
envious Perſons, than a Son, a Brother, or a Re
lation that lies in wait for your Life, to get yo
Fortune, that mourns over you in your Sickne
and wiſhes you already at the Devil? Now, the *Po*
have none of this; they are neither flatter'd, nor en
vy'd, nor befriended, nor accompany'd: There's n
gaping for their Poſſeſſions; and in ſhort, they a
a ſort of People that live well, and die better; an
there are ſome of them that would not exchang
their Rags for Royalty it ſelf: They are at Liber
to go and come at Pleaſure, be it War or Peace
free from Cares, Taxes, and publick Duties: The
fear no Judgments or Executions, but live as invio
ble as if their Perſons were ſacred. Moreover, the
take no Thought for to Morrow; but ſetting a ju
Value on their Hours, they are good Husbands of th
preſent; conſidering that what is paſt, is as good
dead, and what's to come, uncertain. But they ſa
when the Devil Preaches, the World is near an En

The divine Hand is in this, (ſaid the Holy Ma
that perform'd the *Exorciſm*:) Thou art the Father
of Lies, and yet deliver'ſt Truths, able to molli
fy and convert a Heart of Stone. But do not you
miſtake your ſelf, (quoth the Devil) to ſuppoſe that
your Converſion is my Buſineſs; for I ſpeak theſe
Truths to aggravate your Guilt, and that you may
not plead Ignorance another Day, when you ſhall be
call'd to anſwer for your Tranſgreſſions. 'Tis true

mo

oſt of you ſhed Tears at parting, but 'tis the Appre-
nſion of Death, and no true Repentance for your
ns, that works upon you; for ye are all a Pack of
ypocrites: Or if at any time you entertain thoſe
eflexions, your Trouble is, that your Body will
ot hold out; and then, forſooth, you pretend to pick
Quarrel with the Sin it ſelf. Thou art an *Impoſtor*,
ſaid the Religious) for there are many righteous
ouls, that draw their Sorrow from another Foun-
in. But I perceive you have a mind to amuſe us,
nd make us loſe Time, and perchance your own Hour
not yet come to quit the Body of this miſerable
reature; however, I conjure thee in the Name of
he moſt High, to leave tormenting him, and to hold
y Peace. The Devil obey'd; and the good Father
pplying himſelf to us, My Maſters, (ſays he) tho' I
m abſolutely of Opinion, that it is the *Devil* that
as talk'd to us all this While through the Organ of
his unhappy Wretch, yet he that well weighs
hat has been ſaid, may doubtleſs reap ſome Benefit
y the Diſcourſe. Wherefore, without conſidering
hence it came, remember that *Saul* (altho' a wick-
d Prince) propheſy'd; and that Honey has been
rawn out of the Mouth of a Lyon. Withdraw then,
nd I ſhall make it my Prayer, (as 'tis my Hope)
hat this ſad and prodigious Spectacle may lead you
o a true Sight of your Errors, and in the End, to
Amendment of Life.

THE

THE

SECOND VISION,

OF

Death and her *Empire.*

MEAN Souls do naturally breed ſad Thoughts and in Solitude, they gather together in Troops, to aſſault the Unfortunate; which is the Tryal (according to my obſervation) wherein the Coward does moſt betray himſelf; and yet cannot for my Life, when I am alone, avoid thoſe Accidents and Surprizes in my ſelf, which I condemn in others. I have ſometimes, upon reading the grave and ſevere *Lucretius*, been ſeiz'd with a ſtrange Damp, whether from the ſtriking of his Counſels upon my Paſſions, or ſome tacit Reflexion of Shame upon myſelf, I know not. However, to render this Confeſſion of my Weakneſs the more excuſable, I'll begin my Diſcourſe with ſomewhat out of that elegant and excellent Poet.

" *Put the Caſe* (ſays he) *that a Voice from Heaven*
" *ſhould ſpeak to any of us after this manner; What*
" *do'ſt thou ail,* O! Mortal Man, *or to what Purpoſe*
" *is it to ſpend thy Life in Groans & Complaints un-*
" *der the Apprehenſion of* Death? *Where are thy paſt*
" *Years and Pleaſures? are they not vaniſh'd and loſt*
" *in the Flux of time, as if thou had'ſt put Water into*
" *a Sieve? Bethink thy ſelf then of a Retreat, and*
" *leave the World with the ſame Content and Satis-*
" *faction, as thou would'ſt do a plentiful* Table *and*
" *a jolly* Company *upon a full Stomach, Poor Fool*
" *that*

hat thou art! thus to macerate and torment thy ſelf, when thou may'ſt enjoy thy Heart at Eaſe, and poſſeſs thy Soul with Repoſe & Comfort, &c. This Paſſage brought into my Mind the Words of *b, Chap.* 14. and I was carry'd on from one Medi-ion to another, 'till at length I fell faſt aſleep o-r my Book, which I aſcrib'd rather to a favourable ovidence, than to my natural Diſpoſition. So on as my Soul felt her ſelf at Liberty, ſhe gave me e Entertainment of this following Comedy, my ncy ſupplying both the Stage and the Company. n the firſt Scene enter'd a Troop of *Phyſicians*, upon eir Mules, with deep Foot-cloths, marching in no ry good Order, ſometime faſt, ſometime ſlow, and ſay the Truth, moſt commonly in a Huddle. They ere all wrinkl'd and wither'd about the Eyes, I ppoſe with caſting ſo many ſour Looks upon the ſs-pots and Cloſe-ſtools of their Patients; bearded e Goats; and their Faces ſo over-grown with air, that their Fingers could hardly find the way their Mouths: In the left Hand they held the eins, and their Gloves roul'd up together; and in e Right a Staff *a la Mode*, which they carry'd ra-er for Countenance than Correction, (for they derſtood no other Menage than the Heel;) and all ong Head and Body went too, like a Baker upon s Panniers. Divers of them, I obſerv'd, had huge old Rings upon their Fingers, and ſet with Stones ſo large a Size, that they could hardly feel a Pati-t's Pulſe, without minding him of his Monument. here were more than a good many of them, and a Vorld of puny Practicers at their Heels, that came t *Graduates*, by converſing rather with the *Mules* an the *Doctors*. Well! ſaid I to my ſelf, if there es no more than this to the making *a Phyſician*, it no Marvel we pay ſo dear for their Experience. After theſe, follow'd a long Train of *Mounte-*

bank-

bank-Apothecaries, laden with *Peſtle* and *Mortar*, *Suppoſitories*, *Spatula's*, *Gliſter-Pipes*, and *Syringes* ready charg'd, and as mortal as Gun-ſhot, and ſeveral *titl'd Boxes*, with *Remedies without* & *Poyſons within*. Ye may obſerve, that when a Patient comes to die, *the Apothecary's Mortar rings the Paſſing Bell* as the Prieſt's *Requiem* finiſhes the Buſineſs. An *Apothecary's Shop* is (in Effect) no other than the *Phyſician's Armory*, that ſupplies him with Weapons; and (to ſay the Truth) the *Inſtruments* of the *Apothecary* and the *Soldier*, are much of a Quality. What are their *Boxes*, but *Petards*? Their *Syringes*, *Piſtols*; and their *Pills*, but *Bullets*? And after all, conſidering their purgative Medicines, we may properly enough call their *Shops Purgatory*, and why not their *Perſons Hell*? Their Patients, the Damn'd? And their *Maſters*, *the Devils*? Theſe *Apothecaries* were in *Jacquets*, wrought all over with Rs ſtruck through like wounded Hearts, and in the Form of the firſt Character of their *Preſcription*; which, (they tell us) ſignifies *Recipe*, (*Take thou*) but (we find it to ſtand for *Recipio*, (*I Take.*) Next to this Figure, they write, *Ana*, *Ana*, which is as much to ſay, *An Aſs*, *An Aſs*; and after this, mark the *Ounces* and the *Scruples*; an incomparable Cordial to a dying Man; the former to diſpatch the *Body*, and the *latter* to put the *Soul* into the High way to the *Devil*. To hear them call over all the *Simples*, would make you ſwear they were raiſing ſo many *Devils*. There's your *Opopanax*, *Buphthalmus*, *Aſtaphylinos*, *Alectorolophos*, *Ophioſcorodon*, *Anemoſphorus*, &c.

And by all this formidable Bombaſt, is meant nothing in the World but a few paultry Roots, as Carrots, Turnips, Skirrits, Radiſh, and the like. But they have the old Proverb at their Finger's end; *He that knows thee, will never buy thee*; and therefore ever

Thin

ing muſt be made a Myſtery, to hold their Patients Ignorance, and keep up the Price of the Market. nd were not the very Names of their Medicines fficient to fright away any Diſtemper, 'tis to be r'd the Remedy would prove worſe than the Diſe. Can any Pain in Nature, think ye, have the onfidence to look the Phyſician in the Face, that mes arm'd with a Drug made of *Man's Greaſe*? ough diſguis'd under the Name of *Mummy*, to take f the Horror and Diſguſt of it: Or to ſtay for a reſſing with Dr. *Whachum's Plaiſter*, that ſhall fetch p a Man's Leg to the Size of a Mill-poſt? When I w theſe People herded with the *Phyſicians*, mehought the old ſluttiſh Proverb, that ſays, *There is a reat Diſtance between the Pulſe and the Arſe*, was uch to blame for making ſuch a Difference in their Dignities, for I find none at all; but the Phyſician skips n a Trice from the Pulſe, to the Stool and *Urinal*, ccording to the Doctrine of *Galen*, who ſends all is Diſciples to thoſe unſavoury Oracles: From whoſe Hands, the Devil himſelf, if he were ſick, would ot receive ſo much as a Glyſter. Oh! theſe Curſed nd lawleſs Arbitrators and Diſpoſers of our Lives! hat, without either Conſcience or Religion, divide our Souls and Bodies by their damn'd poyſonous *Potions*, *Sacrifications*, *Inciſions*, *exceſſive Bleedings*, &c. which are but the ſeveral Ways of executing their Tyranny and Injuſtice upon us.

In the Tail of theſe, came the *Surgeons*, laden with *Pincers*, *Crane-bills*, *Catheters*, *Diſquamatories*, *Dilaters*, *Sciſſars*, *Saws*, and with them ſo horrid an Outcry of *Cut*, *Tear*, *Open*, *Saw*, *Flay*, *Burn*, that my Bones were ready to creep one into another, for fear of an Operation.

The next that came in, I ſhould have taken, by their *Mein*, for *Devils* diſguis'd, if I had not ſpy'd their Chains of rotten Teeth, which put me in

ſome

ſome Hope they might be *Tooth-Drawers*, and
they prov'd; which is yet one of the lewd
Trades in the World, for they are good for nothi
but to depopulate our Mouths, and make us old b
fore our Time. Let a Man but yawn, and ye ſha
have one of theſe Rogues examining his *Grinde*
and there's not a ſound Tooth in your Head, b
he had rather ſee't at his Girdle, than in the Pla
of it's Nativity: Nay, rather than fail, he'll pick
Quarrel with your *Gums*. But that which puts m
out of all Patience, is, to ſee theſe Scoundrels a
twice as much for drawing an old Tooth, as woul
have bought me a new one.

Certainly (ſaid I to my ſelf) we are now paſt th
worſt, unleſs the Devil himſelf come next: And
that Inſtant, I heard the bruſhing of *Guitars*, a
the ratling of *Citterns*, raking over certain *Paſſa-
coilles* and *Sarabans*. Theſe are a Kennel of *Barber*
thought I, or I'll be hang'd; and any Man that ha
ever ſeen a Barber's Shop, might have told you a
much without a Conjurer, both by the Muſick, an
by the very Inſtruments, which are as proper a par
of a *Barber's Furniture*, as his *Comb-caſes* & *Waſh-
balls*. It was to me a pleaſant Entertainment, to ſe
them lathering of *Aſſes Heads*, of all Sorts and Size
and their Cuſtomers all the the while winking an
ſputtering over their Baſons.

Preſently after theſe, appear'd a Conſort of lou
and tedious Talkers, that tir'd and deafen'd th
Company with their ſhrill and reſtleſs Gaggle. But,
one told me, theſe were of ſeveral ſorts. Some the
call'd Swimmers, from the Motion of their Arms
all their Diſcourſes, which was juſt as if they ha
been padling. Others they call'd *Apes*, (& we *Mimik*
theſe were perpetually making of *Mops* and *Mowe*
and a thouſand antick ridiculous Geſtures, in Der
ſion and Imitation of others. In the third place, we
Make-bates, and *Sowers of Diſſention*; a
the

ſe were ſtill rolling their Eyes (like a *Bartlemy-ppet*, without ſo much as moving the Head) and ring over their Shoulders, to ſurprize People at awares in their Familiarities and Privacies, and ther Matter for *Calumny* and *Detraction.* The *iars* follow'd next; and theſe ſeem'd to be a jolly ntented ſort of People, well fed, and well cloath'd; d having nothing elſe to truſt to, methought it s a ſtrange Trade to live upon. I need not tell you t they are never without a full Audience, ſince *Fools & Impertinents are of their Congregation.* After theſe, came a Company of *Medlers*; a agmatical inſolent Generation of Men, that will ve an Oar in every Boat, and are indeed the Bane honeſt Converſation, and the Troublers of all mpanies and Affairs; the moſt Proſtiture of all atterers, and only devoted to their own Profit. I ught this had been the laſt Scene, becauſe no re came upon the ſtage for a good while; and eed I wonder'd that they came ſo late themſelves, t one of the *Bablers* told me, (unask'd) that this d of Serpent, carrying his Venom in his Tail, it m'd reaſonable, that being the moſt poyſonous of e whole Gang, they ſhould bring up the Rear. I began then to take into Thought what might be Meaning of this *Oglio* of People of ſeveral Condi-ns and Humours met together; but I was quickly verted from that Conſideration, by the Apparition of a Creature which look'd as if it 'twere of the minine Gender. It was a Perſon of a thin and nder *Make*, laden with *Crowns, Garlands, Scep-s, Scythes, Sheep-hooks, Pattins, Hob-nail'd oes, Tiaras, Straw-Hats, Miters, Monmouth Caps broideries, Skins, Silk, Wool, Gold, Lead, Dia-nds, Shells, Pearl,* & *Pebbles*: She was dreſs'd up ll the Colours of the Rainbow; ſhe had one Eye t, the other open; young on the one ſide, and o'the other. I thought at firſt, ſhe had been a at way off, when indeed ſhe was very near me;

and when I took her to be at my Chamber-Door, s
was at my Bed's-head. How to unriddle this Myst
ry, I knew not; nor was it possible for me to ma
out the meaning of an Equipage so extravagant, a
so fantastically put together. It gave me no Affrig
however, but on the contrary, I could not forbe
laughing; for it came just then into my Mind, th
I had formerly seen in *Italy*, a *Farce*, where t
Mimick, pretending to come from the other Wor
was just thus accouter'd, and never was any thi
more nonsensically pleasant. I held as long I cou
and at last, I ask'd what she was? She answer'd m
I am *Death*. *Death!* (the very Word brought m
Heart into my Mouth;) and I beseech you, Mada
quoth I, (with great Humility and Respect) whith
is your Honour a going? No farther, said she; t
now I have found you, I am at my Journeys E
Alas! alas! and must I die then? said I. No, n
(quoth *Death*) but I'll take the Quick along wi
me: For since so many of the *Dead* have been
visit the *Living*, it is but equal for once, that one
the *Living* should return a Visit to the *Dead*. C
up then, and come along, and never hang an Ar
for the Matter; for what you will not do willing
you shall do in Spite of your Teeth. This put m
in a cold Fit; but without more delay, up I start
and desir'd Leave only to put on my Breeches. N
no, (said she) no Matter for Cloaths, no Body we
then upon this Road: wherefore come away, na
as you are, and you'll travel the better. So up I
without a Word more, and follow'd her, in suc
Terror and Amazement, that I was but in an
Condition to take a strict Account of my Passa
yet I remember, that upon the Way, I told h
Madam, under Correction, you are no more like
Deaths that I have seen, than *Apple's like an Oys*
Our *Death* is pictur'd with a *Scythe* in her Ha
and a *Carcases* of Bones, as clean as if the Crows
pi

ick'd it. Yes, yes, ſaid ſhe, (turning ſhort upon
ne) I know that very well; but in the mean Time,
our Deſigners and Painters, are but a Company of
uzzards. The *Bones* you talk of, are the dead, or
herwiſe *the miſerable Remainders of the Living*;
ut let me tell you, that you your ſelves are your
wn *Death*, and that which you call *Death, is but*
e Period of your Life, as the firſt Moment of your
irth, is the beginning of your Death: And ef-
ctually, ye *die living*, and your *Bones* are no more
an what *Death* has left, & committed to the Grave.
this were rightly underſtood, every Man would
d a *Memento Mori*, or *Death's Head*, in his own
ooking-glaſs and conſider every Houſe, with a
mily in't, but as a Sepulchre fill'd with dead Bo-
es; a Truth which you little dream of, tho' within
ur daily View and Experience. Can you imagine
Death elſe where, and not in your ſelves? Believ't,
are in a ſhameful Miſtake, for you your ſelves
Skeletons before ye are aware.

But, Madam, under Favour, what may all theſe
ople be, that keep your Ladyſhip Company? And
ce you are *Death*, as you ſay, how comes it that
Bablers and *Make bates*, are nearer your Perſon
more in your good Graces, than the *Phyſicians*?
y, (ſays ſhe) there are more People talk'd to Death,
Diſpatch'd by *Bablers*, than by all the peſtilen-
Diſeaſes in the World: And then your *Make-*
es, and *Medlers*, kill more than your *Phyſicians*,
ugh (to give the Gentlemen of the Faculty their
e) they labour Night and Day for the Enlarge-
nt of our Empire; For you muſt underſtand,
though *diſtemper'd Humours* make a Man *ſick*,
the *Phyſician kills* him, and he looks to be well
for't too; (and 'tis fit that every Man ſhould
by his Trade:) ſo that when a Man is ask'd,
t ſuch or ſuch a one dy'd of? He is not preſent-
o make Anſwer, that he dy'd of a *Fever*, *Plen-*

risy, the *Plague*, *Purples*, or the like; *but that b dy'd of the Doctor*. In one Point, however, I mu needs acquit the Physician; ye know that the Stile o *Right Honorable*, and *Right Worshipful*, which wa heretofore appropriated only to Persons of emine Degree and Quality, is now in our Days us'd by a sorts of little People; nay, the very *bare-foot Fryer* that live under Vows of *Humility* and *Mortificati on*; are stung with this Itch of *Title* and *Vain-glor* And your ordinary *Trades-men*, as *Vintners*, *Ta lors*, *Masons*, and the like, must be all dress u forsooth, in the *Right-Worshipful*; whereas yo *Physician* does not so much court *Honour* of *Appl lation*, (though if it should rain Dignities, he migh be perswaded happly to venture the wetting) h sits down contented with the *Honour* of disposi of your *Lives* and *Moneys*, without troubling hi self about any other sort of Reputation.

The Entertainment of these Lectures and Discou ses, made the Way seem short and pleasant, and were just now entering into a Place betwixt Lig and Dark, and of Horror enough, if *Death* and I h not by this Time been very well acquainted. Up one side of the Passage, I saw *three moving Figu acm'd*, and of *human Shape*, and so alike, that I co not say which was which. Just opposite, on the ot side, a hidious Monster, and these *three* to *one*, *one* to *three*, in a fierce and obstinate Comb Here *Death* made a stop, and facing about, ask'd i if I knew these People? Alas! no, (quoth I) Hea be prais'd, I do not, and I shall put it in my Lit that I never may. Now, to see thy Ignorance, c *Death*; these are thy old Acquaintance, and t ha'st hardly kept any other Company since t wert born. *Those three*, are the *World*, the *F* and the *Devil*, the capital Enemies of thy Soul, they are so like one another, as well in Quality Appearance, that effectually, whoever has one

all. The proud and ambitious Man thinks he has got the *World*, but proves it the *Devil*. The *Lecher* and the *Epicure*, perſwade themſelves that they have gotten the Fleſh, and that's the *Devil* too; and in fine, thus it fares with all other kinds of Extravagants. But what's He here, ſaid I, that appears in ſo many Shapes, and fights againſt the other three? That (quoth Death) is the *Devil* of Money, who maintains, that he himſelf alone is equivalent to them three; and that where-ever he comes, there's no Need of them. Againſt the World he argues from their own Confeſſion and Experience; for it paſſes for an Oracle, *that there's no World but Money; he that's out of Money, is out of the World. Take away a Man's Money, and take away his Life. Money anſwers all Things.* Againſt the ſecond Enemy, he pleads, that Money is the Fleſh too; witneſs the *Girls* and the *Ganimedes* it procures and maintains. And againſt the *third*, he urges, that there's nothing to be done without this *Devil* of *Money*. *Love does much, but Money does all: And Money will make the Pot boil, though the Devil Piſs in the Fire.* So that, for ought I ſee, (quoth I) *the Devil of Money has the better End of the Staff.*

After this, advancing a little farther, I ſaw on one Hand Judgment, and Hell on the other, (for ſo *Death* call'd them.) Upon the Sight of *Hell*, making a ſtop, to take a ſtricter Survey of it, *Death* ask'd me what it was I look'd at? I told her, it was *Hell*; and was the more intent upon it, becauſe I thought I had ſeen it ſomewhere elſe before. She queſtion'd me, where? I told her, that I had ſeen it in the *Corruption* and *Avarice* of *wicked Magiſtrates*; in the *Pride* and *Haughtineſs of Grandees*; in the Appetites of the *Voluptuous*; in the lewd Deſigns of Ruin and Revenge; in the Souls of Oppreſſors; and in the Vanity of divers Princes. But he that would ſee it whole and entire in one Subject, muſt go to the *Hy-*

pocrite, who is a kind of a religious Broker, and puts out at five and forty per Cent. *the very Sacraments and Ten Commandments.*

I am very glad too, (said I) that I have seen *Judgment*, as I find it here, it its Purity; for that which we call *Judgment* in the World, is a mere Mockery: If it were like this, Men would live otherwise than they do. To conclude; if it be expected that *our Judges* should govern themselves and us by *this Judgment*, the World's in an ill Case for there's but little of it there. And to deal plainly, as Matters are, I have no great Maw to go Home again; for 'tis better being with the *Dead*, where there's *Justice*, than with the *Living*, where there's *none.*

Our next Step was into a fair and spacious *Plain* encompass'd with a huge Wall, where he that's once in, must never look to come out again. Stop here (quoth *Death*) for we are now come to my *Judgment-Seat*: And here it is that I give *Audience*. The *Walls* were hung with *Sighs* and *Groans*, with *News*, *Fears*, *Doubts*, and *Surprizes*. *Tears* did not there avail either the *Lover* or the *Beggar*, but *Grief* and *Care* were without both *Measure* and *Comfort*, and serv'd as *Vermin*, to gnaw the Hearts of *Emperors* and *Princes*, feeding upon the Insolent and Ambitious, as their proper Nourishment. I saw *Envy* there dress'd up in a *Widow's Veil*, and the very Picture of the *Governante* of one of your Noblemen's Houses. She kept a Continual *Fast*; as to the *Shambles*, *preying* only upon *herself*, and could not but be a very *slender Gentlewoman*, upon so *spare* a *Diet*. Nothing came amiss to her *Teeth* (*good* or *bad*) which made the whole Set of them *yellow* and *rotten*; and the Reason was, that though she bit, and set her *Mark* upon the *Good* and the *Sound*, she could never *swallow* it. Under her, sate *Discord*, the legitimate Issue of her own Bowels. She had for-

men-

herly convers'd much with *marry'd People*; but nding no need of her there, away ſhe went to *Col-eges* and *Corporations*, where it ſeems they had more lready than they knew what to do withal: And hen ſhe betook herſelf to *Courts* and *Palaces*, and of-iciated there as the *Devil's Lieutenant*. Next to *er*, was *Ingratitude*; and ſhe, out of a certain *Paſte* nade up of *Pride* and *Malice*, was moulding of *new Devils*. I was extream glad of this Diſcovery, being f Opinion, 'till now, that the *Ungrateful* had been he *Devils themſelves*, becauſe I read that the *An-els* that *fell*, were made *Devils* for their *Ingrati-ude*. To be ſhort, the whole Place eccho'd with *Rage* and *Curſes*. *What a Devil have we here to o?* (ſaid I.) *Does it rain Curſes in this Country*: With hat, a *Death* at my Elbow ask'd me, what a Devil ould I expect elſe in a Place where there were ſo nany *Match makers*, *Attornies*, and *common Baret-ors*, who are a Pack of the moſt accurſed Wretches n Nature? Is there any thing more common in the Vorld, than the Exclamations of *Husbands* and *Vives*? Oh! that *Devil* of a *Pander*. *A heavy Curſe pon that Bitch of a Bawd that ever brought us toge-ber. The Pillory, and ten thouſand Gibbets to boot ake that Pick Pocket Attorney, that adviſ'd me to his Law ſuit; he's ruin'd me for ever.* But Pray'e ſaid I) what do all theſe *Match makers* and *Attor-ies* here together? Do they come for *Audience*? *Death* was here a little quick upon me, and call'd me ool for ſo impertinent a Queſtion. If there were no *Match-makers* (ſaid ſhe) we ſhould not have the nth Part of theſe *Skeletons* and *Deſperado's*. *Am t I here, the fifth Huſband of a Woman yet living the World, that hopes to ſend twice as many more fter me, and drink Maudlin at the fifteenth Fune-al?* You ſay well, ſaid I, as to the Buſineſs of *Match-akers*; but why ſo many *Petty-Foggers*, I pray'e? ay, then I preceive, (quoth *Death*) now you have

a mind to ſeize me; for that raſcally ſort of Cate pillars have been my undoing. Had not a Man be ter die by the *common Hang-man*, than by the Han of an *Attorney*, to be kill'd by *Falſities Quirks*, C *vils*, *Delays*, *Exceptions*, *Cheats*, *Circumventions* Yes, yes, and it muſt not be deny'd that theſe *Make* of *Matches* and *Splitters of Cauſes*, are *the princ pal Support of this Imperial Throne.*

At theſe Words I rais'd my Eyes, and ſaw *Deat* ſeated in her Chair of State, with abundance of li tle *Deaths* crowding about her; as the *Death* *Love*, of *Cold*, *Hunger*, *Fear*, and *Laughter*; a with their ſevaral Enſigns and Devices. The *Dea* of *Love*, I perceiv'd, had very *little Brain*, and t keep herſelf in Countenance, ſhe kept company wi *Pyramus* and *Thiſbe*, *Hero* and *Leander*, and ſom *Amadis's* and *Palmerins d'Oliva*, all embalm'd ſteep'd in good Vinegar, and well dry'd. I ſaw great many other ſorts of Lovers too, that we brought in all Appearance, to their laſt Agonie but, by the ſingular Miracle of Self-Intereſt, reco ver'd to the Tune of

Will, if looking well won't move her,
Looking ill prevail?

The *Death* of *Cold* was attended by many *Pr lates*, *Biſhops*, *Abbots*, and other *Eccleſiaſticks*; wh had neither Wives nor Children, nor indeed any Bod elſe that car'd, for them, any farther than for the Fortunes. Theſe, when they come to a Fit of Sic neſs, are *pillag'd*, even to their *Sheets* and *Beddin* before ye can ſay a *Pater Noſter*. Nay, many tim they are *ſtripp'd* e'er they are *laid*, and deſtroy'd f want of Cloaths tō keep them warm.

The *Death* of *Hunger* was encompaſs'd with Multitude of *avaritious Miſers*, that were *cordi* up of *Trunks*, *bolting of Doors* and *Windows*, *lock*

ng up of *Cellars* and *Garrets*, and *nailing* down of *rap-Doors*, *burying* of Pots of *Money*, and ſtart-ng at every Breath of Wind they heard. Their *Eyes* ere ready to drop out of their Heads for want of *leep*, their *Mouths* and *Bellies* complaining of their *Hands*, and their *Souls* turn'd into *Gold* and *Silver*, he Idols they ador'd.)

The *Death* of *Fear* had the moſt *magnificent* Train d *Attendance* of all the reſt, being accompany'd ith a great Number of *Uſurpers* and *Tyrants*, who ommonly do Juſtice upon themſelves, for the Injues they have done to others: Their own Conſciences doing the Office of Tormentors, and aveng their publick Crimes, by their private Sufferngs; for they live in a perpetual Anguiſh of hought, with Fears and Jealouſies.

The *Death of Laughter* was the laſt of all, and rrounded with a Throng of People, haſty to *believe*, d *ſlow* to *repent*; *living* without *Fear* of *Juſtice*, d *dying* without *Hope* of *Mercy*. Theſe are they at pay all their Debts and Duties with a Jeſt. Bid y of them *give every Man his Due, and return hat he has either borrow'd or wrongfully taken*, s Anſwer is *You'd make a Man die with Laughing*. ell him, *My Friend, you are now in Tears, your ncing Days are done, and your Body is worn out; hat ſhould ſuch a* Scare-Crow *as you are, do with Bedfellow? Give over your bawdy Haunts, for ame, and don't make a Glory of a Sin, when you e paſt the Pleaſure of it, and your ſelf upon all ccompts contemptible into the Bargain. This Fel-* (ſays he) *would make a Man break his Heart th Laughing*. Come, come, ſay your Prayers and think your ſelf of Eternity; you have one Foot in Grave already, and 'tis high Time to fit your ſelf the other World. *Thou wilt abſolutely kill me th Laughing*. I tell thee *I'm as ſound as a Roach d I do not remember that ever I was better in my*

Life? Others there are, that let a Man advise them upon their *Death-Beds*, and even at the last Gasp, to *send for a Divine*, or to *make some handsome Settlement of their Estates*; alas! alas! they'll cry, *have been as bad as this many a Time before*, and (with *Falstaff's Hostess*) *I hope in the Lord there's no need to think of him yet.* These Men are lost for ever, before they can be brought to understand their Danger. This Vision wrought strangely upon me, and gave me all the Pains and Marks imaginable of a true Repentance. Well, (said I) since so it is, that Man has but *one Life* allotted him, and *so many Deaths*; but *one way into the* World, and so many *Millions out* of it, I will certainly at my Return, make it more my Care than it has been, to live with a good Conscience, that I may die with Comfort.

The last Words were scarce out of my Mouth when the *Cryer* of the Court, with a loud Voice call'd out, *The Dead! The Dead! Appear the Dead!* And so immediately, I saw the *Earth* begin to move, and gently opening it self, to make way, first for *Heads* and *Arms*, and then by Degrees for the *whole Bodies* of *Men* and *Women*, that came out half muffl'd in their Night-Caps, and rang'd themselves in excellent Order, and with a profound Silence. Now (says *Death*) let every one speak in his Turn; and in the Instant, up comes one of the *Dead* to me, very Beard, with so much Fury and Menace in his Face and Action, that I would have given him half the Teeth in my Head for a Composition. *The Devils of the World* (quoth he) *what would they be at? My Masters, cannot a poor Wretch be at quiet in his Grave for ye, but ye must be casting your Scorn upon, and charging him with Things that upon his Soul, he's as innocent of, as the Child that's unborn? What Hurt has he done any of you,* (Scoundrels you) *to be thus abus'd?* And I believe, said I, (under your favourable Correction

who may you be? for I confeſs that I have not the Honour either to know or underſtand ye. *I am* (quoth he) *the unfortunate* Tony, *that has been in his Grave now this many a fair Year, and yet your wiſe Worſhips, forſooth, have not Wit enough to make your Selves and your Company merry, but* Tony *muſt ſtill be one half of your Entertainment and Diſcourſe. When any Man plays the* Fool *or the* Extravagant, *preſently he's a* Tony. *Who drew his or that ridiculous Piece?* Tony. *Such or ſuch a one was never well taught?* No, he had a *Tony* to his Maſter. But let me tell, ye he that ſhall call your Wiſdoms to ſhrift, and take a ſtrict Accompt of your Words and Actions, will, upon the Upſhot, find you all a Company of *Tonies*; and, in Effect, the *greater Impertinents*. As for Inſtance, *Did I ever make ridiculous Wills*, (as you do) *to oblige others to pray for a Man in his Grave, that never pray'd for himſelf in his Life? Did I ever rebel againſt my Superiours? Or, was I ever ſo arrant a Coxcomb, as by colouring my Cheeks, & Hair, to imagine that I could reform Nature, and make my ſelf young again? Can ye ſay, that I ever put an Oath to a Lie, or broke a ſolemn Promiſe, as you do every Day that goes over your Heads? Did I ever enſlave my ſelf to Money? Or, on the other ſide, make Ducks and Drakes with it, and ſquander it away in Gaming, Revelling, and Whoring? Did my Wife ever wear the Breeches? Or, did I ever marry at all, to be reveng'd of a falſe Miſtreſs? Was I ever ſo very Fool, as to believe any Man would be true to me, who had betray'd his Friend? Or, to venture all my Hopes upon the Wheel of Fortune? Did I ever envy the Felicity of a Court-Life, that ſells and ſpends all for a Glance? What Pleaſure did I ever take in the lewd Diſcourſes of* Hereticks *and* Libertines? *Or, did I ever liſt my ſelf in the Party, to get the Name of a Gifted Brother? Who ever ſaw me inſo-*

silent to my Inferiors, or servile to my Betters? Did I ever go to a Conjurer, or to your Dealers in Nativities and Horoscopes, upon any Occasion of Loss or Death? Now, if you your selves be guilty of all these Fopperies, and I innocent, I beseech ye, where's the Tony? So that you see *Tony* is not the *Tony* you take him for. But (to crown his other Vertues) he is also endu'd with so large a Stock of Patience, that whoever needed it, had it for the asking, unless it were such as came to borrow Money, or in Cases of Women that claim'd Marriage of him, or *Laquies* that would be making Sport with his Bauble; and to these, he was as resolute as *John Florio*.

While we were upon this Discourse, another of the Dead came marching up to me, with a *Spanish* Pace and Gravity, and giving me a Touch o'th' Elbow; *Look in my Face*, (quoth he with a stern Countenance) *and know, Sir, that you are not now to have to do with a Tony*. I beseech your Lordship, (said I, saving your Reverence) let me know your Honour, that I may pay my Respects accordingly; for I must confess, I thought all People here had been *Hail Fellow well met*. I am call'd (quoth he) by Mortals, *Queen Dick*; and whether ye know me or not, I am sure you think and talk of me often enough; and if the Devil did not possess ye, you would let the Dead alone, and content your selves to prosecute one another. Ye can't see a high-crown'd Hat, a Thread-bare Cloak, a Basket-Hilt Sword, or a Dudgeon Dagger; nay, not so much as as a reverend Matron, well stricken in Years, but presently ye cry, this or that's of the Mode or Date of *Queen Dick*. If ye were not every Mother's Child of ye stark mad, ye would confess, that *Queen Dick's* were Golden Days to those ye have had since, and 'tis an easy Matter to prove what I say. Will ye see a Mother now teaching her Daughter a Lesson of good Government? *Child*, (says she) *know that*

Modesty

Modeſty is the great Ornament of your Sex; where-fore be ſure, when ye come in Company, that you don't ſtand ſtaring the Men in the Face, as if ye were looking for Babies in their Eyes; but rather look little downward, as a Faſhion of Behaviour more ſuitable to the Obligations of your Sex. Downward! ſays the Girl; I beſeech you, Madam, excuſe me; this was well enough in the Days of *Queen Dick*, when the poor Creatures knew no better. Let the Men look downward towards the Clay of which they were made; but Man was our Original, and it will become us to keep our Eyes upon the Matter from whence we came. If a Father give his Son in Charge, *to worſhip his Creator; to ſay his Prayers Morning and Evening; to give Thanks before and after Meat; to have a care of Gaming and Swearing*; ye ſhall have the Son make Anſwer, That 'tis true this was practis'd in the Time of *Queen Dick*, but it is now quite out of Mode: And in plain *Engliſh*, Men are better known now-a-days by their *Atheiſm* and *Blaſphemy*, than by their *Beards*.

Hereupon, *Queen Dick* withdrew, and then appear'd a large *Glaſs-Bottle*, wherein was luted up (as I heard) a famous *Necromancer*, hack'd and minc'd according to his own Order, to render him immortal. It was boiling upon a quick Fire, and the Fleſh, by little and little, began to piece again; and made firſt an Arm, then a Thigh, after that a Leg, and at laſt there was an entire Body, that rais'd it ſelf upright in the Bottle. Bleſs, me! (thought I) what's here? a *Man* made of a *Pottage*, and brought into the World out of the Belly of a Bottle! This Viſion affrighted me to the very Heart, and while I was yet panting and trembling, a Voice was heard out of the Glaſs; *In what Year of our Lord are we?* 1636 (quoth I.) *And welcome, ſaid he; for 'tis the happy Year I have long'd for ſo many a*

Day

Day. Who is it, I pray ye, (quoth I) that I now ſe
and hear in the Belly of this Bottle? I am (ſaid h
the Great *Necromancer* of *Europe*; and certain
you cannot but have heard both of my Operations i
general, and of this particular Deſign. I have hear
talk of you, from a Child, (quoth I) but all thoſ
Stories I took only for old Wives Fables. You ar
the Man then, it ſeems: I muſt confeſs, that at firſ
at a Diſtance, I took this Bottle for the Veſſel tha
the ingenious *Rablais* makes a mention of; bu
coming near enough to ſee what was in it, I did the
imagine it might be ſome *Philoſopher, by the Fire*
or ſome *Apothecary* doing Pennance for his Error
In fine, it has coſt me many a heavy Step to com
hither; and yet, to ſee ſo great a Rarity, I cannot
but think my Time and Pains very well beſtow'd.
The *Necromancer* call'd to me then to unſtop th
Bottle; and as I was breaking the Clay to open it,
Hold, hold a little, he cry'd; and I prithee tell m
firſt, how go Squares in *Spain*; what Money, Force,
and Credit? The *Plate Fleets* go and come (ſaid I)
reaſonably well; but the Foreigners that come in
for their Ships, have half ſpoil'd the Trade. The
Genoeſe run out as far as the Mountains of *Potoſi*,
and have almoſt drain'd them dry. My Child,
(quoth he) that Trade can never be ſecure and open,
ſo long as *Spain* has any Enemy that's potent at Sea.
And for the *Genoeſe*, they'll tell you, this is no In-
juſtice at all, but on the contrary, a new Way of
quitting old Scores, and juſtifying his Catholick
Majeſty for a good Pay-maſter. I am no Enemy to
that Nation, but upon the Account of their Vice
and Encroachments; and I confeſs, rather than ſee
theſe Raſcals proſper, I'd turn my ſelf into a *Boul-
lon* again, as ye ſaw me juſt now; nay, I did not
care if 'twere into a *Powder*, tho' I ended my Days
in a *Tobacco-Box*. Good Sir, ſaid I, comfort your-
ſelf: for theſe People are as miſerable as you'd wiſh
them

em. You know they are *Cavaliers* and *Signiors* al-
ady; and now (forſooth) they have an Itch upon
em to be *Princes*: A Vanity that gnaws them
ke a *Cancer*; and by drawing on great Expences,
reeds a Worm in their Traffick; ſo that you'll find
tle but Debt and Extravagance at the Foot of the
ccount. And then the *Devil*'s in them for a Wench,
ſomuch, that 'tis well if they bring both Ends
gether; for what's gotten upon the *Change*, is
ent in the *Stews*

This is well, (quoth the *Necromancer*) and I'm
ad to hear it. Pray ye tell me now, what Price
ears *Honour* and *Honeſty* in the World? There's
uch to be ſaid (quoth I) upon that Point; but in
ief, there was never more of it in *Talk*, nor leſs
Effect. Upon my Honeſty, crys the *Tradeſ-*
an; upon my *Honour*, ſays his *Lordſhip*? And
a Word, every Man has it, and every Thing is it
ſome Diſguiſe or other: But duly conſider'd,
ere's no ſuch Thing upon the Face of the Earth.
he *Thief* ſays, 'tis more *honourable* to *take*, than
g. He that asks an *Alms*, pleads that 'tis *honeſter*
beg than *ſteal*. Nay the *falſe Witneſſes* and *Mur-*
erers themſelves, ſtand upon their Points, as well
their Neighbours, and will tell ye, that a Man of
Honour will rather be *bury'd alive*, than *ſubmit*,
though they will not always do as they ſay.) Upon
e whole Matter, every Man ſets up a *Court of*
Honour within *himſelf*, pronounces every Thing
nourable that ſerves his *Purpoſe*, and laughs at
em that think otherwiſe. To ſay the Truth, all
hings are now *topſy-turvey*, A good *Faculty* in
ying, is a fair Step to *Preferment*; and to pack a
ame at Cards, or help the frail Die, is become the
Mark and *Glory* of a *Cavalier*. The *Spaniards* were
retofore; I confeſs, a very brave and well-govern'd
ople; but they have evil Tongues among them
w-a-days, that ſay they might even go to School

to

to the *Indians*, to learn *Sobriety* and *Vertue*. For they are not really *ſober*, but at their own Tables; which indeed is rather Avarice, than Moderation; for when they eat or drink at another Man's Coſt, there are no greater Gluttons in the World; and for Fudling, they ſhall make the beſt *Pot Companion* in *Switzerland* knock under the Table.

The *Necromancer* went on with his Diſcourſe, and ask'd me what Store of *Lawyers* and *Attornies* were in *Spain* at preſent? I told him, that the whole World ſwarm'd with them, and that there were of ſeveral Sorts; ſome by *Profeſſion*, others by *Intruſion* and *Preſumption*, and ſome again by *Study*; but not many of the laſt, though indeed ſufficient of every kind to make the People pray for the *Egyptian Locuſts* and *Caterpillars*, in Exchange for that *Vermin*. Why then, (quoth the *Necromancer*) if there be ſuch Plagues abroad, I think I had beſt e'en keep where I am. It is with *Juſtice*, ſaid I, as with *ſick Men*, in Time paſt, when we had fewer *Doctors*, (as well of *Law*, as of *Phyſick*) we had more *Right*, and more *Health*: But we are now deſtroy'd by *Multitudes*, and *Conſultations*, which ſerve to no other End than to enflame both the *Diſtemper*, and the *Reckoning*. *Juſtice*, as well as *Truth*, when naked *in the Days of old*; one ſingle *Book* of *Laws* and *Ordinances*, was enough for the beſt-order'd Government in the World. But *the Juſtice of our Age*, is trick'd up with *Bills*, *Parchments*, *Writs*, and *Labels*, and furniſh'd with Millions of *Codes*, *Digeſts*, *Pandects*, *Pleadings*, and *Reports*; and what's their Uſe, but to make *Wrangling* a *Science*; and to embroil us in Seditions, Suits, and endleſs Trouble and Confuſion? We have had more Books publiſh'd this laſt twenty Years, than in a thouſand before; and there hardly paſſes a Term without a new Author in four or five Volumes at leaſt, under the Titles of *Gloſſes*, *Commentaries*, *Caſes*,

Cases, Judgments, &c. And the great Strife is, who writes *most*, not *best*; so that the whole Bulk is but *Body* without a *Soul*, and fitter for a *Church Yard*, than a Study. To say the Truth, these *Lawyers* and *Solicitors*, are but so many *Smoak Merchants*, *Sellers of Wind*, and *Troublers of the publick Peace*. If there were no *Attornies*, there would be no *Suits*; no *Suits*, no *Cheats*, no *Serjeants*, no *Catchpoles*, no *Prisons*; if no *Prisons*, no *Judges*; no *Judges*, no *Passion*; no *Passion*, no *Bribery* or *Subornation*. See now what a Train of Mischiefs one wretched *Petty-fogger* draws after him! If you go to him for Counsel, he hears your Story, reads your Case, and tells you very gravely; Sir, this is a nice Point, and should be well handl'd: We'll see what the Law says. And then he runs ye over with his Eye and finger, a Matter of a hundred Volumes, grumbling all the while like a Cat, that Claws in her Play, 'twixt Jest and Earnest. At last, down comes the Book, he shews the Law, bids ye leave your Papers, and he'll study the Question. But your Cause is very good, says he, by what I see already; and if you'll come again in the *Evening*, or to *Morrow Morning*, I'll tell ye more. But pardon me, Sir, now I think on't, I am retain'd upon the Business of the *Queens*, it cannot be till *Monday* next, and then I'm for ye. When ye art to part, and that you come to the Greasing of his Fist, (the best thing in the World both for the Wit and Memory) *Good Lord!* Sir, says he, *what do you mean? I beseech you*, Sir; *nay, pray ye, Sir.* And if he spies you drawing back, the Paw opens, seizes the *Gold, and good Morrow, Country-man.* Say'st thou me so! (quoth the good Fellow in the Glass.) Stop me up close again, as thou lovest me then; for the very Air of these Rascals will poyson me, if ever I put my Head out of this Bottle, 'till the whole Race of them be extinct. In the mean time, take this for a Rule,

He

He that would thrive by Law, muſt Fee his Enemy's Council, as well as his own.

But now ye talk of great Cheats; what News of the *Venetians?* Is *Venice* ſtill in the World, or no *In the World*, do ye ſay? Yes, marry is't, ſaid I, and ſtands juſt where it did. Why then (quoth he) I prithee give it the Devil from me, as a Token of my Love; for 'tis a Preſent equal to the ſevereſt Revenge. Nothing can ever deſtroy that Republick, but Conſcience, and then you'll ſay 'tis like to be long-liv'd; for if every Man had his own, it would not be left worth a Groat. To ſpeak freely, 'tis an odd kind of *Commonwealth:* 'Tis the very *Arſe, Gut*, the *Dram* and *Sink* of *Monarchies*, both in War and Peace. It helps the *Turk* to vex the *Chriſtians*, and the *Chriſtians* to gall the *Turk*, and maintains it ſelf to Torment both. The Inhabitants are neither *Moors* nor *Chriſtians*, as appears by a *Venetian-Captain*, in a *Combat* againſt a *Chriſtian Enemy: Stand to't, my Maſters*, ſays he, *ye were* Venetians *before ye were* Chriſtians.

Enough, enough of this, cry'd the *Necromancer*, and tell me how ſtand the People affected? Who *Malecontents* and *Mutineers? Mutiny*, ſaid I, is an univerſal a Diſeaſe, that every Kingdom is (in Effect) but a great Hoſpital, or rather a Bedlam, (for all Men are Mad) to entertain the Diſaffected. There's no ſtirring for me then, (quoth the *Necromancer*) but pray ye commend me however to those buſy Foo's, and tell them, that carry what Face they will, there's *Vanity* and *Ambition* in the *Pad. Kings* and *Princes* have in their Nature much of *Quick Silver*. They are in *perpetual Agitation*, and without any Repoſe. Preſs them too hard, (that is to ſay, beyond the Bounds of Duty and Reaſon) and they are loſt. Ye may obſerve, that your *Guilders* and great Dealers in *Quick-Silver*, are generally troubl'd with the *Palſy*; and ſo ſhould all *Subjects* tremble

emble, that have to do with Majeſty, and better do it at firſt, out of *Reſpect*, than afterwards, up- *Force and Neceſſity.*

But, before I fall to pieces again, as you ſaw me, n now, (for better ſo, than worſe) I beſeech ye, e Word more, and it ſhall be my laſt; *Who's King* Spain *now?* You know ſaid I, that *Philip* the ird is Dead. Right, (quoth he) a Prince of in- mparable Piety and Virtue, or my Stars deceive . After him, ſaid I, came *Philip* the fourth. If (quoth he) break, break my Bottle immediate- and help me out; for I am reſolv'd to try my rtune once again, under the Reign of that glori- s Prince. And with that Word, he daſh'd the aſs to Pieces againſt a Rock, crept out of his ſe, and away he ran. I had a good Mind to have pt him Company; but as I was juſt about to ſtart, t him go, let him go, cry'd one of the Dead, (and d hold of my Arm;) he has deviliſh Heels, and u'll never overtake him.

So I ſtay'd; and what ſhould I ſee next, but a ndrous old Man, whoſe Name might have been *cephalus*, by his *Head*, and the Hair on his Face ght very well have ſtuff'd a Couple of Cuſhions. ke him together, and you'll find his Picture in Map, among the *Savages*. I need not tell ye, t I ſtar'd upon him ſufficiently; and he taking tice of it, came to me, and told me; Friend, s he, my Spirit tel's me, that you are now in Pain know who I am. Underſtand, that my Name is *ſtradamus*. Are you the Author then, quoth I. hat *Gallimaufry of Prophecies*, that's publiſh'd our Name? *Gallimaufry*, ſay'ſt thou? Impu- t and barbarous Raſcal that thou art, to deſpiſe ſteries that are above thy Reach, and to revile Secretary of the Stars, and the Interpreters of Deſtinies! Who is ſo brutal, as to doubt the aning of theſe Lines?

From

From ſecond Cauſes, this I gather,
Nought ſhall befal us, Good or Ill,
Either upon the Land or Water,
But what the great Diſpoſer will.

Reprobate and beſotted Villains that ye are! What greater Bleſſing could betide the World, than the Accompliſhment of this Prophecy? Would not eſtabliſh Juſtice and Holineſs, and ſuppreſs the vile Suggeſtions and Motions of the Devil? Men would not then any longer ſet their Heart upon Avarice, Couzening, and Extortion, and make Money their God; that Vagabond Money, that perpetually trotting up and down, like a wandering Whore, and takes up moſt commonly with the Unworthy, leaving the *Philoſophers* and *Prophets* which are the very Oracles of the Heavens, (ſuch as *Noſtradamus*) to go bare-foot. But let's go on with our *Propheſies*, and ſee if they be ſo frivolous and dark, as the World reports them.

When the marry'd ſhall marry,
Then the Jealous will be ſorry;
And though Fools will be talking,
To keep their Tongues walking;
No Man runs well I find,
But with's Elbows behind.

This gave me ſuch a Fit of Laughing, that it made me caſt my Noſe up into the Air, like a Stone Horſe that hath got a Mare in the Wind; which put the *Aſtrologer* out of all Patience. Buffoon and Dog-whelp, as you are, quoth he, there's a Bone for you to pick; you muſt be ſnarling and ſnapping at every Thing. Will your Teeth ſerve you now to fetch out the Marrow of this Prophecy? Hear then in the Devil's Name, and be mannerly. Hear, and

arn, I ſay, and let's have no more of that Grinning, leſs ye have a Mind to leave your Beard behind e. Do ye imagine, that all that are *marry'd*, *arry?* No, not the one half of them. When you e *marry'd*, the *Prieſt* has done his Part; but after at, to *marry*, is to do the Duty of a *Huſband*. lack! How many *marry*'d Men live as if they ere ſingle? And how many *Batchelors*, on the other de, as if they were *marry'd*, after the Mode of the imes? And *Wedlock*, to divers Couples, *is no other han a more Sociable State of Virginity.* Here's he half of my Propheſy expounded already; now or the reſt. Let me ſee you run a little for Expe-ment, and try if you carry your Elbows before or ehind. You'll tell me perhaps, that this is ridicu-ous, becauſe every body knows it. A pleaſant Shift; s if Truth were the worſe for being plain. The Things indeed that you deliver for *Truths*, are, for he moſt part, mere *Fooleries* and *Miſtakes*; and it ere a hard Matter to put Truth in ſuch a Dreſs as ould pleaſe ye. What have ye to ſay now, either gainſt my Propheſy, or my Argument? Not a yllable, I warrant ye, and yet ſomewhat there is o be ſaid; for *there's no Rule without an Excep-ion.* Does not the *Phyſician* carry his *Elbow be-fore him*, when he puts back his Hand to take his Patient's Money? And away he's gone in a Trice, o ſoon as he has made his Purchaſe. But to pro-ceed, here's another of my Proyheſies for ye.

Many Women ſhall be Mothers,
And their Babbies
Their n'own Daddies.

What ſay ye to this now? Are there not many *Huſbands*, do ye think, (if the Truth were known) that Father more Children than their own? Believe me, Friend, *a Man had need have good Security*

upon

upon a Woman's Belly; for Children are comm
ly ma.e in the Dark; and 'tis no eaſy Matter
know the *Work-man*, eſpecially having nothing b
the Woman's bare Word for't. This is meant
the Court of *Aſſiſtance*; and whoever interprets
Propheſies, to the Prejudice of any Perſon of Hon
abuſes me. You little think what a World of
gay Folks, in their *Coaches and ſix*, with *Lacqu*
at their Heels, by the Dozens, will be found *at t*
laſt Day, to be only the *Baſtards* of ſome *Pag*
Gentlemen-Uſhers, or *Valets de Chambre* of t
Family; nay, perchance the *Phyſician* may have h
his Hand in the wrong Box; and in Caſe of a Nece
ſity, good Uſe has been made of a *luſty Coach-ma*
Little do you think, I ſay, how many noble Fam
lies, upon that grand Diſcovery, will be found e
tinct, for Want of Iſſue.

I am now convinc'd, ſaid I to the *Mathematicia*
of the Excellency of your Predictions; and I pe
ceive, (ſince you have been pleas'd to be your ow
Interpreter) that they have more Weight in the
than we were aware of. Ye ſhall have one mor
quoth he, and I have done.

This Year, if I've any Skill i'th' Weather,
Shall many a one take Wing with a Feather.

I dare ſay, that your Wit will ſerve ye now t
imagine, that I'm talking of *Rooks* and *Jack-daw*
but I ſay, no; I ſpeak of *Lawyers*, *Attorneys*, *Clerk*
Scriveners, and their Fellows, that with a Daſh o
a *Pen*, can defeat their *Clients* of their *Eſtates*, an
fly away with them.

Upon theſe Words, *Noſtradamus* vaniſh'd, an
ſome body plucking me behind, I turn'd my Fac
upon the moſt meager, melancholick Wretch, th
ever was ſeen, and cover'd all in White. For Pi
ſake, ſays he, and as you are a good Chriſtian, do b
deliv-

ver me from the Perſecution of theſe *Impertis* and *Bablers*, that are now tormenting me, and be your Slave for ever, (caſting himſelf at my et in the ſame Moment, and crying like a Child.) d what ar't thou, quoth I, for a miſerable Crea-e? I am, ſays he, an ancient and an honeſt Man, ough defam'd with a thouſand Reproaches and iders: And in fine, ſome call me *Another*, and ers *Somebody*; and doubtleſs ye cannot but have rd of me, as *Somebody* ſays, crys one, that has hing to ſay for himſelf; and yet, 'till this Inſtant, ever ſo much as open'd my Mouth. The *Latins* l me *Quidam*, and make good Uſe of me to fill Lines, and ſtop Gaps. When ye go back again o the World, I pray ye do me the Favour to own, t you have ſeen me, and to juſtify me for one t never did, and never will either write any Thing, atever ſome tatling Idiots will pretend. When y bring me into *Quarrels*, and *Brawls*, I am l'd forſooth, *A certain Perſon*; in their *Intrigues*, *know not who*; and in the Pulpit, *A certain Au-or*: And all this, to make a Myſtery of my Name, lay all their Fooleries at my Door. Wherefore, eſeech ye, help me; which I promis'd to do. And this Viſion withdrew, to make Place for another. And that was the moſt frightful Piece of Antiqui- that ever Eye beheld, in the Shape of an old oman. She came nodding towards me, and in a llow ratling Tone (for ſhe ſpoke more with her ops, than her *Tongue*) *Pray ye*, ſay ſhe, *is there t Somebody come lately hither from the other orld?* This Apparition, thought I, is undoubted-one of the *Devil's Scare-Crows*. Her Eyes were ſunk in their *Sockets*, that they look'd like a Pair *Dice* in the Bottom of a Couple of *red Boxes*. r *Cheeks*, and the *Soles* of her *Feet*, were of the me *Complexion*. Her *Mouth* was *pale* and *open* o, the better to receive the *Diſtillations* of her ſe. Her *Chin* was cover'd with a kind of

Gooſe-

Gooſe-down, as *Toothleſs* as a *Lamprey*; and the *Flaps* of her *Cheeks*, were like an *Ape*'s *Bags*. Her *Head danc'd*, and her *Voice* at every Word *kept Time* to't. Her *Body* was veil'd, or rather wrapt up in a Shroud of *Crape*. She had a *Crutch* in one Hand, which ſerv'd her for a *Supporter*; and a *Re-ſary* in t'other, of ſuch a Length, that as ſhe was ſtooping over it, a Man would have thought ſhe had been fiſhing for *Deaths Heads*. When I had done gaping upon this *Epitome of paſt Ages*; *Hola Grannum*, quoth I, good luſtily in her Ear, taking for granted that ſhe was deaf, what's your Pleaſure with me? With that, ſhe gave a Grunt, and being much in Wrath to be call'd *Grannum*, clapt a Pair of Spectacles upon her *Noſe*, and pinking through them, I am, quoth ſhe, neither *deaf* nor *Grannum*, but may be call'd by my Name, as well as my Neighbours; (giving to underſtand that Women will take it ill to be call'd old, even to their very Graves.) As ſhe ſpake, ſhe came ſtill nearer me, with her Eyes dropping, and the Smell about her perfectly of a dead Body. I begg'd her Pardon for what was paſt, and for the future her Name, that I might be ſure to keep my ſelf within the Bounds of Reſpect. I am call'd ſays ſhe, *Dowegna* or *Madam the Governante*. How's that quoth I, in a great Amazement? Have ye any of thoſe Cattle in this Country? Let the Inhabitants pray heartily for Peace then; and all little enough to keep them quiet. But to ſee my Miſtake now, I thought the *Women* had *dy'd* when they came to be *Governantes*; and that for the Puniſhment of a wicked World, the *Governantes* had been *immortal*. But I am now better inform'd, and very glad truly to meet with a Perſon I have heard ſo much Talk of. For with us, who but *Madam the Governante* at every Turn; Do you ſee that *mumping Hag*, cries one? Come here, ye *damn'd Jade*, cries another

That

That *old Bawd*, says a third, has forgotten, I war-
ant ye, that ever she was a *Whore*; and now see if
ye do not remember ye. You do so, and I'm in your
Debt for your Remembrance. The *Great Devil* be
our *Pay-master*, ye Son of a Whore, you: Are there
o more *Governantes* than my self? Sure there are;
nd ye may have your Choice, without affronting me.
Well, well, said I, have a little Patience, and at my
eturn I'll try if I can put Things in better Order.
ut in the mean Time, what Business have you here?
er *Reverence*, upon this, was a little qualify'd and
ld me, that she had now been *eight hundred*
ears in *Hell*, upon a Design to erect an Order of
e *Governantes*; but the right *worshipful the*
evil-Commissioners, are, not as yet come to
y Resolution upon the Point. For, say they,
your *Governantes* should come once to set-
here, there would need no other Tormentors,
d we should be but so many *Jacks out of Office.*
nd besides, we should be perpetually at *Daggers-*
awing about the *Brands* and *Candle-Ends*, which
y would still be filching, and laying out of the
ay; and for us to have our Fuel to seek would be
y inconvenient. I have been in *Purgatory* too,
e said, upon the same Project; but there, so soon
ver they set Eye on me, all the Souls cry'd out
nimously, *Libera nos, &c.* As for *Heaven*, that's
Place for *Quarrels, Slanders, Disquiets, Heart-*
nings, and consequently none for *me.* The *Dead*
none of my Friends neither for they grumble,
bid me let them alone, as they do me, and be
e into the World again, if I please; and there,
tell me, I may play the *Governante in Secula*
ulorum. But truly I had rather be here at my
e, than spend my Life crumpling, and brood-
over a Carpet at a Bed-side, like a Thing of
uts, to secure the Poultry of the Family from
ge Cocks, which would now and then have a

Bruſh with a Virgin-Pullet, but for the Care of t
Governantes. And yet 'tis ſhe, good Woman, be
all the Blame in Caſe of any Miſcarriage: The G
vernante was preſently of the Plot, ſhe *had a Fe*
ing in the Cauſe, a Finger in the Pye: And 'tis ſ
in fine, that muſt anſwer for all. Let but a Soc
an old Handkerchief, the greaſy Lining of a Ma
or any ſuch ſrippery Piece of Buſineſs, be miſſin
ask the the *Governante* for this, or for that. And
ſhort, they take us certainly for ſo many *Storks* a
Ducks, to gather up all the Filth about the Hou
The *Servants* look upon us as *Spies* and *Tell-tale*
My *Couſin*, forſooth, and t'other's *Aunt*, dares n
come to the Houſe, for fear of the *Governan*
And indeed I have made many of them *croſs* the
ſelves, that took me for a Ghoſt. Our *Maſte*
they curſe us too, for embroiling the Family.
that I have rather choſen to take up here betw
the *Dead* and the *Living*, than to return again
my Charge of a *Douegna*, the very Sound of
Name being more terrible than a Gibbet; as
pears by one that was lately travelling from
drid to *Vailladolid*, and asking where he might lo
that Night? Anſwer was made, At a ſmall V
lage call'd *Douegnas*. But is there no other Pl
quoth he, within ſome reaſonable Diſtance, ei
ſhort, or beyond it? They told him, No, un
it were at a *Gallows*,. That ſhall be my *Qua*
then, quoth he; for a *thouſand Gibbets* are n
bad to me, as one *Douegna*. Now ye ſee how
are abus'd, quoth the *Governante*; I hope you
us ſome Right, when it lies in your Power.

She would have talk'd me to Death, if I had
given her the Slip upon the removing of her
ctacles: But I could not eſcape ſo neither; for
ing about me for a Guide to carry me Home a
I was arreſted by one of the *Dead*; a good pr
Fellow, only he had a Pair of *Rams Horns*

ead, and I was about to ſalute him for *Aries* in e *Zodiac*: But when I ſaw him plant himſelf juſt efore me, with his *beſt Leg* forward, ſtretching ut his Arms, clinching his Fiſts, and looking as wer as if he would have *eaten* me without *Mu-ard*; *Doubtleſs*, ſaid I, *the Devil is dead, and is is he.* No, no, cry'd a By-ſtander, this is a an. Why then, ſaid I, he's drunk, I perceive, d *quarrelſome in his Ale*, for here's no Body has uch'd him. With that, as he was juſt ready to l- on, I ſtood to my Guard, and we were armed all Points alike, only he had the Odds of the Head-ece. Now, Sirrah, ſays he, *have at ye*; Slave t you are, to make a Trade of defaming Perſons Honour! By the Death that commands here, I'll my Revenge, and *turn your Skin over your rs.* This Inſolent Language ſtirr'd my Choler, onfeſs, and ſo I call'd to him; *Come, come on, rrah: A little nearer ye; and if ye have a nd to be twice kill'd, I'll do your Buſineſs. Who Devil brought this* Co nuto *hither to trouble* ? The Word was no ſooner out, but we were ediately at it, Tooth and Nail; and if his ns had not been flatted to his Head, I might had the worſt on't. But the whole Ring pre-y came in to part us, and did me a ſingular dneſs in't; for my Adverſary had a Fork, and d none. As they were *ſtaving and toyling*, You ht have had more Manners, cry'd one, than to ſuch Language to your Betters, and to call *Diego Moreno Cuckold.* And is this that *Di-Moreno* then, ſaid I? Raſcal that he is, to ge me with abuſing Perſons of Honour! A ndrel, ſaid I, that 'tis a Shame for Death to een in's Company, and was never fit for any g in his whole Life, but to furniſh Matter for rce, And that's my Grievance, Gentlemen, n Don *Diego*, for which with your Leave, he

ſhall give me Satisfaction. I do not ſtand upon
Matter of being a Cuckold; for there's many
brave Fellow lives in *Cuckold's-Row*. But w
does he not name *others*, as well as me? as if
Horn grew upon no Body's Head, but mine.
ſure there are others that a thouſand times be
deſerve it. I hope he cannot ſay, that ever I g
any of my Superiors, or that my being *cornut*
has rais'd the Price of *Poſt-horns*, *Lanthorns*,
Pocket-Inkhorns. Are not *Shooing-horns*, & *Kn*
handles, as cheap now as ever? Why muſt I w
the Stage then more than my Neighbours? Bey
Queſtion, there never liv'd a more peaceable Wr
upon the Face of the Earth, all Things conſide
than my ſelf. Never was a Man free from *Jeal*
ſy, or more careful to ſtep aſide at the Time of
hit; for I was ever againſt the ſpoiling of Sp
when I could make none my ſelf. I confeſs, I
not ſo charitable to the Poor, as I might have b
The Truth of't is, I watch'd them as a Cat w
do a Mouſe; for I did not love them. But the
Requital, I could have out-ſnorted the ſeven S
pers, when any of the better Sort came to h
Word in private with my Wife. The ſhort
is, we agreed bleſſedly well together, ſhe an
for I did whatever ſhe would have me; an
would ſay, a thouſand and a thouſand times, I
live, my poor Diego, *the beſt-condition'd, the*
complaiſant Huſband in the World; whatever I
well done, and he never ſo much as opens his M
good or bad. But, by her Leave, that was lit
my Credit; and the Jade, when ſhe ſaid it, w
ſide the Cuſhion: For many and many a
have I ſaid, *This is well*, and *That's ill.* W
then came any *Poets* to our Houſe, *Fidlers*, or
rice-dancers, I would ſay, *This is not well*
when the *rich Merchants* came, *Oh! very*
would I ſay, *this is as well as well can be.* Som

had the Hap to be viſited by ſome *pennyleſs Cour-*
r, or *Low-Country Officer*, perchance; then ſhould
ake her aſide, and rattle her to ſome Tune; *Sweet-*
art, would I ſay, *pray ye, whae have we to do*
th theſe frippery Fellows, and damn ye Boys?
ake them of, I'd adviſe ye, and take this for a
rning. But when any came that had to do with
Mint, or the *Exchequer*, and ſpend freely, (for
htly come, lightly go) *Aye marry, my Dear*, quoth
there's nothing to be loſt by keeping ſuch Compa-
. And where's the Hurt of all this now? Nay,
the contrary, my poor Wife enjoy'd herſelf hap-
y under the Protection of my Shadow, and be-
g a *Feme-Covert*, not an Officer durſt come near
r. Why ſhould this *Buffoon* of a *Poetaſter* now
ke *me* ſtill the *ridiculous Entertainment* of all
s *Interludes* and *Farces*, and *the Fool in the Play*?
your Favour, quoth I, we are not yet upon e-
n Terms; and before we part, you ſhall know
at 'tis to provoke a *Poet*. If thou wer't but
w alive, I'd *write* thee to *Death*, as *Archilochus*
Lycambes: And I'm reſolv'd to put the Hiſto-
of thy Life in a Satyr as ſharp as Vinegar, and
e it the Name of the *Life and Death* of Don
ego Moreno. It ſhall go hard, quoth he, but I'll
event that; and ſo we fell to't again, Hand and
ot, 'till at length the very Fancy of a Scuffle
k'd me, and I found my ſelf as weary, as if it
d been a real Combat. I began then to reflect
on the Particulars of my Dream, and to conſi-
r what Advantage I might draw from it; for
Dead are paſt *fooling*, and *thoſe are the ſoundeſt*
unſels, which we receive from ſuch as adviſe us
hout either Paſſion or Intereſt.

THE THIRD VISION, OF The Laſt *Judgment.*

HOMER makes *JUPITER* the Author o Inſpirer of Dreams, eſpecially the Dreams o Princes and Governors, and if the Matter of the be pious and important. And it is likewiſe th Judgment of the learned *Propertius*, *That goo Dreams come from above, have their Weight, an ought not to be ſlighted.* And truly I am much o his Mind, in the Caſe of a Dream I had the oth Night. As I was reading a Diſcourſe touchin the *End of the World*, I fell aſleep over the Boo and dream'd of *the laſt Judgment*; (a Thing whic in the Houſe of a Poet is ſcarce admitted, ſo muc as in a Dream.) This Fancy minded me of a Pa ſage in *Claudian*, *That all Creatures dream at Nigh of what they have heard and ſeen in the Day*; a *the Hound dreams of hunting the Hare.*

Methought I ſaw a very handſome Youth towe ing in the Air, and ſounding of a Trumpet; bu the forcing of his Breath, did ineeed take off muc of his Beauty. The very Marbles, I perceiv'd, an the Dead obey'd his Call; for in the ſame Mome the Earth began to open, and ſet the Bones at Li berty, to ſeek their Fellows. The firſt that ap pear'd, were *Swords-Men*, as *Generals of Armie Captains*, *Lieutenants*, *common Soldiers*, who ſuppo ſing that it had *ſounded a Charge*, came out of the Grave

raves with the same Briskness and Resolution, if they had been going to an Assault, or a Com t. The *Misers* put their Heads out as pale and embling, for fear of a Plunder. The *Cavaliers* d *good Fellows* believ'd they had been going to *Horse-Race*, or a *Hunting-Match*. And in fine, ough they all heard the *Trumpet*, there was not y Creature knew the Meaning of it; for I could ad their Thoughts, by their Looks and Gestures. fter this, there appear'd a great many *Souls*, hereof some came up to their *Bodies*, though with uch Difficulty and Horror. Others stood won- ring at a Distance, not daring to come near so deous and frightful a Spectacle. This wanted an rm, that an Eye, t'other a Head. Upon the hole, though I could not but smile at the Prof- ct of so strange a Variety of Figures; yet was not without just Matter of Admiration at the *ll-powerful Providence*, to see *Order* drawn out of *nfusion*, and every Part restor'd to the right Own- I dream'd, my self then in a *Church-Yard*; and re, methought, divers that were loth to appear, e changing of Heads; and an *Attorney* would ve *demurr'd*, upon Pretence that he had got a ul was none of his own, and that his Body and ul were not Fellows.

At length, when the whole Congregation came nderstand, that this was *the Day of Judgment* it s worth the while to observe what shifting and ffling there was among the *Wicked*. The *Ey-* e & *Whore-master* would not own their *Eyes*, nor *Slanderer* his *Tongue*, because they'd be sure to ear in Evidence against them. The *Pick-Pockets* away as hard as they could drive from their own gers. There was one that had been embalm'd Egypt, and staying for his *Tripes*, an old Usurer d him, if the *Bags* were to rise with the *Bodies*? ould have laugh'd at this Question, but I was

preſently taken up with a Crowd of *Cut-purſes*, running full ſpeed from their own Ears, (that were offer'd them again) for fear of the ſad Stories they expected to hear. I ſaw all this from a convenient Standing; and in the Inſtant, there was an Outcry at my Feet, *Withdraw, Withdraw.* The Word was no ſooner given, but down I came, and immediately a great many *handſom Ladies* put forth their Heads, and call'd me Clown, for not paying them that Reſpect and Ceremony which belong'd to their Quality; (now, you muſt know, that the *Women* ſtand upon their Pantoffles even in Hell it ſelf.) They ſeem'd at firſt very gay and frolick, and truly well enough pleas'd to be ſeen naked, for they were *clean ſkinn'd, and well made.* But when they came to underſtand, that this was *the Great Day of Account*, their Conſciences took Check, and all their Jollity was daſh'd in a Moment; whereupon they took to a Valley, miſerably liſtleſs, and out of Humour. There was one amongſt the reſt, that had had *ſeven Huſbands*, and promis'd every one of them never to marry again, for ſhe could never love any Thing elſe, ſhe was ſure: This Lady was caſting about for Fetches and Excuſes, and what Anſwer ſhe ſhould make to that Point. Another that had been as common as *Ratcliff Highway*, would *neither lead nor drive*, and ſtood *humming and hawing* a good while, pretending ſhe had forgot her *Night-Geer*, and ſuch Fooleries; but ſpite of her Heart ſhe was brought at laſt within Sight of the Throne, where ſhe found a World of her old Acquaintance that ſhe had carry'd part of their Way to Hell, who had no ſooner ſet Eye on her, but they fell a *pointing* and *hooting*, ſo that ſhe took up her Heels, and herded herſelf in a Troop of *Serjeants*. After this I ſaw a many People driving a *Phyſician* along the Bank of a River, and theſe were only ſuch as he had unneceſſarily diſpatch'd before their Time. The

follow

ollow'd him with Cries of *Juſtice! Juſtice!* and orc'd him on towards the *Judgment-Seat*, where hey arriv'd in the End with much ado. While his paſs'd, I heard, methought, upon my left Hand, a *Padling* in the *Water*, as if one had been ſwimming; and what ſhould this be, but a *Judge*, n the middle of a River, waſhing and rinſing his Hands over and over? I ask'd him the Meaning of t, and he told me, *That in his Life-time he had been often dawb'd in the Fiſt, to make the Buſineſs ſlip he better, and he would willingly get out the Greaſe efore he came to hold up his Hand at the Bar.* There ollow'd next a Multitude of *Vintners* and *Taylors* nder the Guard of a Legion of *Devils*, arm'd with *Rods*, *Whips*, *Cudgels*, and other Inſtruments of Correction; and theſe counterfeited themſelves leaf, and were very loath to leave their Graves, or fear of a worſe Lodging. As they were paſſing n, up ſtarted a little *Lawyer*, and ask'd whether hey were going? They made Anſwer, That hey were going to give an Account of their Works. With that, the *Lawyer* threw himſelf flat upon his Belly in his Hole again. If I am to go downward t laſt, (ſays he) I am thus much onward on my Way. The *Vintner* ſweat as he walk'd, 'till one Drop follow'd another. That's well done, cry'd a *Devil* at his Elbow, to purge out thy Water, that we may have none in our Wine. There was a *Taylor* wrapt up in *Sarcenets*, *Crook-finger'd*, and *Baker-legg'd*, ſpake not one Word all the Way he went, but *Alas! alas!* how can any Man be a *Thief* that dies for want of Bread? But his Companions gave him a Re-buke for diſcrediting his Trade. The next that appear-d, were a *Band* of *Highway-Men*, following upon the Heels one of another, in great Diſtruſt and Jealouſy of Thieves among themſelves. Theſe were fetch'd up by a Party of Devils in the *turning of a Hand*, and odg'd with the *Taylors*: For (ſaid one of the Com-

pany) your *Highway-Man* is but a *Wild Taylor*; They were a little quarrelſome at firſt, but in the Concluſion, they went down into the Valley, and kennell'd quietly together. After theſe came *Folly* with her Gang of *Poets*, *Fidlers*, *Lovers*, *and Fencers*; the People of all the World, that dream'd the leaſt of a Day of Reckoning: Theſe were diſpoſed of among the *Hang-men Jews*, *Scribes*, and *Philoſophers*. There were alſo a great many *Solicitors*, wondering among themſelves, that they ſhould have ſo much *Conſcience* when they were *dead*, and none at all *living*. In fine, the Word was given, Silence!

The *Throne* being *erected*, and *the Great Day come*, (a Day of *Comfort* to the *Good*, and of *Terror* to the *Wicked*) the Sun and the Stars waited on the Foot-ſtool; the *Wind* was *ſtill*; the *Water quiet*; the *Earth* in *Suſpenſe* and *Anguiſh* for fear of her *Children*; and in brief, the whole Creation was in Anxiety and Diſorder. The *Righteous*, they were employ'd in *Prayers* and *Thankſgivings*, and the Ungodly in framing of *Shifts* and *Evaſions*, to *extenuate* their Pains. The *Guardian Angels* were at hand on the one ſide, to acquit themſelves of their Duties and Commiſſions; and on the other ſide were the *Devils* hunting for more Matters of Aggravation and Charge againſt Offenders. The *Ten Commandments* had the Guard of a *narrow Gate* which was ſo ſtrait, that the moſt mortify'd Body could not paſs it, without leaving a good part of his Skin behind him.

On one Hand there were in Multitudes, *Diſgraces*, *Misfortunes*, *Plagues*, *Griefs* and *Troubles*, all in a Clamour againſt the *Phyſicians*. The *Plague* confeſs'd indeed, that ſhe had ſtruck many but 'twas the *Doctor* did their Buſineſs. *Melancholy* and *Diſgrace* ſaid the like; and *Misfortunes* of all ſorts made open Proteſtation, that they never brought any Man to his Grave, without the Help and Advice of a

Doctor,

Doctor. So that the *Gentlemen of the Faculty* were call'd to Account for thoſe they had kill'd: They took their Places upon a Scaffold, with Pen, Ink, and Paper, about them; and ſtill as the Dead were call'd, ſome or other of them anſwer'd to the Name, and declar'd the Year and Day when ſuch a Patient paſs'd through his Hand.

They began the Enquiry at *Adam*, who, methought, was ſeverely handl'd about an Apple. Alas! cry'd *Judas*, that was by, if that were ſuch a Fault, what will become of me, that ſold and betray'd my Lord and Maſter? Next came the *Patriarchs*, and then the *Apoſtles*, who took their Places by St. *Peter*. It was worth the noting, that at this Day there was no Diſtinction between *Kings* and *Beggars* before the *Judgment-Seat*. *Herod* and *Pilate*, ſo ſoon as they put out their Heads, found it was like to go hard with them. My Judgment is juſt, quoth *Pilate*. Alack! cry'd *Herod*, what have I to truſt to? *Heaven* is no Place for me, and in *Limbo* I ſhall fall among the Innocents I have murther'd; ſo that without more ado, I muſt e'en take up my Lodging in *Hell*, the common Receptacle of notorious Malefactors.

There came in, immediately upon this, a kind of a ſowre rough-hewn Fellow; Look ye, ſays he, ſtretching out his Arm, here are my Letters. The Company wonder'd at his Humour, and ask'd the Porter, What he was? Which he himſelf overhearing, Am I, quoth he, a *Maſter of the Noble Science of Defence*; and plucking out ſeveral ſeal'd Parchments; Theſe, ſaid he, are the Atteſtations of my Exploits. At which Word, all his Teſtimonials fell out of his Hand, and a Couple of Devils would fain have whipt them up, to have brought them in Evidence againſt him at his Tryal, but the Fencer was too nimble for them, and took them up himſelf. At which Time, an *Angel* offer'd him his Hand to help

help him in; but he, for fear of an *Attack*, leap'd a Step backward, and with great Agility, *a longeing* withal. Now, says he, if ye think fit, I'll give ye a Taste of my Skill. The Company fell a laughing, and this Sentence was pass'd upon him, *That since by his Rules of Art, he had occasion'd so many Duels and Murthers, he should himself go to the Devil by a perpendicular Line.* He pleaded for himself, that he was no *Mathematician*, and knew no such Line; but while the Word was in his Mouth, a Devil came up to him, gave him a Turn and a half, and down he tumbl'd.

After him, came the *Treasurers*, and such a Cry so'lowing them, for Cheating and Stealing, that some said the *Thieves* were coming; others said no; and the Company was divided upon't. They were much troubl'd at the Word *Thieves*, and desir'd the Benefit of Council to plead their Cause. And very good Reason, said one of the *Devils*: Here's a *discarded Apostle*, that has executed both Offices, let them take him. Where's *Judas*? When the *Treasurers* heard that, they turn'd aside, and by Chance, spy'd in a Devil's Hand, a huge Roll of *Accusations* ready drawn into a formal *Charge* against them. With that, one of the boldest among them; *Away, away*, cry'd he, with these *Informations*; we'll rather come to a Fine, and compound, though it were for ten or twenty thousand Years in *Purgatory*. Ha! Ha! quoth the Devil, (a cunning Snap that drew up the Charge;) if you are upon those Terms, ye are hard put to't. Whereupon the *Treasurers*, being brought to a forc'd Put, were e'en glad to make the best of a bad Game, and follow the Fencer.

These were no sooner gone, but in came an unlucky *Pastry-man*; they ask'd him, if he would be try'd? That's e'en as't hits, said he. At that Word, the Devil that manag'd the Cause against him, press'd his Charge, and laid it home to him, that he had

had put off *Catts* for *Hares*, and fill'd his *Pyes* with *Bones*, instead of *Flesh*; and not only so, but that he had sold *Horse-flesh*, *Dogs*, and *Foxes*, for *Beef* and *Mutton*. Upon the Issue, it was prov'd against him, that *Noah* never had so many *Animals* in his *Ark*, as this poor Fellow had put in his *Pyes*, (for we read of no *Rats* and *Mice* there;) so that he e'en gave up his Cause, and went away to see if his Oven were hot. Next came the *Philosophers* with their *Syllogisms*, and it was no ill Entertainment, to hear them *chop Logick*, and put all their *Expostulations* in *Mood* and *Figure*. But the pleasantest People in the World, were the *Poets*, who insisted upon it, that they were to be try'd by *Jupiter*: And to the Charge of *worshipping of false Gods*, their Answer was, that through *them*, they worship the *true one*, and were rather mistaken in the *Name*, than in the *Worship*. *Virgil* had much to say for himself, for his *Sicelides Musæ*; but *Orpheus* interrupted him, who being the *Father of the Poets*, desir'd to be heard for them all. What, *He?* cry'd one of the Devils. Yes, for teaching that *Boys* were *better Bed-fellows* than *Wenches*; but the *Women* had comb'd his Cox-comb for him, if they could have catch'd him. *Away with him to Hell once again then*, they cry'd, *and let him get out now if he can*: So they all fil'd off, and *Orpheus* was their *Guide*, because he had been there once before. So soon as the *Poets* were gone, there knock'd at the Gate a rich *penurious Chuff*; but 'twas told him, that the *Ten Commandments* kept it, and that he had not kept them. It is impossible, quoth he, under Favour, to prove that ever I broke ny of them: And so he went to justify himself om Point to Point; he had done this and that, and e had never done that nor t'other; but in the End e was deliver'd over to be rewarded according to is Works. And then came on a Company of *House-reakers* and *Robbers*, so dextrous, some of them,

that

that they ſav'd themſelves from the very *Ladder*. The *Scriveners* and *Attornies*, obſerving that; Ah! thought they, if we could but paſs for *Thieves* now! And yet they ſet a Face good enough upon the Buſineſs too. Which made *Judas* and *Mahomet* hope well of themſelves; for, ſaid they, if any of theſe Fellows come off, there's no fear of us: Whereupon they advanc'd boldly, with a Reſolution to take their Tryal; which ſet the *Devils* all a laughing. The *guardian Angels* of the *Scriveners* and *Attornies*, mov'd that the *Evangeliſts* might be of their *Council*, which the *Devils* oppoſed; For, ſaid they, we ſhall inſiſt only upon the Matter of *Fact*, and leave them without any Poſſibility of *Reply* or *Excuſe*. We might indeed content our ſelves with the bare Proof of what they are; for 'tis Crime enough that they are *Scriveners* and *Attornies*. With that, the *Scriveners* deny'd their Trade, alledging that they were *Secretaries*, and the *Attornies* call'd them *Solicitors*. All was ſaid, in Effect, that the Caſe would bear; but the beſt part of their Plea, was *Church-membership*. And in fine; after ſeveral *Replications* and *Rejoinders*, they were all ſent to *old Nick*, ſave only two or three that found *Mercy*. Well, cry'd one of the *Scriveners*, *this 'tis to keep lewd Company*! The *Devils* call'd out then to clear the Bar, and ſaid they ſhould have Occaſion for the *Scriveners* themſelves, to enter *Proteſtations* in the Quality of *Publick Notaries*, againſt lawleſs and diſorderly People: But the poor Wretches, it ſeems, could not hear on that Ear. To ſay the Truth, the *Chriſtians* were much more troubleſome than the *Pagans*, which the *Devils* took exceeding ill; but they had this to ſay for themſelves, that they were *Chriſten'd* when they were *Children*; ſo that 'twas none of their Fault, and that their *Parents* muſt anſwer for't. *Judas* and *Mahomet* took ſuch Courage, when they ſaw two or three of the *Scrive-*

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ners and *Attornies* sav'd, that they were just upon the Point of *challenging their Clergy*; but they were prevented by the Doctor I told you of, who was set first to the *Bar*, in Company with an *Apothecary* and a *Barber*; whom a certain *Devil*, with a great Bundle of *Evidences* in his Hand, informed the Court, that the greatest part of the *Dead* there present, were sent thither by the *Doctor* then at the *Bar*, in Confederacy with his *Apothecary* and *Barber*, to whom they were to acknowledge their Obligation for that fair Assembly. An *Angel*, then interposing for the *Defendant*, recommended the *Apothecary* for a charitable Person, and one that *Physick'd the Poor for nothing*. No Matter for that, (cry'd the *Devil*) for I have him in my Books, and am able to prove, that he has kill'd more People with *two little Boxes*, than the *King of Spain* has done with *two thousand Barrels of Powder* in the *Low-Country Wars*. All his Medicines are corrupted, and his Compositions hold a perfect Intelligence with the Plague: He has utterly un-peopled a couple of his neighbour Villages, in a matter of three Weeks Time. The Doctor he let fly upon the *Apothecary* too, and said he would maintain against the whole College, that his *Prescriptions* were according to the *Dispensatory*: And if an *Apothecary* would play the *Knave* or the *Fool*, and put in *this* for *that* he could not help it. So that, without any more Words, the *Apothecary* was put to the *Summer-Salt*, and the *Doctor* and *Barber* were brought off, at the Intercession of St. *Cosmus* and St. *Damian*.

After these, came a *dapper Lawyer*, with a Tongue steep'd in Oyl, and a great Master of his Words and Actions; a most exquisite Flatterer, and no Man better skill'd in the Art of moving the Passions, than himself, or more ready at bolting a lucky President at a dead Lift, or at making the best of a bad

bad Cauſe; for he had all the Shift, or at Starting holes of in the Law at his Fingers Ends: But all this would not ſerve; for the Verdict went againſt him, and he was *order'd to pay Coſts*. In that Inſtant, there was a diſcovery made of a Fellow that hid himſelf in a Corner, and look'd like a *Spy*: They ask'd him, what he was? He made anſwer, An *Empirick*. What, ſaid a *Devil*, my old Friend *Pontæus*! Alas! alas! thou had'ſt ten thouſand times better be in *Covent-Garden* now, or at *Chairing Croſs*; for upon my Word, thou't have nothing to do here, unleſs, perhaps, for an Ointment for a Burn, or ſo; and ſo *Poutæus* went his Way. The next that appear'd, were a Company of *Vintners*, who were accus'd for *adulterating* and *mingling Water* with their *Wines*, Their Plea was, That in Compenſation, they had furniſh'd the *Hoſpitals* with *Common-Wine*,, that was right, upon Free-coſt; but this Excuſe ſignify'd as little as that of the *Taylors* there preſent, who ſuggeſted, that they had cloath'd ſo many *Fryars gratis*; and ſo they were diſpatch'd away together. After theſe, follow'd a Number of *Bankers*, that had turn'd *Bankrupt* to cozen their *Creditors*; who finding theſe ſeveral of their old Correſpondents, that they had reduc'd to a *Morſel of Bread*, began to treat of Compoſition: But one of the Devils preſently cry'd out, All the reſt have had enough to do to anſwer for themſelves, but theſe People are to reckon for other Mens Scores, as well as their own. And hereupon, they were forthwith ſent away to *Pluto*, with Letters of Exchange; but as it happen'd at that Time, the Devil was out of Caſh.

After this, enter'd a *Spaniſh Cavalier*, as upright as Juſtice is ſelf. He was a matter of a quarter of an Hour in his Legs and Reverences to the Company. We could ſee no Head he had, for his prodigious ſtarch'd Ruff that ſtood ſtaring up like a *Turkey-Cock's Tail*, and cover'd it. In fine, it was ſo fantaſtick

taſtick a Figure, that the Porter was gaping at it a good while, and ask'd if it were a *Man*, or no? It is a *Man*, (quoth the *Spaniard*) *upon the Honour of a Cavalier*, and his Name is Don *Pedro Rhodomontadoſo*, &c. He was ſo long a telling his Name and Titles, that one of the Devils burſt out a laughing in the middle of his Pedigree, and demanded, *What he would be at?* *Glory*, quoth he; which they taking in the worſe Senſe, for Pride, ſent him away immediately to *Lucifer*. He was a little ſevere upon his Guides, for diſordering his *Muſtachoes*, but they help'd him preſently to a pair of *Beard-Irons*, and all was well again.

In the next Place, came a Fellow Weeping and Wailing; But, my Maſters, ſays her, my Cauſe is never the worſe for my Crying; for if I would ſtand upon my Merits, I could tell ye that I have kept as good Company, & had as much to do with the *Saints*, as another Body. What have we here? cry'd one; *Diocleſian* or *Nero?* For they had enough to do with the Saints, though 'twere but to Perſecure 'em. But upon the Upſhot, what was this poor Creature, but a ſmall Officer that ſwept the Church, and duſted the Images and Pictures. His Charge was Stealing the Oil out of the Lamps, and leaving all in the dark; pretending that the *Owls* and *Jack-daws* had drunk it up. He had a Trick too of clothing himſelf out of the Church-Habits, which he got new-dy'd; and of *crumbing his Portidge with conſecrated Bread*, that he ſtole every *Sunday*. What he ſaid for himſelf, I know not; but he had his *Mittimus*, and took the left-hand Way at parting.

With that, a Voice was heard, *Make Way there; clear the Paſſage:* And this was for a *Bevy* of handſome, buxom, *Bona Roba*'s, in their *Caps* and *Feathers*, that came *dancing*, *laughing*, and *ſinging* of *Ballads* and *Lampoons*, and as Merry as the Day was long. But they quickly chang'd their Note; for

ſo

ſo ſoon as ever they ſaw the hideous Looks of the Devil, they fell into violent Fits of the Mother, beating their Breaſts, and tearing their Hair with all the Horror and Fury imaginable. There was an Angel offer'd, in their Favour, that they had been great Frequenters of *our Lady's Chappel*. Yes, yes, (cry'd a Devil) *leſs of her Chappel, and more of her Vertue*, would have done well. There was a notable Whipſter among the reſt, that confeſſed the Devil had Reaſon. And then her Tryal came on, for making a Cloak of a Sacrament; and only Marrying, that ſhe might play the Whore with Priviledge, and never want a Father for her *Baſtards*. It was her Fortune alone to be condemn'd; and going along, Well! She cry'd, if I had thought 'twould have come to this, I ſhould ne'er have troubl'd my ſelf with ſo many Maſſes.

And now, after long waiting, came *Judas*, and *Mahomet* upon the Stage, and to them *Jack of Leyden*: Up comes an Officer, and ask'd which of the three was *Judas*? I am he, quoth *Jack* of *Leyden*. Nay, but I am *Judas* cry'd *Mahomet*. They're a couple of *lying Raſcals*, ſays *Judas* himſelf, for I am the Man, only the Rogues make uſe of my Name to ſave their Credit. 'Tis true, I ſold my Maſter once, and the World has been ever ſince the better for't: But theſe Villains ſell him and themſelves too, every Hour of the Day, and there follows nothing but Miſery and Confuſion. So they were all three pack'd away to their Diſciples.

The Angel that kept the Book, found that the Serjeants and Remembrancers were to come on next; whereupon they were call'd, and appear'd: But the Court was not much troubl'd with them, for they confeſs'd Guilty at the firſt Word, and ſo were ty'd up without any more ado.

The next that appear'd, was an *Aſtologer*, loaden with *Almanacks*, *Globes*, *Aſtrolabes*, &c. making

king Proclamation as loud has he could bawl, that here muſt be a groſs Miſtake in the Reckoning; for *Saturn* had not finiſh'd his Courſe, and the World could not yet be at an End. One of the Devils, that ſaw how he came provided, and look'd upon him as his own already: A provident Slave, (quoth he) I warrant him, to bring his Firing along with him. But this I muſt needs tell ye, (ſays he to the *Mathematician*) 'tis a ſtrange Thing, ye ſhall create ſo many Heavens in your Life, and go to the Devil for want of one after your Death. Nay, for going, (cry'd the *Aſtrologer*) ye ſhall excuſe me; but if you'll carry me, *well and good.* And immediately Order was given to crary him away, and pay the Porter.

Hereupon, methought, the Court aroſe; the Throne vaniſh'd; the Shadows and Darkneſs withdrew; the Air ſweetned; the Earth was cover'd with Flowers; the Heavens clear: And then I awak'd, not a little ſatisfy'd to find, that after all this, I was ſtill in my Bed, and among the Living. The Uſe I made of my Dream, was this: I betook my ſelf preſently to my Prayers, with a firm Reſolution of changing my Life, and putting my Soul into ſuch a Frame of Piety and Obedience, that I might attend the coming of the Great Day with Peace and Comfort.

THE

THE FOURTH VISION, OF *Loving FOOLS.*

ABOUT four a Clock in a cold frosty Morning, when it is much better being in a warm Bed, with a good Bedfellow, than upon a *Biere* in the Church-yard, as I lay advising with my Pillow, tumbling and tossing a thousand Love-Toys in my Head, I past'd from one Fancy to another, 'till at last I fell into a Slumber; and there appear'd the *Genius of Disabuse*, laying before me all the *Follies* and *Vanities* of *Love*, and supporting her Opinions with great Authorities and Reasons. I was carry'd then (methought I knew not how) into a fair Meadow; a Meadow pleasant and agreeable, infinitely beyond the very Fictions of your half-witted Poets, with all their far-fetcht Gildings and Enamellings; for a Paper of Verses is worth nothing with them, unless they force Nature for't, and rifle both the Indies. This delicious Field was water'd with two Rivulets, the one *bitter*, the other *sweet*; and yet they mingl'd their Streams with a pretty kind of Murmur, equal perhaps to the best Musick in the World. The Use of these Waters, was, as I observed, to temper the Darts of *Love*; for while I was upon the Prospect of the Place, I saw several of *Cupid*'s little Officers and Subjects, dipping of *Arrows* there, for their Entertainment and Ease. Upon this, I fancy'd my self in one of the Gardens of *Cyprus*,

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and that I ſaw the very *Hive* where the *Bee* liv'd, that ſtung my *young Maſter*, and occaſion'd that excellent Ode which *Anacreon* has written upon the Subject. The next Thing I caſt my Eye upon, was a *Palace* in the midſt of the Meadow, a rare *Piece*, as well for the *Structure*, as *Deſign*. The *Porches* were of the *Doric* Order, excellently wrought; and the *Pedeſtals*, *Baſes*, *Columns*, *Corniſhes*, *Capitals*, *Architraves*, *Freezes*, (and in thort the whole Front of the *Fabrick*) was beautified with imaginary Trophies, and *Triumphs* of *Love*, in *half Relief*, which as they were intermixt with other fantaſtick Works, and Conceits, carry'd the Face of ſeveral little Hiſtories, and gave a great Ornament to the Building. Over the *Porch* there was in Golden Letters upon black Marble, this Inſcription.

This is call'd Fool's *Paradiſe,*
From the loving Fools *that dwell in't;*
Where the great Fools *rule the* leſs,
The reſt *obey, and all do well in't.*

The *Finiſhing* and *Materials* were pleaſant to admiration; the *Portal* ſpacious; the Doors always open, and the Houſe free to all Comers, which were very many; the Porter's Place was ſupply'd by a *Woman*, exquiſitely handſome, both for Face and Perſon, tall, delicately ſhap'd, and ſet off with great Advantages of Dreſs and Jewels. She was made up in fine, of Charms, and her *Name* (as I underſtood) was *Beauty*. She'd let a Man in to ſee the Houſe for a *Look*, and that was all I paid for my Paſſage. In the firſt Court, I found a many of both Sexes, but ſo alter'd in Habit and Countenance, that they could ſcarce know one another. They were *ſad*, *penſive*, and their Complexions tainted with a yellow *Paleneſs*, (which *Ovid* calls *Cupid*'s *Livery*.) There was no Talk of being *true* to *Friends*, *loyal* to *Su-*

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riors, and *dutiful* to *Parents*; but Kindred did the Office of *Procurers*, and *Procurers* were call'd *Cousins*; *Wives* lov'd their *Husbands She-Friends*, and *Husbands* did as much for *them* in loving their *Gallants*. While I was upon the Contemplation of these Encounters of Affection, there appear'd a strange extravagant Figure, but in the Likeness of a human Creature. It was neither perfectly Man, nor perfectly Woman, but had indeed a Resemblance of both. This Person, I perceiv'd, was ever busy, up and down, going and coming; beset all over with Eyes and Ears, and had one of the craftiest, distrustful Looks, methought, that ever I saw; and withal (as I observ'd) no small Authority in the Place, which made me enquire after this Creature's *Name*, and *Office*. My *Name*, quoth she, for now it prov'd to be a *Woman*, is *Jealousy*, and methinks you and I shall be better acquainted; for how came you here else? However, for your Satisfaction, you are to understand, that the greater part of the distemper'd People you see here, are of my bringing, and yet I am not their *Physician*, but their *Tormentor*, and serve only to aggravate and imbitter their Misfortunes. If you would know any thing farther of the House, never ask me, for 'tis forty to one I shall tell you a Lie: I have not told you half the Truth even of my self; and to deal plainly with you, I am made up of *Invention*, *Artifice*, and *Imposture*. But the good old Man that walks there, is the *Major Domo*, and will tell you all, if you will but bear with his slow Way of Discourse.

Thereupon I went to the good Man, whom I knew presently to be *Time*, and desir'd him to let me look into the several Quarters and Lodgings of the House, for there were some *Fools* of my Acquaintance there I'd fain Visit. He told me, that he was at present so busy about making of *Caudles*, *Cock-Broths*, and *Gellies*, for his Patients, that he could

ould not ſtir; but yet he directed me where I night find all thoſe I enquir'd for, and gave me the reedom of the Houſe to walk at Pleaſure.

I paſs'd out of the firſt Court into the Maid's Quarter, which was the very ſtrongeſt part of the hole Building; and ſo't had need, for divers of the oung Wenches were ſo extravagant and furious, hat no other Place would have held them. (The *Vives* and *Widows* were in another Room apart.) Here ye ſhall have *one* ſobbing and raging with *Jealouſy* of a *Rival:* There *another ſtark Mad* or *a Husband*, and inwardly bleeding, becauſe ſhe urſt not diſcover it. A 3d was writing of Letters ll Riddle and Myſtery, mending and marring, till at aſt the Paper had more *Blots* than *whole Words* in t. *Some* were practiſing in the *Glaſs* the *gracious mile*, the *Rowl* of the *Eye*, the *Velvet Lip*, &c. *Others* again were in a Diet of *Oat-meal*, *Clay*, *Chalk*, *Coal*, *hard Wax*, and the like, Some were onditioning with their Servants for a *Ball* or *Sere-ade*, that the whole Town might ring of the *Addreſs*. Yes, yes, they cry'd, *you can go to the* Park *with* this Lady, *and to a* Play *with* that Lady, *and o* Banſtead *with* t'other Lady, *and ſpend whole Nights* at Beſte *or* Ombre *with* my Lady Pen-Tweezel; *but by my Troth, I think you are aſham'd o be ſeen in my Company*. Some I ſaw upon the oint of *Sealing and Delivering*. *I am thine*, cries one) *and thine alone, or let all the Devils in Hell*, &c. *But be ſure you be conſtant. If I be ot*, (ſays he) *let my Soul*, &c. and the ſilly Jade elieves him. In one Corner ye ſhould have them raying for *Huſbands*, that they might the better ove at *Random:* In another, nothing would pleaſe hem, but to be *marry'd Mens Wives*; and this Diſeaſe was look'd upon as a little deſperate. Some gain ſtood ready furniſh'd with *Love-Letters* and *Tickets* to be caſt out at the Window, or thruſt under

der the Door; and these were look'd upon not only as *Fools* but *Beasts*

I had seen as much already as I desir'd, for I had learn'd of old, that *he that keeps such Company seldom comes off without a scratch'd Face*; but if he misses a *Mistress*, he gets a *Wife*, and stands condemn'd to a *Repentance during Life*, without Redemption, unless one of the too dies; For *Women* in the Case are worse than *Pyrates*; a *Gally-Slave* may compound for his *Freedom*, but there's no Thought of *Ransom* in Case of *Wedlock*. I had a good mind to a little Chat with some of them, but (thought I) they'll fancy I'm in Love with them; and so I e'en march'd off into the *Marry'd Quarter*; Where there was such *Ranting*, *Damning*, *and Tearing*, as if Hell had been broke loose. And what was all this? But a Number of *Women*, that had been lock'd up and shackl'd by their *Husbands*, to keep them in Obedience, and had now broken their *Prisons*, and their *Chains*, and were grown ten times madder than before. Some I saw *caressing* and *coaxing their Husbands, in the very Moment they design'd to betray them. Others were picking their Husbands Pockets, to pay now and then for a By-blow.* Some again were *upon a Religious Point, and all upon the Humour (forsooth) of Pilgrimages and Lectures*; when alas! They had no other Business with the *Altars* or *Churches*, than a Sacrifice to *Venus*, or a *Love-meeting*. Divers there were that went to the *Bath*; but *Bathing* was the least part of the Errand: Others to *Confession*, that mistook their *Martyr* for their *Confessor*. Some to be reveng'd of *Jealous Husbands*, were resolving to do the thing they feared, and pay them in their own Coin. Others were for making sure afore-hand, by Way of Advance; for that's the Revenge, they say, that's as sweet as *Muscadine* & *Eggs*. One was *melancholy* for a *Delay*; and another for a *Defeat*;

third is preparing to make her Market at a *Play*. There was one among the reſt, was never out of er *Coach*; and asking her the Reaſon, ſhe told me, he lov'd to be jolted. In this Crowd of *Women*, you muſt know that there were no *Wives* of *Ambaſſa-dors*, *Soldiers*, or *Merchants*, that were abroad upon *Commiſſion*; for ſuch were conſider'd in Effect s *ſingle Women*, and not allow'd as Members of his Common-wealth.

The next Quarter was that of the *Grave* and *Wiſe*, *he Right Reverend Widows*, *Women* in Appearance f *marvellous Severity and Reſerve*, and yet every ne of them had her weak Side, and ye might read er *Folly* and *Diſtemper* through her *Diſguiſe*. One f them I ſaw *crying with one Eye for the Loſs of ne Huſband, and laughing with t'other upon him hat was to come next*. Another with the *Epheſian Matron*, was ſolacing herſelf with her *Gallant*, before her *Huſband* was thorough *cold in the Mouth*, onſidering, that *he that dy'd half an Hour ago, is s dead as* William *the Conqueror*. There were ſeeral others paſſing to and again, quite *out of their Mourning*, that look'd ſo demurely, (I warrant ye) s if Butter would not have melted in their Mouths, nd yet *apoſtate Widows*, (as I was told) and there ey were kept as ſtrictly, as if they had been in the *paniſh Inquiſition*. Some were laying Wagers, hoſe Mourning was moſt *a-la mode*, and beſt made; r whoſe *Peak* or *Veil* became her beſt; and ſetting emſelves off with a thouſand Tricks of *Ornament* nd *Dreſs*. The *Widows*, I obſerv'd, that were marchg off with *the Mark out of their Mouths*, were ugely concern'd to be thought *young*, and ſtill talkg of *Maſques*, *Balls*, *Fidles*, *Treats*, *chanting*, nd *jigging* to every Tune they heard, and all upon e *Hoyty Toyty*, like *mad Wenches of fifteen*. The *ounger*, on the other ſide, made Uſe of their Time, d took Pleaſure while 'twas to be had. There

were two of the *Religious Strain*, a People much at their *Beads*, and in *Private*; and these were there in the Quality of *Love Hereticks*, or *Platonicks*, and *under the Penance of perpetual Abstinence fr the Fish they lov'd best*, (which is the most *mortifying Lent* of all others.) Some that had Skill in *Perspective*, were before the Glass with their *Boxes* of *Patch* and *Paint* about them, *shadowing*, *drawing out*, *refreshing*, and, in short, *covering* and *palliating* all the *Imperfections* of *Feature* and *Complexion*, every one after her own Humour. Now, these Women were absolutely insufferable, for they were most of them *old* and *head-strong*, having got the Better of their *Husbands*, so that they would be taking upon them to *domineer here*, as they had done at Home; and indeed, *they found the Master of the College enough to do.*

When I had tir'd my self with this Variety of *Folly* and *Madness*, I went to the *Devotes*; where I found a great many *Women* and *Girls* that had *Cloyster'd* up themselves from the Conversation of the *World*, and yet were not a Jot *soberer* than their *Fellows*. These, one would have thought might have been easily cur'd, but many of them were in for their Lives in despite of either *Council* or *Physick*. The Room where they were, was *Barricado'd* with strong Bars of *Iron*; and yet, when the Toy took them, they'd make now and then a *Sally*; for when the Fit was upon them, they'd own no *Superior* but *Love*, come what would on't in the Event. The greater part of these good People, were writing of *Tickets* and *Dispatches*, which had still the *Sign of the Cross at the Top*, and *Satan* at the *Bottom*, concluding with this, or some such *Postscript*; *I commend this Paper to your Discretion.* The *Fools* of *this Province* would be *twatling* Night and Day; and if it happen'd that any one of 'em had talk'd herself a weary, (which was very rare) she would presently take upon her

ry gravely to admoniſh the reſt, and read a Lecture of *Silence* to the *Company*. There were ſome, that, for want of better Entertainment, fell in Love with one another; but theſe were look'd upon as a ſort of *Fops* and *Ninnys*, and therefore the more favourably us'd; but they'd have been of another Mind, if they had known the Cauſe of their Diſtemper.

The Root of all theſe ſeveral Extravagancies, was *Idleneſs*, which (according to *Petrach*'s Obſervation) never fails to make Way for *Wantonneſs*. There was one, among the reſt, that had *more Letters of Exchange upon the Credit of her inſatiable Deſires, than a whole Regiment of Bankers*. Some of them were ſick of their *old Viſitor*, and call'd for a *freſh Man*. Others, by Intervals, I perceiv'd, had their Wits about them, and contented themſelves diſcreetly with the *Phyſician of the Houſe*. In ſhort, it e'en pity'd my Heart to ſee ſo many poor People in ſo ſad a Condition, and without any Hope of Relief, as I gather'd from him that had them in Care; for they were ſtill puddering and royling their Bodies; and if they got a little Eaſe for the preſent, they'll be down again as ſoon as they had taken their Medicine.

From thence, I went to the *ſingle Women*, (ſuch as made Profeſſion never to marry) which were the leaſt outragious and diſcompoſ'd of all; for they had a thouſand Ways *to lay the Devil* as well as to *raiſe* him. Some of them liv'd like *common Highway-Men, by robbing Peter to pay Paul*; and ſtripping honeſt Men, to cloath Rafcals; which (under Favour) but a lewd kind of Charity. Others there were, that were abſolutely out of their ſeven Senſes, and as mad as *March Hares*, for *this Wit*, and *t'other Poet*, that never fail'd to pay them again in *Rhimes* and *Madrigals*, with *Ruby Lips, Pearly Teeth*: So that to read their Verſes, a Man would ſwear the whole Woman to be directly *petrify'd*.

Of Saphir fair, or Chriſtal clear,
Is the Forehead of my Dear, &c.

I ſaw one in Conſultation with a *cunning Man*, to know her *Fortune*; another dealing with a *Conjurer* for a *Philtre* or *Drink*, to make her beloved. A third was *daubing* and *patching* up an *old ruin'd Face*, to make it freſh and Young again; but ſhe might as well have been *waſhing of a Black more to make him white.* In fine, a World there were, that with their *borrow'd Hair, Teeth, Eyes, Eye-brows*, look'd like fine Folks at a Diſtance, but would have been left as ridiculous as *Æſop*'s Crow, if every Bird had fetch'd away his own Feather. Deliver me, (thought I, ſmiling and ſhaking my Head) if this be *Woman.*

And ſo I ſtept into the *Mens Quarter*, which was but next Door, and only a thick Wall between 'em. Their great Miſery was, that they were *deaf to good Advice*, obſtinately *hating* and *deſpiſing* both *Phyſick* and *Phyſician*; for if they would have either *quitted* or *chang'd*, they might have been *cur'd*: But they choſe rather to die; and though they ſaw their Error, would not mend it. Which minded me of the old Rhime:

Where Love's in the Caſe,
The Doctor's an Aſs.

Theſe *Fools-male* were all in the ſame Chamber, and one might perfectly read their *Humour* and *Diſtemper* in their *Looks* and *Geſtures. Oh! how many a gay Lad did I ſee there, in his Point Band, & Embroider'd Veſt, that had not a whole Shirt to his Back! How many Huffs and High-boys, that had nothing elſe in their Mouths, but the Lives & Fortunes they'd ſpend in their ſweet Ladies Service! that would yet have run five Miles on your Errand, to have been treated but at a Three-penny Ordinary! How many a poor Devil, that wanted Bread, and was yet troubl'd with the Rebellion of the Fleſh!*

Some

Some there were, that ſpent much Time in ſetting their *Perruques*, ordering the *Muſtache*, and dreſſing up the very Face of *Lucifer* himſelf for a *Beauty*; (the Woman's Priviledge, and in Truth, an Encroachment to their Prejudice.) There were others that made it their Glory to paſs for *Hectors*, *Sons of Priam*, *Brothers of the Blade*, and talk'd of nothing but *Attacques*, *Combats*, *Reverſes*, *Stramazons*, *Stoccados*, not conſidering that *a naked Weapon is preſent Death to a timorous Woman.* Some were taking the Round of their *Ladies Lodgings* at *Midnight*, and went to Bed again as wiſe as they roſe. Others *fell in Love* by *Contagion*, and merely converſeing with the Infected. Some again went Poſt from *Church* to *Chappel*, every *Holy-day*, to hunt for a Miſtreſs; and ſo turn'd a Day of *Reſt*, into a Day of *Labour*. Ye might ſee others skipping continually from Houſe to Houſe, like the *Knight* upon a *Cheſs-Board*, without ever catching the (Queen or) *Dame*. *Some, like crafty Beggars, made their Caſe worſe than 'twas: And others, though 'twas never ſo bad, durſt not ſo much as open their Mouths.* Really it griev'd me for the poor *Mutes*, and I wiſh'd with all my Heart, their *Miſtreſſes* had been *Witches*, that *they might have known their Meaning by their Mumping*; but they were loſt to all Counſel, ſo that there was no adviſing them. There was another ſort of *elevated* and *conceited Lovers*; and theſe, forſooth, were not to be ſatisfy'd without the *ſeven liberal Sciences*, and the *four Cardinal Vertues*, in the Shape of a *Woman*; and their Caſe was deſperate. The next I obſerv'd, were a Generation of *Modeſt Fools*, that paſs'd under the Notion of People *diffident of themſelves*: They were generally Men of good Underſtanding, but for the moſt part *younger Brothers*, of *low Fortunes*, or ſuch as for want of wherewithal to go to the Price of *higher Amours*, were fain to take up with *ordi-*

nary Stuff, that brought them nothing in the End, but *Beggery* and *Repentance*. The *Husbands*, I perceiv'd, were horribly furious, altho' in *Manacles* and *Shackles*: *Some of them left their Wives, and fell upon their Neighbours*. Others, to keep the *good Women* in *Awe* and *Obedience*, would be taking upon them, and playing the *Tyrants*; but upon the Upshot, they found their Mistake; and that though they came as *fierce* as *Lyons*, they went off as *tame* as *Muttons*. Some were making Friendships with their *Wives She-Cousins*, and agreeing upon a *Cross-Gossiping*, whoever should have the first Child.

The *Widowers* that had bit of the *Bridle*, pass'd from Place to Place, where they staid more or less, according to their Entertainment, and so were, in Effect, *as good as marry'd, for as long, or as little While as themselves pleas'd*. These liv'd single, and spent their Time in Visiting first one Friend, then another. Here they fell in Love, there they kindl'd a Jealousy, which they contracted themselves in one Place, and cur'd it in another. But the Miracle was that they all knew, and confess'd themselves a Company of *Mad-Fools*, and yet continu'd so. Those that had Skill in *Musick*, and could either *sing* o *fiddle*, made use of their Gifts to put the silly Wenches, that were but *half mop'd* before, directly *out of their Wits*. They that were *Poetical*, were perpetually hammering upon the Subjects of *Cruelty and Disappointment*. One tells *his good Fortune* to another, that requites him with the Story of his bad. They that had set their Hearts upon *Girls*, were beating the Streets all Day, to find what *Avenues* to a Lady's Lodgings *at Night*. Some were tampering and caressing the *Chamber-Maid*, as the ready Way to the *Mistress*. Others chose rather to put it to the Push, and attempt the Lady her self. Some were examining their *Pockets*,

and

and taking a View of their Furniture, which consist-ed much in *Love-Letters*, delicately seal'd up with *perfum'd Wax*, upon *raw-Silk*, and a thousand pret-ty Devices within; all wrapt up in *Riddle* and *Cy-pher*. Abundance of *Hair Bracelets*, *Lockets*, *Po-manders*, *Knots of Ribbonds*, and the like. There were others, that were call'd *the Husbands Friends*, who were ready upon all Occasions to do this, and to do that Kindness for the *Husband: Their Purse*, *Credit*, *Coach and Horses*, were all at his Service; and in the mean Time, who but they to *Gallant the Wife* to the *Park*, the *Garden*, a *Treat*, or a *Come-dy?* Where, forty to one, by the greatest good Luck in the World, they stumble upon an Aunt, an old House-keeper of the Family, or some such reve-rend *Goer-between*, that's a Well-willer to the Ma-thematicks; she takes the Hint, performs the good Office, and the Work is done.

Now, there were two Sorts of Fools for the *Wi-dows*; the one was belov'd and the other not; the *latter* were content to be a kind of *voluntary Slaves*, for the compassing their Ends; but the *other* were the happier, for they were ever at perfect Liberty to do their Pleasure, unless some Friend or Child of the House perchance came in, in the mischievous Nick, and then, in Case of a little Colour more than ordinary, or a tumbl'd Handkerchief, 'twas but changing the Scene, and struggling for a Paper of Verses, or some such Business, to keep all in Coun-tenance. Some made their Assault both with *Love* and *Money*, and they seldom fail'd, for they came doubly arm'd; and *your* Spanish *Pistoles are a sort of Battery hardly to be resisted.*

I came now to reflect upon what I had seen; and as I was walking (in that Meditation) toward ano-ther Lodging, I found my self, ere I was aware, in the *first Court* again; where I enter'd, and in it I observ'd new Wonders: I saw that the Number of

the *mad Fools* increas'd every Moment, altho' Time, I perceiv'd, did all that was poſſible to recover 'em. There *Jealouſy* tormenting even thoſe that were moſt confident of the Faith of what they lov'd. There was *Memory* rubbing of *old Sores*. There was *Underſtanding* lock'd up in a *dark Cellar*: And *Reaſon* with *both her Eyes out*. I made a little Pauſe, the better to obſerve theſe Varieties and Diſguiſes: And when I had look'd my ſelf a weary, I turn'd about, and eſpy'd a Door, but ſo narrow, that it was hardly paſſable; and yet, ſtrait as it was, divers there were that *Ingratitude* and *Infidelity* had ſet at *Liberty*, and made a Shift to get thro'. Upon which Opportunity of returning, I made what haſte I could to be one of the firſt at the Door, and in that Inſtant my Man drew the Curtain of my Bed, and told me the Morning was far gone. Whereupon I *wak'd*, and recollecting my ſelf, found all was but a *Dream*. The very Fancy, however, of having ſpent ſo much Time in the Company of Fools & Mad Men, gave me ſome Diſorder, but with this Comfort, that both ſleeping and waking, I had experimented *paſſionate Love* to be nothing elſe but a mere *Frenzy* and *Folly*.

THE FIFTH VISION, OF *The WORLD.*

IT is unnaturally impoſſible for any Thing in this World to fix our *Appetites* and *Deſires*, but they are ſtill flitting and reſtleſs like *Pilgrims*, delighted and nouriſh'd with Variety; which ſhews how much

we are miſtaken in the Value and Quality of the Things we covet. And hence it is, that what we *purſue* with the greateſt *Delight* and *Paſſion* imaginable, yields us nothing but *Satiety* and *Repentance* in the *Poſſeſſion*; yet ſuch is the Power of theſe *Appetites* of ours, that when they call and command, we *follow* and *obey*, tho' we find in the End, that what we took for a Beauty upon the Chace, proves but a Carcaſs in the Quarry, and we are ſick on't as ſoon as we have it. Now, the *World*, that knows our *Palate* and *Inclination*, never fails to feed the Humour, and to flatter & entertain us with all Sorts of Change and Novelty, as the moſt certain Method of gaining upon our Affections.

One would have thought, that theſe Conſiderations might have put ſober Thoughts and Reſolutions in my Head; but it was my Fate to be taken off in the very Middle of my *Morality* and *Speculations*, and carry'd away from my ſelf, by Vanity and Weakneſs, into the wide World, where I was for a while after; not much unſatisfy'd with my Condition. As I paſs'd from one Place to another, ſeveral that ſaw me (I perceiv'd) did but make Sport with me; for the farther I went, the more I was at a loſs in that *Labyrinth* of *Deluſions*. One while I was in with the *Sword-men* and *Bravoes*, up to the Ears in *Challenges* and *Quarrels*, and never without an Arm in a Scarf, or a broken Head. Another Fit I was never well, but either at the *Fleece-Tavern*, or *Bear* at *Bridge-Foot*, ſtuffing my Guts with Food and Tipple, 'till the Hoops were ready to Burſt; beſides twenty other Entertainments, that I found every Jot as extravagant as theſe, which, to my great Trouble and Admiration, left me not ſo much as one Moment of Repoſe.

As I was in one of my unquiet and penſive Moods, Somebody call'd after me, and pluck'd me by the Cloak; which prov'd to be *a Perſon of a venerable*

Age, his Cloaths miserably poor and tatter'd, and his Face just as if he had been trampl'd upon in the Streets, which did not yet hinder, but that *he had still the Air and Appearance of one that deserv'd much Honour and Respect*. Good Father, said I to him, why should you envy me my Enjoyments? Pray ye let me alone, and do not trouble your self with me or my Doings. *You're past the Pleasure of Life your self, and can't endure to see other People merry, that have the World before 'em.* Consider of it; you are now upon the Point of leaving the World, and I am but newly come into't. But 'tis the Trick of all old Men, to be carping at the Actions of their *Juniors*. Son, (said the old Man, smiling) I shall neither hinder, nor envy thy Delights, but in pure Pity I would fain reclaim thee. *Do'st thou know the Price of a Day, an Hour, or a Minute?* If thou had'st, thou would'st employ it better, and not cast away so many blessed Opportunities upon Trifles, and so easily and insensibly part with so inestimable a Treasure. *What's become of thy past Hours? Have they made thee a Promise to come back again at a Call, when thou ha'st need of 'em? Or can'st thou shew me which way they went?* No, no; they are gone without Recovery; and in their Flight, methinks, Time seems to return his Head, and laugh over his Shoulder in Derision of those that made no better Use of him, when they had him. Do'st thou not know, that all the Minutes of our Life, are but so many Links of a Chain, that has Death at the End on't? And every Moment brings thee nearer thy expected End; which, perchance, while the Word is speaking, may be at the very Door; and doubtless, at thy Rate of Living, it will be upon thee before thou ar't aware. *How stupid is he, that dies while he lives, for fear of dying! How wicked is he, that lives as if he should never die, and only fears Death when he comes to feel it!* Which is too late for Comfort, either to Body

or Soul. And he is certainly none of the wiſeſt, that ſpends all his Days in Lewdneſs and Debauchery, without conſidering, that of his whole Life, any Minute might have been his laſt.

My good Father, ſaid I, I am beholden to you for your excellent Diſcourſes; for they have deliver'd me out of the Power of a thouſand frivolous and vain Affections, that had taken Poſſeſſion of me. But who are you, I pray ye? And what is your Buſineſs here? *My Poverty, and theſe Rags*, quoth he, *are enough to tell ye, that I am an honeſt Man; a Friend to Truth, and one that will not be mealy-mouth'd, when he may ſpeak it to purpoſe.* Some call me the *Plain-dealer*, others the *Undeceiver-general.* You ſee me all in *Tatters, Wounds, Scars, Bruiſes:* And what is all this, but the *Requital* the *World* gives me for my *good Counſel*, & *kind Viſits?* And yet, after all this Endeavour to get ſhut of me, they call themſelves my Friends, tho' they curſe me to the Pit of Hell, as ſoon as ever I come near 'em; and had rather be hang'd, than ſpend one Quarter of an Hour in my Company. If thou ha'ſt a Mind to ſee the World I talk of, come along with me, and I'll carry thee into a Place where thou ſhalt have a full Proſpect of it; and without any Inconveniency, ſee all that's in't, or in the People that dwell in't, and look it through and through. What's the Name of this Place, quoth I? It is call'd, ſaid he, *The Hypocrites Walk*, and it croſſes the *World* from one Pole to t'other. It is large and populous; for I believe there's not any Man alive, but has either a Houſe or Chamber in't. Some live in't for altogether, others take it only in Paſſage; for there are *Hypocrites* of ſeveral ſorts; but all Mortals, have, more or leſs, a *Tang* of the *Leaven.* That Fellow there in the Corner, came but t'other Day from the *Plow-Tail*, and would now fain be a Gentleman. But had not he better pay his Debts, and walk alone, than

break

break his Promiſes to keep a *Lacquey*? There's another *Raſcal*, that would fain be a *Lord*, and would venture a Voyage to *Venice* for the Title, but that he's better at building Caſtles in the *Air* than upon the *Water*. In the mean Time, he puts on a *Nobleman's Face* and *Garb*; he *ſwears* and *drinks* like a *Lord*, and keeps his *Hounds* and *Whores*, which 'tis fear'd, in the End, will devour their Maſter. Mark now that Piece of Gravity and Form; he walks, ye ſee, as if he mov'd by *Clock-work*; his Words are *few* and *low*; he makes all his Anſwers by a *Shrug* or a *Nod*. This is the *Hypocrite* of a *Miniſter of State*, who, with all his *Counterfeit* of *Wiſdom*, is one of the veriеſt *Noddies* in Nature.

Face about now, and mind thoſe decrepid Sots there, that can ſcarce lift a Leg over a Threſhold, and yet they muſt be dying their Hair, colouring their Beards, and playing the young Fool again, with a thouſand *Hobby-horſe Tricks*, and *Antick-dreſſes*. On the other ſide, ye have a Company of *ſilly Boys* taking upon 'em to govern the World under a *Vizor* of *Wiſdom* and *Experience*. *What Lord is that*, ſaid I, *in the rich Cloaths there, and the fine Laces?* That *Lord*, quoth he, is a *Taylor*, in his *Holy-day Cloaths*; and if he were now upon his *Shop-board*, his own *Sciſſers* and *Needles* would hardly know him. And you muſt underſtand, that *Hypocriſy* is ſo *epidemical* a Diſeaſe, that it has laid Hold of the Trade it ſelf, as well as the Maſters. The *Cobler* muſt be ſaluted, Mr. *Tranſlator*; the *Groom* names himſelf *Gentleman of the Horſe*; the Fellow that carries *Guts* to the *Bears*, writes *one of his Majeſty's Officers*; the *Hang-man* calls himſelf a *Miniſter of Juſtice*; the *Mountebank*, an *able Man*; a common *Whore* paſſes for a *Curtizan*, the *Bawd* acts the Puritan; *Gaming Ordinaries* are call'd *Academies*; and *Bawdy-houſes* Places of *Entertainment*. The *Page* ſtiles himſelf the *Child of Honour*; and the *Foot-boy* calls himſelf my *Lady's Page*; and every

Pick-

Pick-Thank names himself a *Courtier*. The *Cuckold-maker* passes for a *fine Gentleman*; and the *Cuckold* himself for the *best-natur'd Husband in the World*; and a very *Ass* commences *Master-Doctor*. *Hocus Pocus Tricks*, are call'd *Slight of Hand*; *Lust*, *Friendship*; *Usury*, *Thrift*; *Cheating* is but *Gallantry*; *Lying* wears the Name of *Invention*; *Malice* goes for *Quickness of Apprehension*; *Cowardice*, *Meekness* of *Nature*; and *Rashness* carries the Countenance of *Valour*. In fine, this is all but *Hypocrisy* and *Knavery* in a *Disguise*; for nothing is call'd by the right Name. Now, there are beside these, certain *general Appellations* taken up, which, by long usage, are almost grown into *Prescription*. Every little Whore takes upon her to be a great Lady; every *Gown-man*, to be a *Counsellor*; every *Huff*, to be a *Soldier*; every *gay Thing*, to be a *Cavalier*; every *Parish-Clerk* to be a *Doctor*; and every *Writing-Clerk* in the *Office*, must be call'd Mr. *Secretary*.

So that *the whole World*, take it where you will, is but a *mere Juggle*; and you will find, that *Wrath*, *Gluttony*, *Pride*, *Avarice*, *Luxury*, *Murder*, and a thousand other heinous Sins, have all of 'em *Hypocrisy* for their *Source*, and thither they'll return again. It would be well, said I, if you could prove what you say; but I can hardly see how so great a *Diversity* of *Waters* should proceed from one *and the same Fountain*. I do not wonder, quoth he, at your Distrust; for you are mistaken, in very good Company, to fancy *Contrariety* in many Things, which are in Effect so much alike. It is agreed upon, both by *Philosophers* and *Divines*, that all *Sins are evil*; and you must allow, that *the Will embraces or pursues no Evil, but under the Resemblance of Good*; nor does the *Sin* lie in the *Representation*, or *Knowledge* of what is *evil*, but in the *Consent* to it: Which *Consent* it self is *sinful*, altho' without any *subsequent*

Act.

Act. It's true, the *Execution* ſerves afterward for an *Aggravation*, and ought to be conſider'd under many *Differences* and *Diſtinctions*. But in fine, evident it is, that the *Will entertains* no *Ill*; but under the Shape of ſome *Good*. What d'ye think now of the *Hypocrite that cuts your Throat in his Arms, and murders you under Pretence of Kindneſs? What is the Hope of an Hypocrite?* ſays *Job*. He neither has, nor can have any; for he is *wicked* as he is an *Hypocrite*; and even his beſt Actions are worth nothing becauſe they are not what they ſeem to be. So that of all Sinners, he has the moſt to anſwer for. Other Offenders ſin only *againſt God*; but the Hypocrite ſins *with him*, as well as *againſt him*, making Uſe of *his holy Name* as a *Cloak* and *Countenance* for his *Wickedneſs*. For which Reaſon, our bleſſed Saviour, after many *affirmative Precepts* deliver'd to his Diſciples for their *Inſtruction*, gave only this *Negative*, *Be not ſad as the Hypocrites*, which lay them open in few Words; and he might as well have ſaid, *Be not Hypocrites, and ye ſhall not be wicked.*

We were now come to the Place the old Man told me of, where I found all according to my Expectation, and took the higher Ground, that I might have the better Proſpect of what paſs'd. The firſt remarkable Thing I ſavv, was a long *Funeral Train* of *Kindred* and *Gueſts*, following the *Corps* of a deceas'd Lady, in Company vvith the diſconſolate *Widower*, who march'd vvith his Chin upon his Breaſt, a ſad and a heavy Pace, muffl'd up in a Mourning Hood, enough to have ſtifl'd him, with at leaſt ten Yards of Cloth upon his Body, and no leſs in his Train. Alack! alack! cry'd I, that ever I ſhould live to ſee ſo diſmal a Spectacle! Oh! bleſſed Woman! how did this Husband love thee in thy *Life-time*, that follows thee with this infinite Faith and Affection, even to thy *Grave*! And happy the Husband, doubtleſs, in a Wife that deſerv'd this Kindneſs! and in ſo

many

many tender Friends and Relations, to take Part with him in his Sorrows! my good Father, let me intreat you to obſerve this doleful Encounter. With that, (ſhaking his Head and ſmiling) My Son, quoth he, thou ſhal't by and by perceive, that all is nothing in the World, but *Vanity*, *Impoſture*, and *Contraint*; and I will ſhew thee the Difference between *Things themſelves*, and their *Appearances*. To ſee this abundance of *Torches*, with the Magnificence of the *Ceremony*, and *Attendance*, one would think there ſhould be ſome mighty Matter in the Buſineſs: but let me aſſure thee, that all this Pudder comes to no more, than *much ado about Nothing*. The *Woman* was *nothing* (effectually) even while ſhe liv'd: The *Body* now in the *Coffin*, is ſomewhat a leſs *Nothing*: And the *Funeral Honours*, which are now paid her, come to juſt *Nothing* too. But the *Dead*, it ſeems, muſt have their *Vanities* and their *Holy-days*, as well as the *Living*. Alas! what's a *Carcaſs*? but *the moſt odious ſort of Putrefaction*? *A corrupted Earth*; fit neither for *Fruit* nor *Tillage*. And then for the *ſad Looks* of the *Mourners*, they are only troubl'd at the *Invitation*, and would not care a Pin, if the *Inviter*, and *Body* too, were both at the *Devil*: And that you might ſee by their *Behaviour* and *Diſcourſes*; for when they ſhould have been *praying for the Dead*, they were prattling of her *Pedigree*, *and her laſt Will and Teſtament*. *I'm not ſo near a-kin*, (ſays one) *but I might have been ſpar'd*; *and I had twenty other Things to do*. Another ſhould have met Company at a *Tavern*: A third at a Play: A fourth mutters, that he is not plac'd according to his *Quality*: Another cries out, *A Pox o'your Meetings*, *where there is nothing ſtirring but Worms-meat*. Let me tell ye farther, that the *Widow* her *himſelf* is not griev'd, as you imagine, for the *dead Wife*, but for the damn'd Expence in *Blacks*, *and Scutcheons*, *Tapers*, and *Mourners*;

and

and that she was not fairly laid to *Rest*, without all this ado: For he perswades himself, that *she might have found the way to her Grave without a Candle:* And since she was to *die*, 'tis his Opinion that she should have made quicker Work on't; for a *good Wife*, is (like a *good Christian*) to put her Conscience in order betimes, and get her gone, without lingering in the Hands of *Doctors*, *Apothecaries*, and *Surgeons*, to murther her Husband too: Or, to (save Charges) she might have had the Discretion to have dy'd of the Plague, which would have slav'd off *Company*. This is the *second Wife* he has already turn'd over, and (to give the Man his Due) he has had the Wit to secure himself of a *third*, while *this* lay on her *Death-bed*. So that his Case is no more than chopping of a *cold Wife* for a *warm one*, and he'll recover this Affliction, I warrant ye.

The good Man, methought, spoke Wonders; and being throughly convinc'd of the Danger of trusting to *Appearances*, I took up a Resolution, *never to conclude upon any Thing, though never so plausible, without due Examination and Enquiry.* With that, the *Funeral* vanish'd, leaving us behind; and for a *Farewel, this Sentence: I am gone before; you are to follow; and in the mean Time, to accompany others to their Graves, as you have done me, and as I, when Time was, have attended many other with as little Care and Devotion as your selves.*

We were taken off from this Meditation, by a Noise we heard in a House behind us; where we had no sooner set Foot over the Threshold, but we were entertain'd with a Consort of *six Voices*, that were *set* and *tun'd* to the *Sighs* and *Groans* of a *Woman* newly become a *Widow*. The Passion was acted to the Life, but the Dead little the better for't. They would be ever and anon clapping and wringing of their Hands; groaning and sighing, as if their Hearts would

would break. The *Hangings*, *Pictures*, and *Furniture*, were all taken down, and remov'd; the *Rooms* hung with *Black*, and in one of them lay the *poor Diſconſolate* upon a Couch, with her condoling Friends about her. It was as dark as Pitch, and ſo much the better for the Parts they had to play; for there was no diſcovering of the *horrid Faces* and *Strains* they made, to fetch up their *artificial Tears* and *Lamentations*. *Madam*, (ſays one) *Tears are but thrown away; and really the Grief to ſee your Ladyſhip in this Condition, has made me as loſt a Woman to all thought of Comfort, as your ſelf. I beſeech you, Madam, chear up*, (cries another, with almoſt as many *Sighs* as *Words*) *your Huſband's e'en happy that he is out of this miſerable World. He was a good Man, and now he finds the Sweet on't. Patience, Patience, dear Madam*, (cries a third) *'tis the Will of Heaven, and there's no contending.* Do'ſt talk of *Patience*, (ſays ſhe) *and no contending? Wretched Creature, that I am? to out-live that dear Man, oh that dear Huſband of mine! Oh that I ſhould ever live to ſee this Day!* and then ſhe fell to *blubbering*, *ſobbing*, and *raving* a thouſand times worſe than before. *Alas! alas! who will trouble himſelf with a poor Widow? I have never a Friend left to look after me. What ſhall become of me?*

At this Pauſe, came in the *Chorus*, with their *Noſe-Inſtruments*; and there was ſuch *blowing*, *ſnobbing*, *ſniveling*, and *throwing Snot about*, that there was no enduring the Houſe; and all this, you muſt know, ſerv'd them to a double Purpoſe, that is to ſay, for *Phyſick* and for *Complement*; for it paſs'd for the *condoling-Office*, and purg'd their *Heads* of *ill Humours* all under one. I could not chuſe but compaſſionate the poor *Widow*, a Creature forſaken of all the World, and I told my Guide as much; and that a Charity (as I thought) would-

be

be well bestow'd upon her. The *Holy VVrit* calls them *Mutes*, according to the *Import* of the *Hebrew*, in regard that they have no Body to speak for them. And if at any Time they take Heart to speak for themselves, they had e'en as good hold their Tongues, for no Body minds them. Is there any Thing more freequently given in Charge throughout the whole *Bible*, than to *protect the Fatherless, and defend the Cause of the VVidow*? as the highest and most necessary Point of *Christian Charity*, in regard that they have neither *Power* nor *Right* to defend themselves. Does not *Job*, in the Depth of his *Misery* and *Disgraces*, make Choice to clear himself toward the *VVidow*, upon his *Expostulations* with *Almighty*? [*If I have caus'd the Eyes of the VVidow to fail*] (or *consum'd the Eyes of the VVidow*; after *the* Hebrew.) So that it seems to me, beside the general Duty of *Charity*, we are also bound, by the Laws of *Honour* and *Generosity*, to assist them: For the poor Souls are fain to *plead* with their *Eyes*, and *beg with their Eyes*, for want of either *Hands* or *Tongues* to help themselves. Indeeed you must pardon me, my Father, (said I) if I cannot hold any longer from bearing a *Part* in this *mournful Consort*, upon this sad Occasion. And is this (quoth the old Man) the Fruit of your boasted *Divinity*? to sink into *VVeakness* and *Tears*, when you have the greatest Need of your *Resolution* and *Prudence*? Have but a little Patience, and I'll unfold you this Mystery; tho' (let me tell ye) *'tis one of the hardest Things in Nature, to make any Man as wise as he should be, that conceits himself wise enough already*. If this Accident of the *VVidow* had not happen'd, we had had none of the fine Things that have been started upon't; for 'tis Occasion that awakens both our *Vertue* and *Philosophy*; and 'tis not enough to know the *Mine* where the *Treasure* lies, unless a Man has the Skill of *drawing it out*,

and

d making the best of what he has in his Possession. hat are you the better for all the Advantages of it and Learning, without the Faculty of reducing hat you know, into apt and proper Applications? Observe me now, and I will shew you, that this *Vidow*, that looks as if she had nothing in her *Mouth*, ut *the Service of the Dead*, and only *Hallelujahs* her *Soul*, that this *mortify'd Piece of Formality*, as *green Thoughts* under her *black Veil*, and *brisk magination*s about her, in Despite of her *Calamity* and *Misfortune*. The *Chamber* you see is *dark*, nd their *Faces* are muffled up in their *Funeral Dresses*. And what of all this, when *the whole Course f their Mourning is but a Thorough Cheat*? Their *Veeping* signifies, nothing more, than *Crying at so uch an Hour*; for their *Tears* are *hackney'd* out, nd when they have *wept* out their *Stage*, they take p, and are quiet. If you would relieve them, leave hem to themselves; and as soon as your Back is urn'd, you shall have them *Singing* and *Dancing*, nd as merry as *Greeks*; for taking away the *Spectator*, their *Hypocrisy* is at an End, and the *Play is one*; and now the *Confident's Game* begins. *Come, ome, Madam, faith we must be merry*; (cries one) *e are to live by the Living, and not by the Dead: For a bonny young Widow, as you are, to lie whimering away your Opportunities, and lose so many rave Matches! There's you know who, I dare swear as a Month's Mind to you. By my Troth, I would ou were in Bed together, and I'd be hang'd if you did not find one warm Bed-fellow worth twenty old ones. Really, Madam,* (cries a second) *she gives ou good Counsel; and if I were in your Place, I'd follow it, and make Use of my Time. 'Tis but one lost, and ten found.* Pray ye tell me, Madam, if I may be so bold, *what's your Opinion of that Cavalier that was here Yesterday? Certainly he has a great deal of Wit; and methinks he's a very hand-*

some

some proper Gentleman. VVel.! If that Man has not a strange Passion for you, I'll never believe my Eyes again for his Sake; and in good Faith, if the Parties were agreed, I would you were e'en well in his Arms the Night before to Morrow. Were it not a burning Shame to let such a Beauty lie fallow? This sets *the Widow a pinking* and *simpering*, like a *Frumety-Kettle*; at length she makes up the *pretty little Mouth*, and says, *'Tis somewhat of the soonest to talk of those Affairs; but let it be as Heaven please. However, Madam, I am much beholden to you for your Friendly Advice.* You have here the very Bottom of her *Sorrow. She has taken a Second Husband into her Heart, before her first was in the Grave.* I should have told you, that *your right VVidow eats and drinks more the first Day of her VVidowhood, than in any other of her whole Life*; for there appears not a *Visitant*, but presently out comes the *groaning Cake*, a *cold bak'd Meat*, or some *restorative Morsel* or other, to *comfort* the *Afflicted*; and the *Cordial Bottle* must not be forgotten neither, for *Sorrow's dry*. So to't they fall, and at every *Bit* or *Gulp*, the *Lady Relict* fetches ye up a heavy Sigh, pretends to *chew false*, and makes *Protestation*, that for her Part she can taste nothing; she has quite lost her Digestion; and has such an Oppression in her Stomach, that she dares not eat any more, for fear of over-charging Nature. And in Truth, says she, how can it be otherwise, since (unhappy Creature that I am!) he is gone, that gave the Relish to all my Enjoyments? But there is no recalling him from the Grave, and so no *Remedy but Patience*. By this Time you see, quoth the old Man, whether your *Exclamations* were *reasonable* or no.

The Words were hardly out of his Mouth, when hearing an Uproar among the Rabble in the Street, we look'd out to see what was the Matter. And there we saw a *Catchpole*, without either *Hat* or

Band

nd, out of Breath, and his *Face* all *bloody,* crying *t, Help, hel , in the King's Name: Stop Thief, p Thief*; and all the while running as hard as he uld drive, after a Thief that made away from him, if the Devil had been at his Breech. After him, me an *Attorney, all dirty, a World of Papers in Hand, an Inkhorn at his Girdle, and a Crowd naſty People about him*: and down he ſat himſelf ſt before us, to write ſomewhat upon his Knee. eſs me! Thought I, how a Cauſe proſpers in the and of one of theſe Fellows; for he had fill'd his per in a Trice. Theſe *Catchpoles*, ſaid I, had need be well paid, for the Hazards they run to ſecure in our Lives and Fortunes; and indeed they de- rve it. Look how the poor Wretch is torn, bruis'd, d batter'd, and all this for the Good and Benefit the Publick.

Soft and fair, quoth the old Man; I think thou ould'ſt never leave talking, if I did not ſtop thy outh ſometime. You muſt know, that *he that ade the Eſcape, and the Catchpole, are a Couple ancient Friends, and Pot Companions.* Now, e *Catchpole* quarrels with the *Thief*, for not giving m a Snip in the laſt Booty; and the *Thief*, after great Struggle, and a good luſty Rubber at Cuffs, s made a Shift to ſave himſelf. You'll ſay the ogue had need of good Heels to out-run this *Gal- ws-Beagle*; for *there's hardly any Beaſt will out- ip a Bayliff that runs upon the View of a Quar-* So that there's not the leaſt Thought of a publick ood in the *Catchpole* Action; but merely a Pro- cution of his own Profit, and a Spite to ſee himſelf ous'd. Now, if the *Catchpole*, I confeſs, without y private Intereſt, had made this Attempt upon e Thief, (being his Friend) to bring him to Juſtice, had been well; and yet take this along with you, *is as natural to let ſlip a Serjeant at a Pick- cket, as a Gray-hound at a Hare.* The *Whip*, the

the *Pillory*, the *Ax*, and the *Halter*, make up
beſt Part of the *Catchpole's Revenue*. Theſe Pe
are of all ſorts the moſt odious to the World;
if Men in Revenge would reſolve to be Vertu
tho' but for a Year or two, they might ſtarve t
all. It is in fine an unlucky Employment, and Ca
poles, as well as the Devils themſelves, have the
ges of Tormentors.

I hope, ſaid I to my Guide, that the *Attor*
ſhall have your good Word too. Yes, yes, ye n
not doubt it, ſaid the old Man, for your *Attor*
and *your Catchpoles always hunt in Couples.*
Attorney draws the *Information*, and has all
Forms ready, ſo that 'tis no more then, but to
up the Blanks, and away to the Jayl with the De
quent. If there be any thing to be gotten, 'tis n
Half-penny Matter whether the Party be *guilty*
Innocent. Give but an *Attorney Pen, Ink*, and
per, and let him alone for Witneſſes. In Caſe o
Examination, he has the Grace not to inſiſt too m
upon plain and naked Truth; but to ſet down o
what makes for his Purpoſe, and then when t
come to ſigning, to read over in the *Deponents* Se
(for his Memory is good) what he has written in
own; and by this Means, the Cauſe goes on as
pleaſes. To prevent this Villany, *it were well if*
Examiners were as well Sworn to write the Tru
as the Witneſſes are to ſpeak it. And yet there
ſome honeſt Men of all Sorts, but among the *Att*
nies: The very calling does by the honeſt *Cat*
poles Marſhal's-Men and their *Fellows* as the Se
the Dead; it may entertain them for a while;
while a Body may ſay *what's this?* It ſpews 'em
again.

The good Man would have proceeded, if he
not been taken off by the Ratling of a gilt Coa
a Courtier in it, that was blown up as big as P
and Vanity could make him. He ſate ſtiff and

t, as if he had ſwallow'd a Stake; and made it Glory to ſhew himſelf that Poſture. It would hurt his Eyes to have exchang'd a Glance with thing that was vulgar; and therefore he was ſparing of his Looks. He had a *deep lac'd Ruff* that was right *Spaniſh*; which he wore *erect*, and *ſtarch'd*, that a Man would have thought he had y'd his *Head* in a *Paper-Lanthorn*. He was a at Studier of ſet Faces, and much affected with king *politick* and *big*; but for his *Arms & Body*, had utterly loſt, or forgotten the Uſe of them, he could neither *bow*, nor move his Hat to any n that ſaluted him; no, nor ſo much as turn n one ſide to the other, but ſate as if he had been *'d up*, like a *Bartholomew-Baby*. After this gnificent Statue, follow'd a Swarm of *gawdy Butfly Lacquies*; and his Lordſhip's Company in Coach, was a *Buffoon* and a *Paraſite*. *O! ſſed Prince*, ſaid I, *to live at this Rate of Eaſe d Splendor, and to have the World at Will!* hat a glorious Train is that! Beyond all doubt, re never was a great Fortune better beſtow'd. ith that, the old Man told me, that the Judgment ad made upon this occaſion, from one End to the er, was all Dotage and Miſtake, ſave only, when id he had the World at Will: And in that, ſays you have Reaſon; for what is the World, but bour, Vanity, and Folly? Which is likewiſe the mpoſition and Entertainment of this Cavalier. s for the *Train* that follows him, let it be examin'd, l my Life for yours, you ſhall find more *Crediers* in't, than *Servants*. Theſe are *Bankers*, *Jewers*, *Scriveners*, *Brokers*, *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Tayrs*, *Vintners*; and theſe are properly the *Stays* and *pporters* of *this animated Machine*. The *Moy*, *Meat*, *Drink*, *Robes*, *Liveries*, *Wages*, all mes out of *their Pockets*: they have his *Honour* their *Security*, and muſt content themſelves with

Promiſes

Promiſes and *fair Words* for *full Satisfaction*, unleſs they had rather have a *Foot-man* with a *Cudgel* for their *Pay-maſter*. And after all, if the *Gallant* were taken to *ſhrift*, or that a Man could enter into the *Secrets* of his *Conſcience*, I dare undertake it would appear, that *he that digs in a Mine for his Bread, lives ten thouſand times more at Eaſe, than the other, with beating of his Brain Night and Day for new Shifts, Tricks, and Projects, to keep himſelf above Water.*

Obſerve his *Companions* now; his *Fool* and his *Flatterer*. They are too hard for him, ye ſee, and eat, drink, and make merry at his Expence *What greater Miſery or ſhame in the World, than for a Man to make a Friendſhip with ſuch Raſcals, and to ſpend his Time and Eſtate in ſo brutal and inſipid a Society!* It coſts him more (beſide his Credit) to maintain that Couple of Coxcombs, than would have bought him the Converſation of a Brace of grave and learned Philoſophers. But will ye now ſee the Bottom of this ſcandalous and diſhonourable Kindneſs? *My Lord*, ſays the *Buffoon*, *you were moſt Infallibly wrapt in your Mother's Smock; for let me* be---- *if you have not ſet all the Ladies about the Court agog. The very Truth is*, cries the *Paraſite, all the reſt of the Nobility look like Corn-cutters to ye; and indeed, where-ever you come, you have ſtill the Eyes of the whole Company upon you.* Go to, go to, Gentlemen, ſays my Lord, you muſt not flatter your Friends. This is more your Courteſy, than my Deſert; and I have an Obligation to you for your Kindneſs. After this Manner, *theſe Aſſes knab and curry one another, and play the Fools by Turns.*

The old Man had his Words yet between his Teeth, when there paſs'd juſt by us *a Lady of Pleaſure*, of ſo excellent a Shape and Garb, that it was impoſſible to ſee her, without a Paſſion for her, and

no

o leſs impoſſible to look upon any Thing elſe ſo ong as ſhe was to be ſeen. They that had ſeen her nce, were to ſee her no more; for ſhe turn'd her ace ſtill to *New-comers*. Her Motion was graceful nd free; one while ſhe'd ſtare ye full in the Eyes, nder Colour of opening her Hood, to ſet it in bet- er Order. By and by ſhe'd ſteal a Look at ye with ne Eye, and a ſide Face, from the Corner of her izor, like a *Witch* that's afraid to be known when he comes from a *Catterwall*; and then out comes he delicate Hand, and diſcovers the more delicious Neck and Breaſts, to adjuſt the Handkerchief or the carf, or to remove ſome other Grievance that made er Ladyſhip uneaſy. Her Hair was moſt artifici- lly diſpos'd into careleſs Rings; and the beſt Red nd White in Nature was in her Cheeks, if that of er Lips and Teeth did not exceed it. In a Word, ll ſhe look'd upon, were her own; and this was the iſion for my Money, from all the reſt. As ſhe as marching off, I could not chuſe but to take up a eſolution to follow her. But my old Man laid a lock in the Way, and ſtopt me at the very ſtarting; hich was an Affront to a Man that was both in *ove* and in *Haſte*, that might very well ſtir his Cho- r. My officious Friend, ſaid I, *he that does not ove a Woman, ſuckt a Sow*; and queſtionleſs, he uſt be either blind or barbarous, that's Proof againſt e Charms of ſo divine a Beauty. Nor would any ut a Sot, let ſlip the bleſſed Opportunity of ſo fair n Encounter. A handſome Woman! Why, *what as ſhe made for, but to be belov'd!* And he that has er, has all that's lovely or deſirable in Nature. For y own Part, I would renounce the World for the ellow of her, and never deſire any Thing either be- ond her, or beſide her. What Lightning does ſhe arry in her Eyes! What Charms and Chains in her ooks and Motions, for the very Souls of her Be- olders! Was ever any Thing ſo clear as her Fore-

head, or ſo black as her Eye-brows? One would ſwear, that her Complexion had taken a Tincture of Vermillion and Milk; and that Nature had brought her into the World with Pearl and Rubies in her Mouth. To ſpeak all in little, ſhe's the Maſter-piece of the Creation, worthy of infinite Praiſe and equal to our largeſt Deſires and Imaginations.

Here the old Man cut me ſhort, and bad me make an End of my Diſcourſe; for thou art, ſaid he, a Man of *much Wonder, and ſmall Experience*, and deliver'd over to the Spirit of *Folly and Blindneſs*: Thou ha'ſt thy Eyes in thy Head, and yet not Braine-nough to know either why they were given thee, or how to uſe them. Underſtand then, that the *Office* of the *Eye*, is to *ſee*, but 'tis the *Priviledge* of the *Soul* to *diſtinguiſh and chuſe*; whereas you either do the contrary, or elſe nothing, which is worſe. *He that truſts his Eyes, expoſes his Mind to a thouſand Torments and Confuſions:* He ſhall take *Clouds* for *Mountains, ſtrait for crooked, one Colour for another*, by Reaſon of an *undue Diſtance*, or an *indiſpos'd Medium*. We are not able ſometimes to ſay which Way a River runs, 'till we throw in a Twig or Straw, to find out the Current. And what will you ſay now, if this prodigious Beauty, your new Miſtreſs, prove as groſs a Cheat and Impoſtor, as any of the reſt? She went to Bed laſt Night as ugly as a Witch, and yet this Morning ſhe comes forth, in your Opinion, as glorious as an Angel. The Truth of it is, ſhe hires all by the Day; and *if you did but ſee this Puppet taken to pieces, you would find her little elſe but Paint and Plaiſter.* To begin her *Anatomy* at the *Head:* You muſt know that the *Hair* ſhe wears, is borrow'd of a *Tire Woman*, for her own was blown off by an unlucky Wind from the Coaſt of *Naples:* Or if ſhe has any left, ſhe keeps it *private*, as a *Memorial* of her *Antiquity*. She is beholden to the *Pencil* for her *Eye-*

brow-

rows and *Complexion*. And upon the whole Matter, ſhe is but an *old Picture refreſh'd*. But the Wonder is, to ſee a *Picture* with *Life* and *Motion*, unleſs perchance ſhe has got the *Necromancer's Receipt*, that made himſelf young again, in his *Glaſs-Bottle*: For all that you ſee of her that's *good*, comes from *diſtill'd Waters*, *Eſſences*, *Powders*, and the like; and to ſee the Waſhing of her Face, would fright the Devil. She abounds in *Pomanders*, *ſweet Waters*, Spaniſh *Pockets*, *perfum'd Drawers*; and all little enough to quality the *poyſonous Whiffs* ſhe ſends from her *Toes* and *Arm-Pits*, which would otherwiſe out-ſtink ten thouſand Pole-Cats. She cannot chuſe but *Kiſs well*, for her *Lips* are perpetually bath'd in *Oil* and *Greaſe*. And he that embraces her, ſhall find the better half of her the Taylor's, and only a *Stuffing of Cotton and Canvas, to ſupply the Defects of her Body*. When ſhe goes to Bed, *ſhe puts off one half of her Perſon with her Shoes*. What do you think of your ador'd Beauty now? Or, have your Eyes betray'd ye? Well, well; confeſs your Error, and mend it; and know, that (without more Deſcant upon this Woman) 'tis the Deſign and Glory of moſt of the Sex, to lead ſilly Men captive. Nay, *take the beſt of them, and what with the Trouble of getting them, and the Difficulty of pleaſing them; he that comes off beſt, will find himſelf a Loſer at the foot of the Accompt*. I could recommend you here to other Remedies of Love, inſeparable from the very Sex, but what I have ſaid already, I hope will be ſufficient.

THE SIXTH VISION, OF HELL.

BEING one *Autumn*, at a Friend's Houſe in the Country, (which was indeed a moſt delicious Retreat) I took a Walk one Moon-light Night into the Park; where all my paſt Viſions came freſh into my Head again, and I was well enough pleas'd with the Meditation. At length the Humour took me to leave the Path, and go farther into the Wood: What Impulſe carry'd me to this, I know not. Whether I was mov'd by my good Angel, or ſome higher Power; but ſo it was, that in half a quarter of an hour I found my ſelf a great way from Home, and in a Place where 'twas no longer Night; with the pleaſanteſt Proſpect round about me that ever I ſaw ſince I was born. The Air was Calm and Temperate; and it was no ſmall Advantage to the Beauty of the Place, ſo that it was both Innocent and Silent. On the one Hand, I was entertain'd with the Murmurs of Chriſtal Rivolets; on the other, with the whiſpering of the Trees; the Birds Singing all the while either in Emulation, or Requital of the other Harmonies. And now, to ſhew the Inſtability of our Affections, and Deſires, I was grown weary even of Tranquility it ſelf, and in this moſt agreeable Solitude, began to long for Company.

When in the very inſtant (to my great wonder) I diſcover'd *two Paths* iſſuing from one, and the ſame beginning

beginning; but dividing themſelves forwards, more and more, by Degrees, as if they liked not one another's Company. That on the Right-hand was Narrow almoſt beyond Imagination; and being very little frequented, it was ſo over-grown with *Thorns* and *Brambles*; and ſo Stony withal, that a Man had all the Trouble in the World to get into't. One might ſee however, the Prints and Marks of ſeveral Paſſengers, that had rub'd through, tho' with exceeding Difficulty; for they had left pieces of Heads, Arms, Legs, Feets, and many of them their whole Skins behind them. Some we ſaw yet upon the Way, preſſing forward, without ever ſo much as looking back; and theſe were all of them *Pale-fac'd*, *Lean*, *Thin*, and *miſerably Mortified*. There was no paſſing for *Horſe-Men*; and I was told that St. *Paul Himſelf* left his Horſe, when he went into't. And indeed, there was not the footing of any Beaſt to be ſeen. Neither Horſe, nor Mule; nor the Track of any Coach or Chariot. Nor could I learn that any had paſt that Way in the Memory of Man. While I was bethinking my ſelf of what I had ſeen, I ſpy'd at length, a *Beggar*, that was Reſting himſelf a little to take Breath; and I ask'd him what Inns or Lodging they had upon that Road? His Anſwer was, That there was no ſtopping there, till they came to their Journey's End. For this (ſaid he) is the way to *Paradiſe*; and what ſhould they do with *Inns* or *Taverns*, where there are ſo few Paſſengers? Do not you know that in the Courſe of Nature, to *Dye*, is to be *Born*; to *Live* is to *Travel*; and the *World* is but a *great Inn*, after which it is but one Stage, either to *Pain* or *Glory*. And with theſe Words he march'd forward, and bad me *God b'w'ye*; telling me withal, That it was time loſt to linger in the way of Virtue, and not ſafe to entertain ſuch Dialogues as tend rather to Curioſity, than Inſtruction. And ſo he purſued his Journey, ſtumbling, tearing his

Fleſh, and Sighing, and Groaning, at every Step; and Weeping, as if he thought to ſoften the Stones with his Tears. This is no Way for me, thought I to my ſelf, and no Company neither; for they are a ſort of *Beggerly*, *Moroſe People*, and will never agree with my Humour. So I drew back, and ſtruck off into the Left-hand Way.

And there I found Company enough, and Room for more. What a World of *Brave Cavaliers! Gilt Coaches*, *Rich Liveries*, & *Handſome*, *Lively Laſſes*, as Glorious as the Sun! Some *were Singing*, and *Laughing*, others *Tickling one another*, and *Toying*; ſome again, at their *Cheeſe-Cakes* and *China-Oranges*; or appointing a Set at *Cards*: So that taking all together, I durſt have ſworn I had been at the *Park*. This minded me of the Old ſaying, *Tell me thy Company, and I'll tell thee thy Manners*: And to ſave the Credit of my Education, I put my ſelf into the *Noble Mode*, and Jogg'd on. And there was I at the firſt Daſh up to the Ears, in *Balls*, *Plays*, *Maſquerades*, *Collations*, *Dalliances*, *Amours*, and as full of Joy as my Heart could hold.

It was not here, as upon t'other Road, where Folks went *Bare foot* and *Naked*, for want of *Shoemakers* and *Taylors*: For here were enough, and to ſpare; beſide *Mercers*, *Drapers*, *Jewellers*, *Bodice-makers*, *Peruque-makers*, *Milliners*, & a *French Ordinary* at every other Door. You cannot imagine the Pleaſure I took in my New Acquaintance; and yet there was now and then, ſome Juſtling and Diſorder upon the Way: Chiefly between the Phyſicians upon their *Mules*, and the *Infantry* of the *Lawyers*, that march'd in great Bodies before the *Judges*, and conteſted for Place. But the *Phyſicians* carry'd it, in favour of their *Charter*, which gives them *Priviledge* to *Study*, *Practice*, and *Teach* the *Art of Poyſoning*, and to read Lectures of it in the *Univerſities*. While this point of Honour was in diſpute, I perceiv'd di-[illegible]s croſſing from one way to the other, and chang-

ng of Parties. Some of them ſtumbled, and Recover'd; others fell down-right. But the pleaſanteſt Gambol of all, was that of the *Vintners*. A whole Litter of them tumbled into a Pit together, one over another; but finding they were out of their Element, they got up again as faſt as they could. Thoſe that were in the *Right-Hand Way*, which was the Way of *Paradice* or *Virtue*, advanc'd very heavily, and made us excellent Sport. *Prethee look what a Friday face that Fellow makes?* cries one; *Hang him, Prick-Ear'd Cur*, ſays another; *Dam me*, cries a Third, *if the Rogue be not Drunk with Holy-water; if the Devil had raked Hell, he could not have found ſuch a Pack of Ill-look'd Raſcals*, ſays another. Some of them ſtop'd their Ears, and went on without minding us. Others we put out of Countenance, and they came over to us. And a Third ſort came out of pure Love to our Company.

After this, I obſerv'd a great many People a far off in a *By-path*, with as much *Contrition* and *Devotion* in their *Looks* and *Geſtures*, as ever I ſaw in Men: They walk'd *ſhaking their Heads*, and *lifting up their Hands to Heaven*; and they had moſt of them *large Ears*, and to my Thinking *Geneva Bibles*. Theſe, thought I, are a People of ſingular Integrity, and ſtrictneſs of Life, above their Fellows; but coming nearer, we found them to be *Hypocrites*; and that though they'd none of *our Company* upon the *Road*, They would not fail to meet us at our *Journey's End*. *Faſting, Repentance, Prayer, Mortification*, and *other Holy Duties*, which are the *Exerciſe* of *Good Chriſtians*, in Order to their *Salvation*, are but a kind of *Probation* to *theſe Men*, to fit them for the *Devil*. They were follow'd by a Number of *Devotes*, and *Holy Siſters*, that kiſs'd the Skirts of their Garments all the way they went; but whether out of *Zeal*, *Spiritual*, or *Natural*, is hard to ſay; and undoubtedly, *ſome Womens Kiſſes* are

worse than *Judas's*. For though *his Kiss* was *Treacherous* in the *Intention*, it was *Right* in the *Application*: But this was one *Judas Kissing another*; which makes me think there was more of the *Flesh* than of the *Spirit* in the Case. Some would be drawing a Thread now and then out of the Holy Man's Garment, to make a Relique of: Others would cut out large Snips, as if they had a mind to see them Naked. *Some again desir'd they would remember them in their Prayers; which was just as much as if they had commended themselves to the Devil by a Third Person.* Some pray'd for *good Matches* for their *Daughters*; *Others*, begg'd *Children* for *themselves*: And *sure the Husband that allows his Wife to ask Children Abroad, will be so Civil as to take them Home, when they are given him.* In fine, these *Hypocrites* may for a while perchance Impose upon the World, and Delude the Multitude; but no Mask, or Disguise is Proof against the All piercing Eye of the Almighty. There are, I must confess, many Religious, and Godly Men, for whose Persons and Prayers, I have a great Esteem: But these are not of the *Hypocrites* Humour, to build their Hopes and Ambition upon Popular Applause, and with a Counterfeit Humility, to proclaim their Weakness, and Unworthiness; their Failings; yea, and their Transgressions in the Market-place; All which indeed is but a *True Jest*; for they are really what they say, though they would not be thought so.

These went apart, and were look'd upon to be *neither Fish, nor Flesh, nor Good Red Herring*. They wore the *Name* of *Christians*; but they had neither the *Wit*, nor the *Honesty* of *Pagans*. For they content themselves with the Pleasures of this Life, because they know no better. But the *Hypocrite*, that's instructed both in *Life Temporal*, and *Eternal*, live without either *Comfort* in the *One*, or *Hope* in the *Other*, *and takes more pains to be*

Damn'd,

Damn'd, than a Good Chriſtian does to Compaſs his Salvation. In ſhort we went on our Way in Diſcourſe. The Rich follow'd their Wealth, and the Poor the Rich; begging there, what Providence had deny'd them. The *Stubborn* and *Obſtinate* went a Way by themſelves; for they would hear no Body that was Wiſer than themſelves, but ran hudling on, and preſs'd ſtill to be foremoſt. The Magiſtrates drew after them, all the *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, *Corrupt Judges* were carry'd away by Paſſion and Avarice: And *Vain*, and *Ambitious Princes*, trail'd along with them, *Principalities*, & *Common-wealths*. There were a World of Clergy upon the Road too. And I ſaw one full Regiment of Soldiers there, which would have been brave Fellows indeed, if they had but been half ſo good at Praying, and Fighting, as they were at Swearing. Their whole Diſcourſe was of their Adventures. How Narrowly they came off at ſuch an Aſſault; what Wounds they receiv'd upon t'other Breach; and then what a Deſtruction they made at ſuch a time of Mutton and Poultry. But all they ſaid came in at one Ear, and went out at t'other. *Don't you remember, Sirrah*, ſays one, *how we claw'd it away at ſuch a place! Yes, ye Damn'd Rogue you*, cries t'other, *when you were ſo Drunk you took your Aunt for the Bawd.* Theſe and ſuch as theſe, were the only Exploits they could truly brag of.

While they were upon theſe Glorious *Rhodomontades*, certain generous Spirits from the *Right-hand way*, that knew what they were, by the Boxes of *Paſs-ports*, *Teſtimonials*, and *Recommendations* they wore at their Girdles, cry'd out to them, as if it had been to an Attacque: *Fall on, Fall on, my Lads, and follow me. This, this is the Path of Honour; and if ye were not Poultrons, you would not quit it for fear of a hard March, or an ill Lodging. Courage, Camerades, and be aſſur'd that*

this Combat well Fought, makes all your Fortunes, and Crowns you for ever. Here ye ſhall be ſure both of Pay and Reward, without caſting the iſſue of all your Hazards and Hopes upon the Empty Promiſes of Princes. How long will ye purſue this Trade of Blood and Rapine? And accuſtom your Ears, and Tongues to the Tragical out-cries of Burn, No Quarter, Kill, or Dye. *It is not Pay or Pillage, but Virtue that's a Brave Man's Recompence. Truſt to her, and ſhe'll not deceive ye. If it be the War, ye Love, Come to us; Bear Arms on the Right-ſide, and we'll find you Work. Do not you know that Man's Life is a Warfare? That the* World, *the* Fleſh, *and the* Devil, *are Three vigilant Enemies? And that it is as much as his Soul is worth to put himſelf, but for one Minute, out of Guard. Princes tell ye, that your Blood, and your Lives are Theirs; and that to ſhed the One and loſe the Other, in their Service, is no Obligation, but a Duty. You are ſtill however to look to the Cauſe. Wherefore turn Head, and come along with us and be happy.* The *Soldiers* heard all this with exceeding Patience, and Attention: But the Brand of Cowardice had ſuch an effect upon them, that *without any more ado, like Men of Honour, they preſently quitted the Road, Drew, and as bold as Lyons, charg'd head-long into a Tavern.*

After this, we ſaw a great Troop of Women upon the *High way to Hell*, with their Bags, and their Fellows at their Heels, ever and anon, Hunching, and Juſtling one another. On the other ſide a Number of good People, that were almoſt at the End of their Journey, came over into *the wrong Road*; for the *Right-hand Way*, growing *Eaſier*, & *Wider*, towards the *End*, and that on the *Left hand*, on the contrary, Narrower, they thought they had been out of their Way and ſo came in to us; As many of ours went over to them upon the ſame Miſtake. Among the

the Reſt, I ſaw *a great Lady*, without either *Coach*, *Sedan*, or any living Creature with her, foot it all the way to *Hell*; which was to me ſo great a Wonder, conſidering how ſhe had liv'd in the World, that I preſently look'd about for a *Publick Notary*, to make an Entry of it. The Woman was in a moſt miſerable Pickle; and I did not know what Deſign ſhe might drive on, under that Diſguiſe; but finding never a *Notary*, or *Regiſter* at hand, though I miſt my Particular Aim, yet I was well enough pleas'd with it; for I took it then for Granted, that I was in my ready way to *Heaven*. But when I came afterward to reflect upon the Croſſes, Afflictions, and Mortifications that lie in the way to *Paradiſe*: And to conſider, that there was Nothing of that upon *this Road*: But on the contrary, *Laughing*, *Singing*, *Frollicking*, and all manner of *Jollity*; this I muſt confeſs, gave me a *Qualm*, and made me a little doubtful whither I was going.

But I was quickly deliver'd of that Doubt, by a Gang of Marry'd Men, that we overtook with *their Wives in their Hands*, in Evidence of their *Mortifications*; *My Wife's my Witneſs* (cryes one) *that every Day ſince I Marry'd her has been a Faſting-day to me; to Pamper her with Cock-Broth, and Jellies. And my Wife knows how I have humbled my Body by Nakedneſs: for I have hardly allow'd my ſelf a Rag to my Back-ſide, or a Shoe to my Foot, to maintain her in her Coach, Pages, Gowns, Petty-Coats, and Jewels*: So that upon the matter, I perceive *an Unlucky bit with a Wife, gives a Man as much Right to the Catalogue of Martyrs, as if he had ended his Days at the Stake.*

The Miſery theſe poor Wretches endur'd, made me think my ſelf in the Right again, till I heard a Cry behind me, *Make way there, Make way for the Apothecaries.* Bleſs me, thought I, If *They* be here, we are certainly going to the *Devil*. And ſo it pr-

prov'd; for we were juſt then come to a little Door, that was made like a *Mouſe-Trap*, where 'twas eaſy to get in, but there was no getting out again.

It was a ſtrange thing, that ſcarce any Body ſo much as Dreamt of *Hell*, all the Way we went; and yet every Body knew where they were, as ſoon as they came there, and cry'd out with one Voice, *Miſerable Creatures! we are Damn'd, we are Damn'd.* That Word made my Heart ake; And is it come to That, ſaid I! Then did I begin with Tears in my Eyes to reflect upon what I had left in the World: As my *Relations*, *Friends*, *Ladies*, *Miſtreſſes*; and in fine, all my *Old Acquaintance*: When with a heavy Sigh, looking behind me, I ſaw the greater part of them Poſting after me. It gave me, methought, ſome Comfort, that I ſhould have ſo good Company; vainly imagining, that even Hell it ſelf might be capable of ſome Relief.

Going farther on, I was gotten into a Crowd of *Taylors*, that ſtood up ſneaking in a Corner, for fear of the Devils. At the firſt Door, there were *Seven Devils* taking the Names of thoſe that came in, and they ask'd me *Mine*, and my *Quality*, and ſo they let me paſs. But examining the *Taylors*, *These Fellows* (cry'd one of the Devils) *came in ſuch Shoals, as if Hell were made only for Taylors? How many are they?* (ſaid another) Anſwer was made, *about a Hundred. About a Hundred: They muſt be more than a Hundred*, ſays t'other, *if they be Taylors: for they never come under a Thouſand or Twelve Hundred ſtrong*: And we have ſo many here already, I do not know where we ſhall ſtow them. Say the word, my Maſters, *Shall* "s *let them in or no?* the poor *Prick-Lice* were damn'dly ſtarted at that, for fear they ſhould not get in: But in the End, they had the Favour to be admitted. Certainly, ſaid I, theſe Folks are but in an ill Condition, when 'tis a Menace for the Devils themſelves to refuſe to re-

ceive

ceive them: Thereupon a Huge *Over-grown Club-footed, Crumpt-Shoulder'd Devil*, threw them all into a deep Hole. Seeing ſuch a Monſter of a Devil, I ask'd him, how he came to be ſo deform'd: And he told me, he had ſpoil'd his Back with carrying of *Taylors*: For, ſaid he, I have been formerly made uſe of as a Sumpter to fetch them; but now of late they ſave me that labour, and come ſo of themſelves, that 'tis one Devil's Work to diſpoſe of them. While the Word was yet ſpeaking, there came another Glut of them; and I was fain to make way, that the Devil might have Room to work in, who pil'd them up, and told me, they made the beſt Fewel in Hell.

I paſt forward then into a little *Dark Alley*, where it made me ſtart to hear one call me by my Name, and with much ado, I perceiv'd a Fellow there all wrapt up in *Smoak and Flame*. Alas! Sir, ſays he, *Have you forgotten your old Bookſeller in* Pope's-head-Alley? I cry the Mercy, good *Live-well*, quoth I, What! *Art thou here?* *Yes, Yes, Sir*, (ſays he) *'tis e'en too true*. I never dreamt it would have come to this. He thought I muſt needs pity him, when I knew him: But truly I reflected rather upon the Juſtice of his Puniſhment. For in a word, his Shop was the very Mint of *Hereſy, Schiſm*, and *Sedition*. I put on a Face of *Compaſſion* however, to give him a little Eaſe, which he took hold of, and vented his Complaint. *Well, Sir*, (ſays he) *I would my Father had made me a Hangman, when he made me a Stationer*; for we are call'd to Account for Other Men's Works, as well as for our own. And one thing that's caſt in our Diſh, is the ſelling of *Tranſlations* ſo *Dog-cheap*, that every *Sot* knows now as much, as would formerly have made a *Paſſable Doctor*; and every *Naſty Groom* and *Roguy Lacquey* is grown as familiar with *Homer, Virgil, Ovid*, as if 'twere *Robin the Devil*; *The Seven Champions*; Or a

piec

piece of George Withers. He would have talk'd on, if a Devil had not ſtopt his Mouth with a Whiff from a Roll of his own Papers, and choakt him with the Smoak on't. The Peſtilent Fume would have diſpatch'd me too, if I had not got preſently out of the reach on't. But I went my way, ſaying this to my ſelf; If the *Bookſeller* be thus Criminal, What will become of the *Author*?

I was deliver'd from this Meditation, by the rueful Groans, of a great many Souls that were *under the Laſh*, and the *Devil* Tyrannizing over them with *Whips* & *Scourges*. I ask'd what they were? And it was told me, that there was a *Plot* among the *Hackney Coachmen* to exhibit an *Information* againſt the *Devils*, for taking the *Whip* out of their Hands, and *ſetting up a Trade they had never ſerv'd to*, (which is directly contrary to *Quinto Eliſabetha.*) Well, ſaid I: But why are theſe tormented here? With that, an Old Sower-look'd *Coach-man* took the Anſwer out of the *Devil*'s Mouth, and told me; that it was *becauſe they came to Hell a Horſeback*, which they pretended, was a priviledge that did not belong to Rogues of their Quality. Speak Truth, and be Hang'd, cry'd the *Devil*; and make an honeſt Confeſſion here. Say, Sirrah, *How many Bawdy Voyages have you made to* Hackney? *How many Nights have you ſtood Pimping at* Mary-bone? *How many Whores and Knaves have you brought together? And how many Lyes have you told, to keep all ſrivate, ſince you firſt Set up this Scandalous Trade?* There was a *Coachman* by, that had ſerv'd a *Judge*, and thought 'twas no more for his *Old Maſter* to fetch a Raſcal out of *Hell*, than out of *Newgate*; which made this Fellow ſtand upon his Points, and ask the *Devil* how he durſt give this Language to ſo Honourable a Profeſſion: *For* (ſays he) *who wears better Cloaths than your Coachmen? Are not we i our Velvets, Embroideries, and Laces? and as*

Glorious

Glorious as ſo many Phaetons? *Have not our Maſters reaſon to be good to us, when their Necks are at ſtake, and their Lives at our Mercy? Nay, we govern thoſe, many times, that Govern Kingdoms; and a Prince is in almoſt as much Danger of his Coach man, as of his Phyſician. And there are, that underſtand it too, and Themſelves, and Us; and that will not ſtick to truſt their Coach-men as far as they would do their Confeſſors.* There's no Abſurdity in the Compariſon; for *if They know ſome of their Privaces, We know more*; yes, and perhaps more than we'll ſpeak of. What have we here to do, cry'd a Devil that was ready to break his Heart with Laughing. A *Coach man* in his *Tropes* and *Figures*? An *Orator* inſtead of a *Waggoner*? The Slave has broke his Bridle, and got his Head at Liberty, and now he'll never have done. No, why ſhould he? (ſays another that had ſerv'd a great Lady more Ways than One) is this the beſt Entertainment you can afford your Servants? your daily Drudges? I'm ſure *we bring you good Commodity, well Pack'd; well Condition'd; well-Perfum'd; Right, Neat* and *Clean:* Not like your *City ware*, that comes dirty to you, up to the Hocks; and yet every *Draggle-Tail'd Wench*, and *Skip kennel*, ſhall be better us'd than *We*. Ah! the Ingratitude of this Place! If we had done as much for ſome body elſe, as we have done for you, we ſhould not have been now to ſeek for our Wages. When you have nothing elſe to ſay, you tell me that I am puniſh'd for carrying the *Sick*, the *Gouty*, the *Lame*, to *Church*, to *Maſs*; or *ſome ſtragling Virgins*, back again to their *Cloiſter:* Which is a damn'd Lye; for I am able to prove, that all my Trading lay at the *Play-Houſes*, *Bawdy-Houſes*, *Taverns*, *Balls*, *Collations:* Or elſe at the *Tour-a-la-Mode*, where there was ſtill appointed ſome *After-Meeting*; to treat of certain Affairs, that highly import the In-

tereſt

tereſt and Welfare of your Dominions. I have indeed carry'd my Miſtreſs ſome times to the *Church-Door*, but it ſignify'd no more than if I had carry'd her to the Conventicle; for *all her Buſineſs there, was to meet her Gallant, and to agree when they ſhould meet next; according to the Way of Devotion now in Mode.* To conclude; it is moſt certain, that I never took any Creature (knowingly) into my Coach, that had ſo much as a good Thought. And this was ſo well known, that *it was all one, to aſk, If a Lady were a Maid: Or if ſhe had ever been in my Coach.* If it appear'd ſhe had; he that Marry'd her, knew before-hand, what he had to truſt to. And after all this, ye have made us a fair Requital. With that the Devil fell a Laughing and with five or ſix twinging Jerks, half flay'd the poor *Coach-man*; ſo that I was e'en glad to retire; in pitty partly to the *Coach-man*, and partly to *my ſelf*; for *the Currying of a Coach-man, is little better than the turning up of a Dunghil.*

My next Adventure was into a *Deep Vault*, where I began immediately to *ſhudder*, and *my Teeth chatter'd in my Head.* I ask'd the meaning of it; and there came up to me a Devil, with *Kib'd Heels*, and his *Toes* all Mortify'd; and told me, that That Quarter was allotted to the *Buffoons* and *Drolls*, which are a People (ſays he) of ſo ſtarv'd a Conceit, and ſo cold a Diſcourſe, that we are fain to Chain, and Lock them up, for fear they ſhould ſpoil the Temper of our Fire. I ask'd if a Man might ſee them. The Devil told me yes, and ſhew'd me one of the lewdeſt Kennels in Hell. And there were they at it, pecking at one another, and nothing but the ſame Fooleries over and over again, that they had practis'd upon Earth. Among the *Buffoons*, I ſaw divers that paſs'd here in the World for *Men of Honeſty*, and *Honour*: Which were in, as the Devil told me, for Flattery; and were a ſort of *Buffoon*, that goes *betwixt the*

Bark

Bark and the Tree. But, why are they condemn'd? said I. The *Other Buffoons* are condemn'd (quoth the Devil) *for want of Favour*; and *These*, for having *too much*, and *abusing* it. You must know they come upon us, still at Unawares; and yet they find all things in Readiness; the Cloth laid, and the Bed made, as if they were at Home. To say the Truth, we have some sort of Kindness for them; for they save us a great deal of Trouble in Tormenting One another.

Do you see him there? That was a *Wicked* and a *Partial Judge:* And all he has to say for himself, is, that he remembers the time when *he could have broke the Neck of Two Honest Causes, and he put them only out of Joynt.* That Good fellow there, was a *Careless Husband*, and him we lodge too with the *Buffoons.* He sold his *Wife's Portion, Wife and all*, to please his Companions; and turn both into an *Annuity. That Lady* there (tho' a great one) is fain to take up too with the *Buffoons*, for they are both of a Humour: What they do with their *Talk, She* does with her Body, and *seasons it to all Appetites.* In a word, you shall find *Buffoons* in all Conditions; and in effect, there are nigh as many, as there are Men and Women; for the whole World is given to *Jeering, Slandering, Backbiting*; and there are more *Natural Buffoons*, than *Artificial.*

At my going out of the *Vault*, I saw a matter of a Thousand Devils following a Drove of *Pastry-men*, and Breaking their Heads as they pass'd along, with *Iron Peels.* Alack! cry'd one of them, that was yet in a whole Skin, it is hard the Sin of the *Flesh* should be laid to our Charge, that never had to do with *Woman. Impudent, Nasty Rascals*, (quoth the Devil) *Who has deserv'd Hell, if they have not?* How many Thousand Men have these Slovens Poison'd, with the Grease of their Heads, and Tallow, instead of *Mutton Sewet?* With *Snot-Pies* for *Marrow?*

and

and *Flies* for *Currants*? How many *Stomachs* have they turn'd into *Layſtals* with *Dogs fleſh*, *Horſe-Fleſh*, & other *Carrion* that they have put into them? And do theſe Rogues complain (in the Devil's Name) of their Sufferings? Leave your Brawling, ye Whelps (ſays he) and know, that the Pain you endure, is nothing to that of your Tormentors. And for your Part (ſays he, to me, with a ſow'r Look) becauſe you are a Stranger, you may go about your buſineſs; but *we have a Crow to pluck with theſe Fellows, before we part.*

I went next down a pair of Stairs into a huge Cellar, where I ſaw Men Burning in an unquenchable Fire; and one of them Roaring, cry'd out, *I never Sold but at Conſcionable Rates; Why am I puniſh'd thus?* I durſt have ſworn it had been *Judas*; but going nearer to him, to ſee if he had a *Red Head*, I found him to be a Merchant of my Acquaintance, that dy'd not long ſince. How now, Old *Martin*, (ſaid I) Art thou there? He was dogged, becauſe I did not call him *Sir*, and made no Anſwer. I ſaw his Grief, and told him how much he was to blame, to cheriſh that Vanity even in *Hell*, that had brought him thither. And what do you think on't now? (ſaid I) *Had not you better have Traded in* Blacks *than* Chriſtians? *Had not you better have contented your ſelf with a little honeſtly got, than run the hazard of your Soul for an Eſtate; and have gone to Heaven a Foot, rather than to the Devil on Horſeback?* My Friend was as mute as a Fiſh; whether out of Anger, Shame or Grief, I know not. And then a Devil in *Office* took up the the Diſcourſe. *Theſe Pick-pocket Rogues* (ſays he) *Did they think to Govern the World with their own Weights and Meaſures, in Secula Seculorum?* Methinks, the Blinking, and falſe Lights of their Shops, ſhould have minded them of their *Quarter*, in *the other World*, aforehand. And 'tis all a Caſe with *Jewellers, Gold-*

ſmiths,

uiths, and other Trades, that ſerve only to *Flatter* nd Bolſter up the World in *Luxury*, and *Folly*. ut if People would be wiſe, theſe Youths ſhould ave little enough to do: For what's their *Cloth of old, and Silver*, their *Silks*, their *Diamonds*, and *Pearl*, (which they ſell at their own Price) but mat- r of meer Wantonneſs, and Superfluity? Theſe are ney that inveigle ye into all ſorts of Extravagant Ex- ences, and ſo Ruin ye inſenſibly, under colour of indneſs and Credit. For they ſet every thing at ouble the Rate; and if you keep not touch at your ay, your Perſons are Impriſon'd; your Goods eiz'd; and your Eſtates Extended. And *they that elp'd to make you Princes before, are now the for- ardeſt to put you into the Condition of Beggars.*

The Devil would have talk'd on, if I had given im the Hearing; but there was ſuch a Laugh ſet p on one ſide of me, as if they would all have ſplit; nd I went to ſee what the matter was; for 'twas ſtrange thing, methought, to hear them ſo merry n Hell. The buſineſs was, there were Two Men on a Scaffold, in gentile Habits, Gaping as loud as ney could Bawl. One of them had a great *Parch- ment* in his Hand, diſplay'd, with divers Labels anging at it, and ſeveral Seals. I thought at firſt might have been *Execution-day*, and took the *Writing* for a *Pardon* or *Reprieve*. At every word ney ſpoke, a matter of Seven or Eight Thouſand Devils burſt out a Laughing, as they would have rackt their Sides. And this again made me think, might be ſome *Jack-Pudding*, or *Mountebank*, hewing his Tricks or Atteſtations; with his Con- regation of Fools about him. But nearer hand, I ound my Miſtake; and that the Devil's Mirth made he Gentlemen Angry. At laſt I perceiv'd that this reat Earneſtneſs of theirs was only to make out their *Pedigree*, and get themſelves paſt for *Gentlemen*; he *Parchment* being a *Teſtimonial* from the *He- ra.d's-*

rald's-Office, to that purpoſe. My Father (ſays he with the Writing in's Hand) bore Arms for His Majeſty in many Honourable Occaſions of *Watching* and *Warding*; and has made many a Tall Fellow ſpeak to the Conſtable, at all Hours of the Night. My Uncle was the firſt Man that ever was of the Order of *Black-Guard*: And we have had *Five brave Commanders* of *our Family*, by my Father's ſide, that have ſerv'd the Quality of *Marſhal's Men* and *Turn-keys*, and given his Majeſty a fair Account of all the Priſoners committed to their Charge. As by my Mother's ſide, it will not be deny'd, but that I am honourably Deſcended, for my *Grandmother* was never without a *Dozen Chamber-Maids*, & *Nurſes* in Family. It may be 'twas her Trade (quoth the Devil) to procure Services, and Servants, and conſequently to deal in that Commodity. Well, well (ſaid the Cavalier) ſhe was what ſhe was; and I'm ſure I tell you nothing but Truth. Her Husband wore a Sword, by his Place; for he was a *Deputy Marſhal*; and to prove my ſelf a Man of Honour, I have it here in Black and White, under the Seal of the Office. Why muſt I then be Quarter'd among a Pack of Raſcals? My Gentleman Friend, (quoth the Devil) your *Grandfather* wore a Sword, as he was Uſher to a *Fencing-School*; and we know very well what his Son, and Grandchild can pretend to. But let that paſs; you have led a Wicked and Infamous Life, and ſpent your Time in Whoreing, Drinking, Blaſpheming, and in Lewd Company; and do you tell us now of the *Priviledges* of your *Nobility*? Your *Teſtimonials*, and *the Seal of the Office*? A Fart for your *Priviledges*, *Teſtimonials*, *Office and all. There is no Houour for Virtue.* And if your Children, though they had a Scoundrel to their Father, ſhould come to do Honourable and Worthy things, we ſhould look upon them as Perſons Sacred, and not dare to meddle with them.

t talking is time loſt; You were ever a Couple pitiful Fellows, and your Tails ſcarce worth the alding. *Have at ye*, (ſays he) and at that Word, th a huge Iron Bar he gave him ſuch a Salute er the Buttocks, that he took Two or Three turns the Air, Heels over Head, and dropt at laſt into e Common-Shoar; where never any Man as yet und the Bottom.

When his Companion had ſeen him Cut that Caer; This Uſage (ſays he) may be well enough for *Parchment Gentleman*: But for a *Cavalier* of *Extraction*, and *Profeſſion*, I ſuppoſe you'll reat him with ſomewhat more *Civility* and *Reſpect*. avalier, (quoth the Devil) if you have brought no tter Plea along with you, than the Antiquity of ur Houſe, you may e'en follow your Camerade, r ought I know; for *we find very few Ancient amilies, that had not ſome Oppreſſor or Uſurper for eir Founder*; and they are commonly continued the ſame means they were begun. How many e there of our *Titular Nobility*, that write *Noble*, rely upon the Account of their *Violence* and *Inſtice*? Their Subjects and Tenants, what with npoſitions, hard Services, and Rackt Rents; Are ey not worſe than Slaves? If they happen to have y thing extraordinary; as a Pleaſant Fruit; a andſome Colt; a Good Cow; and that the Landrd, or his Sweet Lady take a liking to it, they uſt either ſubmit to part with it *Gratis*, or elſe ke their *Pay* in *foul Language*, or *Baſtinadoes*. nd 'tis well if they 'ſcape ſo: For many times, hen the Sign's in *Gemini*, their Wives and Daughrs go to Pot, vvithout any regard of Laws, either ecred or Prophane. What Damn'd Blaſphemies d Imprecations do they make uſe of to get Credit ith a *Miſtreſs* or a *Creditor*, upon a Faithleſs Proiſe? Hovv intolerable is their Pride, and Inſolence, en tovvards many Conſiderable Officers, both in Church

Church and State; For they behave themſelves as
all People below their Quality and Rank in
World, were but as ſo many Brutes, or worſe.
if Human Blood vvere not all of a Colour: As
Nature had not brought them into the World
Common Way, or Moulded them of the ſame
terials with the Meaneſt Wretches upon the
And then for ſuch as have Military Charges
Commands; How many Great Officers are
that without any Conſideration of their Own,
their Prince's Honour, fall to Spoil and Pillage;
zening the State with falſe Muſters, and the
diers of their Pay; and giving them inſtead of
Due from the Prince, a Liberty of taking what
not their due from the People; forcing them to
the Bread out of the poor Labourer's Mouths,
fill their own Bellies, and protecting them when
have done, in the moſt Execrable Outrages imag
nable? And when the poor Soldier comes at laſt
be diſmiſt, or disbanded; Lame, Sick, Beggerly
Naked almoſt, and Enraged; with nothing left him
to truſt to, but the *Highway* to keep him from ſtar
ving; What Miſchief is there in the World, tha
theſe Men are not the cauſe of? Hovv many good
Families are utterly ruin'd, and at this Day in the
Hoſpital, for truſting to their Oaths and Promiſes
And becoming bound for them for vaſt Sums of
Money to maintain them in Tipple, and Whores,
and in all ſorts of Luxury and Riot? This Rhetorical
Devil vvould have ſaid a Thouſand times more, but
that his Companions call'd him off, and told him they
had Buſineſs elſewhere. The Cavalier hearing that
My Friend, (ſaid he) your Morals are very good;
but yet with your favour, all Men are not alike.
There's never a Barrel better Herring, (ſaid the
Devil) You are all of ye tainted with *Original Sin*;
and if you had been any better than your Fellows,
you had never been ſent hither. But if you are in-

deed

ed ſo Noble, as you ſay, you're worth
e *Burning*, if 'twere but for your *Aſhes*. And
t you may have no Cauſe of Complaint, you ſhall
, we'll Treat you like a Perſon of your Conditi-
. And in that Inſtant, Two Devils preſented them-
ves; the One of them Bridled and Saddled; and
e Other doing the Office of the 'Squire; holding
e Stirrup, with his left Hand, and giving the Gen-
man a Lift into the Saddle with the other. Which
s no ſooner done, but away he went like an Ar-
w out of a Bow. I ask'd the Devil then into what
untry he carry'd him. And he told me, Not far?
r 'twas only matter of *Decorum*, to ſend Nobili-
to Hell *a Horſeback*. Look on that ſide now, ſays
, and ſo I did; and there I ſaw a poor Cava-
r in a huge Furnace, with the firſt Inventors of
bility, and Arms: As *Cain*, *Cham*, *Nimrod*; *E-*
u, *Romulus*, *Tarquin*, *Nero*, *Caligula*, *Domiti-*
, *Heliogabolus*; and a world of other Fellows
t made themſelves famous by Uſurpation, and
od. The Place was a little too hot for me, and
I retir'd, meditating on what I had heard; and
a little ſatisfied with the Diſcourſe of ſo learned
evil. Till that Time, I took the Devil for a No-
ious Lyar; but I find now that he can ſpeak the
uth too, when he pleaſes; and I would not for
I am worth, but to have heard him Preach.

When I was thus far, my Curioſity carry'd me
l farther; and within Twenty Yards, I came to a
ge Muddy Stinking Lake, near twice as big as
t of *Geneva*; and heard in't ſo ſtrange a Noiſe,
t I was almoſt out of my Wits, to know what it
s. They told me, that the Lake was ſtor'd with
egnas, or *Governantes*, which are turned into
nd of Frogs in Hell, and perpetually Drivelling,
ttering and Croaking. Methought the Converſi-
was apt enough; for they are neither Fiſh, nor
ſh, no more than Frogs; and only the lower

Parts

Parts of them are Man's-Meat, but their Heads are enough to turn a very good Stomach. I could not but Laugh to see how they Gaped, and stretcht out their Legs as they swam, and still as we came near they'd Scud away and Dive.

This was no place to stay in, there was so Noi some a Vapour; and I struck off upon the Left hand; where I saw a Number of Old Men, Beating their Breasts, and tearing their Faces; with bitter Groans, and Lamentations. It made my Heart ak to see them, and I ask'd what they were? Answer was made, That I was now in the Quarters of th *Fathers that Damn'd themselves, to Raise the Posterity*; which were called by some, *The Unadvi sed*. Wretch that I am! (cry'd one of them) th greatest Penitent that ever liv'd, never suffer'd th Mortification I have endur'd; I have *Watch'd*; have *Fasted*; I have scarce had any *Clothes* to m *Back*; my whole Life has been a Restless Course o Torment, both of Body and Mind: And all This, t get Money for my Children; that I might see them *well Marry'd*, *Buy them Places at Court*, or procure them some other Preferment in the World; Star ving my self in the Conclusion, rather than I would lessen the Provision, I had made for my Posterity And yet notwithstanding this my Father's Care, I was scarce no sooner Dead than forgotten: And my next Heir buried me without Tears, or Mourning and indeed without so much as paying of Legacies or Praying for my Soul: As if they had already re ceived certain Intelligence of my *Damnation*. And to aggravate my Sorrows, the *Prodigals* are now *squandering* and *consuming* that *Estate*, in *Gaming Whoreing*, & *Debaucheries*, which I scraped toget by so much Industry, Vexation and Oppression, an for which I suffer at this Instant such Insupportabl Torments. This should have been thought on befor (cry'd a Devil) for sure you have heard of the O

Sayin

ying, *Happy is the Child whose Father goes to the Devil.* At which word, the Old Misers brake out to fresh Rage and Lamentation, tearing their lesh, with Tooth and Nail, in so rueful a manner, at I was no longer able to endure the Spectacle.

A little farther, there was a dark hideous Prison, here I heard the Clatterring of Chains; the Crack-g of Flames; the Slapping of Whips; and a con-led out-cry of Complaints. I ask'd what Quarter is was, and they told me it was the Quarter of the *h that I hads!* What are those, said I? Answer s made, that they were a Company of Brutish Sots, absolutely deliver'd up to Vice, that they were mn'd insensibly, & in Hell before they were aware. ey are now reflecting upon their Miscarriages and nissions, and perpetually crying out; *Oh that I d Examin'd my Conscience! Oh that I had fre-ented the Sacraments! Oh that I had humbled y self with Fasting and Prayer! Oh that I had rv'd God as I ought! Oh that I had Visited the ck, and Reliev'd the Poor! Oh that I had set a atch before the Door of my Lips.*

I left these late Repentants, (as it appear'd) in Ex-ange for worse, which were shut up in a Base urt, and the Nastiest that ever I saw. These were ch as had ever in their Mouths, *God is Merciful, d will Pardon me.* How can this be, (said I) that ese People should be *Damn'd?* When *Condemna-n* is an Act of *Justice*, not of *Mercy.* I perceive u are simple, (quoth the Devil) for half these you here, are condemn'd with the *Mercy of God* in ir Mouths: And to Explain my self, Consider I y'e, how many Sinners are there, that go on in ir Ways, in spite of Reproof, and good Counsel? l still this is their Answer; *God is Merciful, and ll not damn a Soul for so small a Matter.* But let m talk of *Mercy*, as they please; so long as they sist in a Wicked Life, we are like to have their

Company at last. By your Argument (said I) there's no trusting to Divine Mercy: You mistake me (quoth the Devil) for *every good Thought, and Work, flows from that Mercy*. But this I say: He that persevereth in his Wickedness, and makes Use of the Name of *Mercy*, only for a Countenance to his Impieties, does but Mock the Almighty, and has no Title to that *Mercy*. For 'tis in vain to expect *Mercy* from above without doing any thing in order to it. It properly belongs to the Righteous, and the Penitent? And they that have the most of it upon the Tongue, have commonly the least thought of it in their Hearts. And 'tis a great Aggravation of Guilt, to Sin the more, in Confidence of an abounding Mercy. It is true, that many are received to *Mercy*, that are utterly unworthy of it; which is no Wonder, since no Man of himself can deserve it: But Men are so Negligent of seeking it betimes, that they put that off to the last, which should have been the first part of their business? and many times their Life is at an End, before they begin their Repentance. I do not think so Damn'd a Doctor could have made a good a Sermon. And there I left him

I came next to a Noisome Dark hole, and there I saw a Company of *Dyers*, all in *Dirt* and *Smoak* intermixt with the Devils; and so alike, that I would have possess'd the subtilest *Inquisitor* in *Spain* to have said, which were the Devils, and which the *Dyers*?

There stood at my Elbow, a strange kind of *Mongrel Devil*, begot betwixt a Black and a White; with a Head so bestuck with little *Horns*, that it look'd at a Distance like a *Hedg-hog*. I took the boldness to ask him, where they Quarter'd the *Sodomites*, the *Old Women*, and the *Cuckolds*. As for the *Cuckolds* (said he) they are all over Hell, without any certain Quarter or Station; and in Truth, 'tis no easy matter to know a *Cuckold* from a *Devil*; for (like a Husband

usbands) they wear their Wives Favours ſtill, and e very ſame Head-pieces in Hell, that they wore ing in the World. As to the *Sodomites*, we have more to do with them, than needs muſt; but upon occaſions, we either Fly, or Face them; for if er we come to give them a Broad-ſide, 'tis Ten to e but we get a hit betwixt Wind and Water; and t we fence with our Tails, as well as we can, and y get now and then a Flap o'er the Mouth into e Bargain. And for the *Old Women*, we make them nl off; for we take as little pleaſure in them, as u do: And yet the Jades will be perſecuting us th their Paſſions; and *ye ſhall have a Bawd of Five d Fifty, do ye all the Gamboles of a Girl of Fif-n.* And yet after all this, *There's not an Old Wo-n in Hell*; for let her be *as Old as* Pauls, *Bald, ind, Toothleſs, Wrinkled, Decrepit: This is not g of her Age*, ſhe'll tell you, *but a terrible fit of kneſs laſt Year, that fetcht off her Hair, and ought her ſo low, that ſhe has not yet recover'd her eſh again. She loſt her Eyes by a hot Rheum: ut-ly ſpoil'd her Teeth with Cracking of Peach-ones, and Eating of Sweet-meats, when ſhe was a aid.* And when the weight of her Years has almoſt ought both ends together; 'tis nothing, ſhe'll tell but a Crick ſhe has got in her Back: *And though might recover her Youth again, by confeſſing her ge, ſhe'll never acknowledge it.*

My next Encounter was, a Number of People king their moan, that they had been taken away *Sudden Death.* That's an Impudent Lye (cry'd a vil) ſaving this Gentleman's preſence, for *no Man s ſuddenly. Death ſurprizes no Man, but gives Men ſufficient Warning and Notice.* I was much en with the Devil's Civility, and Diſcourſe; ich he purſu'd after this manner. *Do ye complain* ys he) *of Sudden Death? That have carry'd th about ye, ever ſince you were Born; That*

have been entertain'd with Spectacles of Carcasses and Funerals; That have heard so many Sermons upon the Subject; and read so many good Books upon the Frailty of Life, & the Certainty of Death. Do ye not know that every Moment ye Live, brings ye nearer to your End? Your Cloaths wear out; your Woods, and your Houses decay; and yet ye look that your Bodies should be Immortal. What are the common Accidents and Diseases of Life, but so many Warnings to provide your self for a Remove? Ye have Death at the Table, in your daily Food and Nourishment; for your Life is maintain'd by the Death of other Creatures. And you have the lively Picture of it, every Night for your Bed-fellow. With what Face can you then charge your Misfortune upon sudden Death? That have spent your whole Life, both at Bed, and at Board, among so many Remembrances of your Mortality? No, no; change your Stile, and hereafter confess your selves to have been *Careless* and *Incredulous. You Dye, thinking you are not to Dye yet; and forgetting that Death grows upon you, and goes along with ye from one end of your Life to the other, without distinguishing of Persons, or Ages; Sex, or Quality; and whether it finds ye Well, or Ill-doing.* As the Tree falls, so it lies.

Turning towards my left Hand, I saw a great many Souls that were put in *Gally-Pots* with *Assa fœtida, Galbanum,* and a Company of *nasty Oils* that serv'd them for *Syrup.* What damn'd Stink is here (cry'd I, stopping my Nose.) We are now come undoubtedly to *the Devil's House of-Office,* No, no (said the Tormentor, which was a kind of a Yellowish Complexion'd Devil) 'tis a Confection of *Apothecaries; a sort of People, that are commonly Damn'd for Compounding the Medicines by which their Patients hope to be Saved.* To give them their due, these are your only *True* and *Chymical Philoso-*

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phers; and worth a Thousand of *Raymund Lullius*, *Hermes*, *Geber*, *Ruſpicella*, *Avicen*, and their Fellows. 'Tis true, They have written fine things of the *Tranſmutation* of *Metals*; but did they ever *make* any *Gold*? or if they did, we have loſt the Secret. Whereas your *Apothecaries*, out of a little *Puddle-Water*; a Bundle of *Rotten-Sticks*, a Box of *Flies*; nay, out of *Toads*, *Vipers*, and a *Sir-reverence* it ſelf, will fetch ye *Gold* ready Minted, and fit for the Market; which is more than all your *Philoſophical Projectors* ever pretended to. There is no *Herb* ſo poyſonous, (let it be *Hemlock*) nor any *Stone* ſo *dry*, (ſuppoſe the *Pumice* it ſelf) but they'll draw *Silver* out of it. And then for *Words*; 'tis impoſſible to make up any Word out of the four and twenty Letters, but they'll ſhew ye a Drug, or a Plant of the Name; and turn the *Alphabet* into as good Money as any's in your Pocket. Ask them for an *Eye-Tooth* of a *flying-Toad*; they'll tell ye, yes, ye may have of it, in *Powder*; or if you had rather have the Infuſion of a *Tench of the Mountains*, in a little *Eels Milk*, 'tis all one to them, If there be but any Money ſtirring, you ſhall have what you will, though there be no ſuch thing in Nature. So that it looks as if all the Plants, and Stones of the Creation, had their ſeveral Powers and Virtues given them, only for the *Apothecaries* ſakes; and as if *Words* themſelves had been only made for their Advantage. Ye call them *Apothecaries*; but inſtead of that, I pray'e call them *Armorers*, and their Shops *Arſenals*. Are not their *Medicines* as certain *Death*, as *Swords*, *Daggers*, or *Muſquets*? While their Patients are Purg'd and Blooded into the other World, without any regard either to Diſtemper, Meaſure or Seaſon.

If you will now ſee the pleaſanteſt Sight you have been yet, walk but up theſe two Steps, and you ſhall ſee a *Jury* (or Conſpiracy) of *Barber-Surgeons* Sitting upon *Life and Death*. You muſt think that a-

ny Divertiſement there was welcome. So that I went up, and found it in truth a very pleaſant Spectacle. Theſe *Barbers* where moſt of them Chain'd by the Middle, their *Hands* at liberty; and every one of them a *Cittern* about his Neck; and upon his Knee a *Cheſs-board*; and ſtill as he reach'd to have a touch at the *Cittern*, the Inſtrument vaniſh'd; and ſo did the *Cheſs-board*, when he thought to have a Game at *Draughts*; which is directly *Tantalizing* the poor Rogues; for a *Cittern* is as natural to a *Barber*, as *Milk* to a *Calf*. Some of them were waſhing of Aſſes Brains, and putting them in again; and ſcouring of *Negroes*, to make them *white*.

When I had laugh'd my fill at their Fooleries, my next Diſcovery was, of a great many People, Grumbling and Muttering, that there was no body look'd after them; no, not ſo much as to Torment them. *As if their Tails were not as well worth the Toaſting as their Neighbours.* Anſwer was made, that being a kind of Devils themſelves, they might put in for ſome ſort of Authority in the Place and execute the Office of *Tormentors*. This made me ask them what they were. And a Devil told me (with Reſpect) that they were a Company of Ungratious, *Left-handed* Wretches, that could do nothing Aright. And their Grievance was, that they were Quarter'd by themſelves: But not knowing whether they were Men or no, or indeed what elſe to make of them, we did not know how to Match them, or in what Company to put them. In the World they are look'd upon as *Ill-Omens*; and let any Man meet one of them up on a Journey in a Morning, Faſting; 'tis the ſame thing as if a Hare had croſs'd the way upon them: he preſently turns Head in a Diſcontent, and goes to Bed again. Ye know that *Scævola*, when he found his Miſtake, in killing Another for *Porſenna*, (the Secretary, for the Prince) burnt his Right Hand in Revenge of the Miſcarriage. Now the Severity of

the Vengeance was not ſo much the Maiming, or the Cripling of himſelf, but the Condemning of himſelf to be for ever *Left-handed*. And ſo 'tis with a Malefactor that ſuffers Juſtice; the Shame and Puniſhment does not lye ſo much in the Loſs of his *Right Hand*, as that the other is *Left*. And it was the Curſe of an Old Bawd, to a Fellow that had vext her, *That he might go to the Devil by the ſtroke of a Left-Handed Man.* If the Poets ſpeak Truth. As 'twere a wonder if they ſhould not) the *Left* is the *Unlucky Side*; and there never came any Good from it. And for my laſt Argument againſt theſe Creatures; the *Goats* and *Reprobates* ſtand upon the *Left hand*, and *Left-handed Men* are, in Effect, a ſort of Creature that's made to do Miſchief; nay, whether I ſhould call them Men, or no, I know not.

Hereupon a Devil beckon'd me to come ſoftly to him; and ſo I did, without a Word ſpeaking, or the leaſt noiſe in the World. Now (ſays he) if you'll ſee this Daily Exerciſe of *Ill-favour'd Women*, look through that Lattice-Window; and there I ſaw ſuch a Kennel of *Ugly Bitches*, you would have bleſs'd your ſelf. Some with their *Faces ſo pounced* and *ſpeckled*, as if they had been *Scarify'd*, and newly paſt the *Cupping Glaſs*; with a World of little *Plaiſters*, long, round, ſquare; and briefly cut out into ſuch Variety, that it would have puſled a good *Mathematician* to have found out another Figure; and you would have ſworn that they had been either at *Cats-play*, or *Cuffs*. Others, *were ſcraping their Faces with pieces of Glaſs*; *tearing up their Eye-brows by the Roots*, like mad; and ſome that had none to tear, were fetching out of their *black Boxes*, ſuch as they could get, or make. Others were *Powdering* and *Curling* the *Falſe-Locks*, or fastning their *new Ivory Teeth*, in the place of their *old Ebony ones*. Some were *chewing Lemon peel*, or *Cinamon*, to countenance *Foul Breath*; and rai-

ſing themſelves upon their *Ciopine*, that their View might be the fairer, and their Fall the deeper. Others were Quarrelling with their *Looking-Glaſſes*, for ſhewing them ſuch *Hags-Faces*; and curſing the *State of Venice*, for entertaining no better *Workmen*. Some were *ſtuffing* out their *Bodies* like *Pack-Saddles*, to cover ſecret Deformities: And ſome again had ſo many Hoods over their Faces, to conceal their Ruins, that I could hardly diſcern what they were; and theſe paſt for *Penitents*. Others, with their Pots of *Hogs-Greaſe*, and *Pomatum*, were *ſleeking* and *poliſhing* their *Faces*; and indeed their *Foreheads* were *bright* and *ſhining*, though there were neither *Suns* nor *Stars* in *that Firmament*. Some there were (in fine) that would have fetch'd a Man's Guts up at's Mouth, to ſee them with their *Maſques of After-Births*; and with their *Menſtruous Slibber-ſlobbers*, dawbing one another, to take away the *Heats* and *Buboes*. Naſty and Abominable! I cry'd. (quoth the Devil) you ſee now how far a Woman's Wit and Invention will carry her to her own Deſtruction. I could not ſpeak one word for aſtoniſhment at ſo horrid a Spectacle; till I had a little recollected my ſelf: And then (ſaid I) if I may deal freely without Offence, I dare defie all the Devils in Hell to out-do theſe Women. But pray let's be gone, for the ſight of them makes my very Heart ake.

Turn about then, (ſaid the Devil) and there was a *Fellow* ſitting in a *Chair*, *all alone*; never a *Devil* near him; No *Fire*, or *Froſt*; no *Heat*, or *Cold*, or any thing elſe that I could perceive, to torment him, and yet crying and roaring out the moſt hideouſly of any thing I had yet heard in Hell; tearing his Fleſh, and beating his Body, like a Bedlam; and his Heart, all the while, bleeding at his Eyes. Good Lord, thought I, what ails this Wretch, to yell out thus, when no Body hurts Him! So I went up to him;

him: Friend, (ſaid I) what's the meaning of all this Fury and Tranſport? For ſo far as I can ſee, there's nothing to trouble you. *No, no,* (ſays he with a horrid Outcry, and with all the Extravagancies of a Man in Rage and Deſpair) *yo do not ſee my Tormentors; but the all-ſearching Eye of the Almighty ſees my Pains, as well as my Tranſgreſſions, and with a ſevere, and implacable Juſtice, has condemn'd me to ſuffer Puniſhments anſwerable to my Crimes.* (Which words he utter'd with redoubled Clamours) *My Executioners are in my Soul, and all the Plagues of Hell in my Conſcience. My* Memory *ſerves me inſtead of a Cruel Devil. The* Remembrance *of the Good I ſhould have done, and omitted; and of the Ill I ſhould not have done, and did. The* Remembrance *of the wholeſome Counſels I have rejected, and of the Ill Example I have given. And for the Aggravation of my Miſery; where my* Memory *leaves afflicting me, my* Underſtanding *begins: Shewing me the Glories and Beatitudes I have loſt, which others enjoy; who have gain'd Heaven with leſs Anxiety and Pain, than I have endur'd to encompaſs my Damnation. Now am I perpetually meditating on the Comforts, Beauties, Felicities, and Raptures of Paradiſe; only to inflame and exaſperate my Deſpair in Hell: Begging in vain, but for one Moment's Interval of Eaſe, without obtaining any; for my* Will *is alſo as Inexorable, as either my* Memory *or my* Underſtanding. *And theſe* (my Friend of the other World) *are the Three Faculties of my Soul; which Divine Juſtice, for my Sins, has converted into Three Tormentors, that Torture me without Noiſe; into Three Flames, that burn me without Conſuming. And if I chance, at any time, to have the leaſt Remiſſion or Reſpite; the Worm of my Conſcience gnaws my Soul, and binds it, to an Inſatiable Hunger, an Immortal Aliment and Entertainment.*

At that word, turning towards me with a Hellish Yell; *Mortal* (said he) *learn and be assur'd from me, that all those that either bury or misemploy their Talents, carry a Hell within themselves, and are Damn'd even above Ground*; and so he return'd to his usual Clamours. Upon this I left him, miserably sad and pensive. Well, thought I, what a Weight of *Sin* lies upon this Creature's *Conscience*! Whereupon the Devil observing me in a Muse, told me in my Ear, that this Fellow had been an *Atheist*, and believ'd neither God, nor Devil. Deliver me then, said I, from that Unsanctify'd Wisdom, that serves us only for our farther Condemnation.

I was gone but a step or two aside, and I saw a World of People running after Burning Chariots, with a great many Souls in them, and the Devils tearing them with Pincers; and before them march'd certain Officers, making Proclamation of their Sentence; which, with much ado, I got near enough to hear, and it was to this Effect: *Divine Justice hath appointed this Punishment to the Scandalous, for giving ill Examples to their Neighbours.* And at the same time several of the Damn'd laid their Sins to their Charge, and cry'd out, *That 'twas long of them they were thus Tormented.* So that the Scandalous were Punish'd both for their own Sins, and for the Offences of those they had misled to their Destruction. And these are they of whom 'tis said, *That they had better never have been Born.*

My Soul was full of Anguish to see so many doleful Spectacles; and yet I could not but Smile, to see the *Vintners* every where up and down Hell, as free as if they had been in their Taverns, and only *Prisoners upon Parole*. I ask'd how they came by this Priviledge? And a Devil told me, There was no need of shackling them, or so much as shutting them up; For there was no fear of their making a 'scape

that took so much Pains in the World, and made it, their whole Business to come thither. Only, says he, if we can keep them from throwing *Water* in the *Fire*, as they do in their *Wines*, we are well enough. But if you would see somewhat worth the while, leave these Fellows, and follow me; and I'll shew you *Judas* and his Brethren, the *Stewards* and Purse-Bearers. So I did as he bad me; and he brought me to *Judas* and his Companions, who had no Faces, divers of them, and most of them no Foreheads.

I was well enough pleas'd to see him, and to be better inform'd; for I had ever fancied him to be a kind of an Olive-colour'd, Tawney-complexion'd Fellow, without a Beard, and an *Eunuch* into the Bargain: Which, perhaps, (nay probably) he was; for nothing but a *Capon'd*, *a Thing unman'd*, could ever have been guilty of so sordid and treacherous a Villany, as to Sell, and betray his Master with a Kiss; and after that so Cowardly as to Hang himself in Despair when he had done. I do believe however, what the Church says of him, that he had a *Carrot-Beard*, and a *Red-Head*; but it may be his Beard was burnt; and as he appear'd to me in Hell, I could not but take him for an *Eunuch*; which, to deal freely, is my Opinion of all the *Devils*; for they have no Hair; and they are for the most part wrinkled, and Baker-leg'd.

Judas was beset with a great many *Money-mongers* and *Purse-bearers*, that were telling him Stories of the Pranks they had play'd, and the Tricks they had put upon their Masters, after his Example. Coming up to them, I perceiv'd that their Punishment was like that of *Titius*, who had a *Vulture* continually gnawing upon his *Liver*: For there were a number of *Ravenous Birds* perpetually preying upon them, and tearing off their Flesh; which grew again as fast as they devour'd it: A Devil in the mean time crying out, and the Damn'd filling the whole place

with Clamour and Horror; *Judas*, with his *Purse*, and his Pot by his Side, bearing a large part in the *Out-cry & Torment*. I had a huge mind (methought) to have a word or two with *Judas*; and so I went to him with this Greeting, *Thou Perfidious, Impudent, Impious Traytor*, (said I) *to Sell thy Lord and Master at so base a Price, like an Avaricious Rascal.* If Men (said he) were not ungrateful, they would rather pity, or commend me, for an Action so much to their Advantage, and done in Order to their Redemption. The Misery is mine, that am to have no part my self, in the Benefit, I have procured to others. Some *Hereticks* there are, (I must confess to my Comfort) that adore me for't. But do you take me for the only *Judas*? No, no; there have been many since the Death of my Master; and there are at this Day, more wicked, and ungrateful Ten Thousand times, than my self; that Buy the Lord of Life, as well as Sell him; Scourging and Crucifying him daily with more Spite, and Ignomy than the *Jews*. The Truth is, I had an Itch to be Fingering of Money, and Bartering, from my very Entrance into the *Apostleship*. I began, you know, with the *Pot of Ointment*, which I would fain have sold, under colour of a Relief to the Poor. And I went on, to *Selling of my Master*, wherein I did the World a greater Good than I intended, to my own irreparable Ruin. My *Repentance* now signifies nothing. To conclude, *I am the only Steward that's Condemn'd for* Selling; *All the rest are Damn'd for* Buying: And I entreat you, to have a better Opinion of me; for if you look but a little lower here, you'll find a People a Thousand times worse than my self. Withdraw then (said I) for I have had Talk enough with *Judas*.

I went down then, some few steps, as *Judas* directed me; and there, I saw a World of Devils upon the March, with *Rods* and *Stirrup-Leathers* in their

their Hands, lashing a Company of *Handsome Lasses*, *Stark Naked*, and driving them out of Hell, (which methought was pity; and if I had had some of them in a corner, I should have treated them better) with the *Stirrup-Leathers*, they Disciplin'd a *Litter of Bawds*. I could not imagine why these of all others should be expell'd the Place, and ask'd the Question. Oh, says a Devil, these are our Fact'resses in the World, and the best we have, so that we send them back again to bring more Grist to the Mill: And indeed, *if it were not for Women, Hell would be but thinly Peopled*; for what with the *Art*, the *Beauty* and the *Allurements* of the *Young Wenches*; and the *Sage Advice* & *Counsel* of the *Bawds*, they do us very good Service. Nay, for fear any of our good Friends should tire upon the Road, they send them to us on *Horseback*, or bring them themselves, e'en to the very Gates, lest they should miss their Way.

Pursuing my Journey, I saw a good way before me, a large Building, that look'd (methought) like some *Enchanted Castle*, or the *Picture of Ill-Luck*. It was all ruinous; the *Chimneys* down, the Planchers all to pieces, only the *Bars* of the *Windows* standing: The *Doors* all bedawb'd with Dirt, and patch'd up with *Barrel-heads*, where they had been broken. The *Glass* gone, and here & there a *Quarrel* supply'd with Paper. I made no doubt at first but the House was forsaken; but coming nearer I found it otherwise, by a horrible Confusion of Tongues and Noises within it. As I came just up to the Door, one open'd it, and I saw in the House many Devils, Thieves, and Whores. One of the craftiest Jades in the Place, placed herself presently upon the Threshold, and made her address to my Guide and Me. Gentlemen, says she, *how comes it to pass I pray'e, that People are Damn'd both for giving and taking? The Thief* is condemn'd for taking away from another; and *We* are condemn'd for giving what

what is our own. I do not find, truly, any injuſtice in our Trade; and if it be lawful to give every one their own, and out of their own, why are we condemn'd? We found it a nice Point, & ſent the Wench to *Council learned in the Law*, for a Reſolution in the Caſe. Her mentioning of *Thieves* made me enquire after the *Scriveners* and *Notaries*. Is it poſſible, (ſaid I) that you ſhould have none of them here? For I do not remember that I have ſeen ſo much as one of them upon the Way; and yet I had occaſion for a *Scrivener*, and made a Search for one. I do believe, indeed (quoth the Devil) that you have not found any of them upon the Road. How then (ſaid I) what are they all ſav'd? No, no, (cry'd the Devil) but you muſt underſtand, that they do not foot it hither, as other Mortals; but come upon the Wing, in Troops like *Wild-Geeſe*, ſo that 'tis no wonder you ſee none of them upon the Way. We have Millions of them, but they cut it away in a trice; for they are damn'dly *Rank-Wing'd*, & will make a flight, in the third part of a Minute, betwixt Earth and Hell. But if there be ſo many (ſaid I) how comes it we ſee none of them? For that (quoth the Devil) we change their Names, when they come hither once, and call them no longer *Notaries*, *or Scriveners*, but *Cats*: And they are ſo good *Mouſers*, that this Place, is Large, Old, and Ruinous; yet you ſee not ſo much as a *Rat*, or a *Mouſe* in *Hell*: How full ſoever of all other ſorts of *Vermin*. Now ye talk of *Vermin*, (ſaid I) are there any *Catchpoles* here? No, not one, (ſays he) *How ſo, quoth I, when I dare undertake there are Five Hundred Rogues of the Trade, for one that's ought*. The Reaſon is (ſays the Devil) that every *Catchpole* upon *Earth*, carries a *Hell* in's *Boſom*. You have ſtill (ſaid I, croſſing myſelf) an aking Tooth, at thoſe poor Varlets. Why not (cry'd he) for they are but Devils incarnate, and ſo damn'dly vers'd in the Art of Tormenting, that we live in continual dread of loſing our Places, and

that

hat his infernal Majesty should take these Rascals nto his Service

I had enough of this; and Travelling on, I saw a ttle way off, a great Enclosure, and a world of Souls hut up in't; some of them Weeping and Lamenng without Measure; others in a profound Silence: nd this I understood to be the *Lovers Quarter*. It adden'd me to consider, that Death it self could not ill the Lamentations of Lovers. Some of them ere discoursing their Passions, and teazing themelves with Fears and Jealousies; casting all their Miseries upon their Appetites and Fancies, that still nade the Picture infinitely fairer than the Person. They were for the most part troubled with a simple Disease, call'd (as the Devil told me) *I Thought*. I sk'd him what that was, and he answered me, it was Punishment suitable to their Offence: For your Lovers, when they fall short of their Expectations, ither in the Pursuit or Enjoyment of their Mistresses, they are wont to say, Alas! *I thought* she would have Lov'd me: *I thought* she would never have press'd me to Marry her: *I thought* she would have been a Fortune to me: *I thought* she would have given me All she had: *I thought* she would have Cost me nothing: *I thought* she would have ask'd me nothing: *I thought* she would have been Dutiful and Modest: *I thought* she would have never kept her Gallant. So that all their Pain and Damnation comes from *I thought* This, or That, or So, or So.

In the middle of them was *Cupid*, a little beggarly Rogue, and as Naked as he was Born, only here and there cover'd with an Old kind of *Embroidery*: But whether it was the Workmanship of the *Itch*, *Pox*, or *Measles* I could not perfectly discover: And close by him was this Inscription:

Many a good Fortune goes to Wrack;
And so does many an able Back;

With

With following Whores, and Cards, and Dice,
We're Pox'd and Beggar'd in a Trice.

Aha! (said I) by these Rhimes methinks the Poets should not be far off, and the word was hardly out of my Mouth, when I discover'd Millions of them through a *Park Pale*, and so I stopt to look upon them. (It seems in Hell they are not call'd *Poets* now, but *Fools.*) One of them shew'd me the *Woman's Quarter* there hard by, and ask'd me what I thought of it, and of the *Handsome Ladies* in it. Is it not true (says he) that a *Buxom Lass* is a kind of *Half Chamber-maid* to a *Man*? When she has stript him and brought him to Bed, she has done her Business, & never troubles her self any farther about the helping him again, and dressing him. How now (said I) have ye your Quirks and Conceipts in Hell? In troth ye are pleasant: I thought your Edge had been taken off; with that out stept the most miserable Wretch of the whole Company, laden with Irons: Ah! (quoth he) I would to God the first inventer of Rhimes and Poetry were here in my Place; and then he went on with this following, and sad Complaint.

A Complaint of the Poets in Hell.

Oh! this Damn'd Trade of Versifying,
Has brought us all to Hell for Lying!
For Writing what we do not Think;
Meerly to make the Verse Cry Clink.
For rather than abuse the Meeter,
Black *shall be* White, Paul *shall be* Peter.
One time I call'd a Lady Whore;
Which in my Soul she was no more,
Than I am; a brave Lass, no Begger,
And true, as ever Man laid Leg o'er.
Not out of Malice, Jove's *my Witness,*
But meerly for the Verses Fitness.

Now

Now we're all made, ſaid I, if Luck Hold,
And then I call'd a Fellow Cuckold;
Though the Wife *was, (or I'll be Hang'd)*
As good a Wench as ever Twang'd.
I was once plaguely put to't;
This would not hit, that would not do't;
At laſt, I Circumcis'd *('tis true)*
A Chriſtian, *and* Baptiz'd *a* Jew.
Nay, I've made Herod Innocent,
For Rhiming to Long Parliament:
Now to conclude, we are all Damn'd *Ho,*
For nothing but a Game at Crambo.
And for a little jingling Pleaſure,
Condemn'd to Torments without Meaſure.
Which is a little hard in my Senſe,
To fry thus for Poetick Licenſe.
'Tis not for Sin of Thought or Deed,
But for bare Sounds, and Words we bleed:
While the Cur Cerberus *lies* Growling,
In Conſort with our Caterwouling.

So ſoon as he had done, there is not in the World (ſaid I) a more ridiculous Frenzy, than yours, to be *Poetizing* in *Hell*. The Humour ſticks cloſe ſure, the Fire would have fetch'd it out elſe. Nay, (cry'd a Devil) theſe *Verſifiers* are a ſtrange Generation of *Buffoons*. The time that others ſpend in Tears and Groans for their Sins and Follies, thoſe Wretches employ in *Songs* and *Madrigals*; and if they chance to light upon the Critical Minute, and get a ſnap at a Lady, all's wo'th nothing, unleſs the whole Kingdom ring of it, in ſome miſerable Sing-Song or other, under the Name, forſooth, of *Phillis*, *Chloris*, *Silvia*, or the like: And the goodly Idol muſt be deck'd and dreſs'd up with *Diamond*, *Pearl*, *Rubies*, *Muſque*, and *Amber*; and both the *Indies* are too little to furniſh *Eyes*, *Lips*, and *Teeth*, for this *Imaginary Goddeſs*. And yet after all this *Magnificence*,

and

and Bounty, it would put the poor Devil's Cred upon the ſtretch, to take up an *Old Petty Coat*, *Long-Lane*, or a Pair of *Caſt-ſhoes*, at the next Cob *lers*. Beſide, we can give no Account either of ther *Country*, or *Religion*. They have *Chriſtian Name* but moſt *Heretical Souls*; they are *Arabians* i their Hearts, and in their *Language Gentiles*; bu to ſay the Truth, they fall ſhort of the *Right Paga* in their *Manners*. If I ſtay here a little longer, (ſa I to my ſelf) this ſpiteful Devil will hit me over th Thumbs, e'er I'm aware; for I was half Jealou that he took me already for a piece of a *Poet*.

For fear of being Diſcover'd I went my Way, a my next Viſit was to the *Impertinent Devote* whoſe very *Prayers* are made up of *Impiety*, and *E travagances*. Oh! What Sighing was there, a Sobbing! Groaning, and Whining! Their Tongu were ty'd up to a perpetual Silence; their Sou Drooping, and their Ears condemn'd to hear eterna ly the hidious Cries and Reproaches of a Wheaſin Devil; Greeting them after this manner. Oh y impudent and prophane Abuſers of Prayer, and Ho Duties! That treat *the Lord of Heaven and Ear in his own Houſe*, with leſs Reſpect than ye woul do a Merchant upon the *Change*; ſneak into Corner with your Execrable Petitions, for fear of be ing over-heard by your Neighbours; and yet with out any ſcruple at all, ye can Expoſe, and Offer ther up to that Eternal Purity! Shameleſs Wretches th ye are! *Lord* (ſays one) *take the Old Man my Fa ther, to thy ſelf, I beſeech thee, that I may have hi Office and Eſtate. Oh that this Uncle of mine woul but march Off!* There's *a Fat Biſhoprick*, & a goo *Deanery*; *I would the Devil had the Incumbent ſo I had the Dignity*. Now for a luſty *Pot of Gui neas*, or a *Lucky Hand at Dice*, if it be thy Plea ſure, and then I would not doubt of good Matche for my Children. *Lord, make me his Majeſty's Fa vourite*

pourite, and *thy Servant*; *that I may get what's convenient, and keep what I have gotten. Grant me This, and I do here engage my self, to entertain six Blue Coats, and bind them out to good Trades; to set up a Lecture for every Day of the Week; to give one Third Part of my clear Gains to Charitable Uses; and another toward the Repairing of* Paul's: *and to pay all Honest Debts, so far as stand with my private Convenience.*

Blind and ridiculous Madness! for Dust and Ashes thus to Reason and Condition with the Almighty! For Beggers to talk of Giving, and obtrude their vain and unprofitable Offerings upon the inexhaustible Fountain of Riches and Bounty! To pray for those Things as Blessings, which are commonly shower'd down upon us for our Confusion and Punishment. And then in case your Wishes take effect, what becomes of all the Vows and Promises ye made in Storms (perhaps) Sickness, or Averſity? So soon as ye have gain'd your Port, recover'd your Health, or pacht up a broken Fortune, you shew yourselves, all of ye, a Pack of Cheats; your Vows and Promises, are not worth so many Rushes; they are forgotten with your Dreams; and *to keep a Promise, upon Devotion, that you made out of Necessity, is no Article of your Religion.* Why do ye not ask for *Peace of Conscience, encrease of Grace, the Aid of the Blessed Spirit*: But you are too much taken up with the Things of this World, to attend those spiritual Advantages and Treasures; and to consider, that the most acceptable Sacrifices, and Oblations you can make to the Almighty, are *Purity of Mind, an humble Spirit*, and *a fervent Charity*. The Almighty takes delight to be often call'd upon, that He may often pour down his Blessings upon his Petitioners. But such is the Corruption of human Nature, that Men seldom think of him, unless under Affliction; and therefore it is, that they are often visited;

visited; for by Adversity they are brought to
Knowledge and Exercise of their Duty. I wou
now have you consider, how little Reason there
in your ordinary Demands. Put case you have yo
Asking, what are you the better for the Grant, sin
it fails you at last, because you did not Ask aright
When you die, your Estate goes to your Childre
and for their parts, you are scarce cold, before yo
are forgotten. You are not to expect they should be
stow much upon Works of Charity: for if nothin
went that Way while you were living, they'll lin
after your Example when you are Dead. And be
side, there's no Merit in the Case. At this Wor
some of the *poor* Creatures were about to Repl
but the Devils had put Barnacles upon their Lip
that hindred them.

From thence I went to the *Witches* and *Wizard*
such as pretend to cure Man and Beast, by *Charm*
Words, *Amulets*, *Characters*; and these were
burning alive. These (says the Devil) are a Com
pany of Cozening Rogues; the most accursed Vil
lains in Nature. If they help one Man, they kill
nother, and only remove the Disease from a *Wor*
to a *Better*: And yet there's no great Clamour again
them neither; for if the Patient recover, he's we
enough content, and the Doctor gets both Reputatio
and Reward for his Pains. If he dies, his Mouth
stopt, and Forty to One the next Heir does him
good Turn for the Dispatch. So that, *Hit*, or *Mis*
all is well at last. If you enter into a Debate wit
them about their Remedies, they'll tell you, *the*
learn'd the Mistery of a certain Jew; and there's th
Original of the *Secret*. Now to hear these *Quack*
give you the History of their Cures, is beyond a
the *Plays* and *Farces* in the World. You shall hav
a Fellow tell you of Fifteen People that were ru
clean through the Body, and glad for a matter o
Three Days to carry their Puddings in their Hand

at in Four and Twenty Hours he made them as hole as Fiſhes, and not ſo much as a *Scar* for a Remembrance of the *Orifice*. Ask him *when* and *where*? u'll find it ſome Twelve Hundred Leagues off, in *Terra Incognita*; by the Token, that at that time was *Phyſician in Ordinary* to a great Prince that 'd about Five and Twenty Years ago.

Come, come (cry'd a Devil) make an End of this iſit, and you ſhall ſee thoſe now, that *Judas* told ou were Ten times worſe than himſelf. I went ong with him, and he brought me to a Paſſage in- a great Hall, where there was a Damn'd ſmell of imſtone, and a Company of *Match-makers*, as I ought at firſt; but they prov'd afterward to be *Alymiſts*; and the Devils examining them upon *Interrogatories*, who were filthily put to't, to underand their *Gibbriſh*. Their *Talk* was much of the *lanetary Metals*; *Go'd* they call'd *Sol*; *Silver una*; *Tin Jupiter*; *Copper Venus*. They had about them their *Furnaces*, *Crucibles*, *Coal*, *Bellows*, *lay*, *Minerals*, *Dung*, *Man's Blood*, *Powders*, and *limbecks*. Some were *Calcining*; Others *Waſhing*; ere *Purifying*; There *Separating*. *Fixing* what as *Volatile*, in one Place, and *Rarifying* what was ix'd in another. Some were upon the Work of *ranſmutation*, *and Fixing of Mercury*, with monrous Hammers, upon an Anvil. And after they had *ſolv'd* the *viſcous Matter*, and ſent out the ſubtir Parts, that they came to the *Copper*, all went ay in *Fume*. Some again were in a hot Diſpute, What *Fuel* was beſt; and whether *Raymund Lulli*s his *Fire*, *and no Fire*, could be any thing elſe han *Lime*; or otherwiſe to be underſtood of the *ight*, *Effective* of *Heat*, and not of the *Effective leat* of *Fire*. Others were making their Entrance pon *the Great Work*, after the *Hermetical* Meod. Here they were watching the Progreſs of heir Operations, and making their Obſervation upon

en *Proportions*, and *Colour*. While all the reſt o
theſe Blind Oracles lay waiting for the Recovery o
the *Materia Prima*, till they brought themſelves to
the laſt Caſt both of their Lives and Fortunes: An
inſtead of turning Baſe Metals and Materials int
Gold as they pretended, they made the contrar
Inverſion, and were glad at length to take up wit
Beggerly Fools, and *Falſe Coiners*. What a ſtir wa
there, with crying out, ever and anon! *Look ye*
Look ye! The Old Father is got up again; Dow
with him, Down with him. What *Gloſſing*, an
Commenting upon the Old *Chymical Text*, that ſays
Bleſſed be Heaven, That has order'd the moſt Ex
cellent Thing in Nature out of the Vileſt. If ſo
(quoth one) let's try, if we can fetch the *Philoſo*
phers Stone out of a *Common Strumpet*, which i
of all Creatures undoubtedly the Vileſt. And th
Word was no ſooner out, but a matter of Three an
Twenty Whores went to Pot; but the Fleſh was ſo
Curſedly Mawmiſh and Rotten, that they ſoon gav
over the Thought of that Projection. And then the
entred upon a freſh Conſultation and concluded
Nemine Contradicente, that the *Mathematicians*, b
that Rule, were the only fit Matter to work upon
as being the moſt damnably dry, (to ſay nothing o
their Diviſions, among, and againſt themſelves) ſ
that with one Voice, they call'd for a parcel of *Ma*
thematicians, to the Furnace, to begin the Exper
ment. But a Devil came in juſt in the *God-ſpeed*
and told them; *Gentlemen Philoſophers*, (ſays he
if you would know the Wretched'ſt and moſt Con
temptible Thing in the World; It is an *Alchymiſt*.
And we are of Opinion that he'll make as good *Phi*
loſophers Stone, as the *Mathematicians*. Howeve
for Curioſity's ſake, we'll try for once; and ſo h
threw them altogether into a great *Chaldron*; an
to ſay the Truth, the poor Snakes ſuffer'd content
ly

out of a deſire, I ſuppoſe, to help on toward the ecting of the Operation.

n the other ſide were a Knot of *Aſtrologers*, one among the reſt that had ſtudy'd *Chyromancy Palmiſtry*; who took all the Damn'd by the ds, one after another. One he told, That it as plain as the Noſe on his Face, that he was to o the Devil, for he perceiv'd it by the *Mount aturn*. You (ſays he to another) have been a ging Whore-Maſter in your Days, I ſee that he *Mount* of *Venus* here, and by her Girdle; in ſhort, every Man's Deſtiny he read in his . After him advanc'd another, creeping upon Four, with a pair of Compaſſes betwixt his th; his Spheres and Globes about him; his ob's Staff before him; and his Eyes upon the s, as if he were taking a *Height*, or making an ervation. When he had gazed a while, up he ts of a ſudden, and wringing his Hands, *Good d*, (ſays he) *What an unlucky Dog was I? If I come into the World but one half quarter of an ur ſooner, I had been ſaved*; for jutt then *Saturn ted*, and *Mars* was lodg'd in the *Houſe of Life*. e that follow'd him, bad his Tormentors be ſure was *Dead*; for (ſays he) I am a little doubtful my ſelf; in Regard that I had *Jupiter* for my endant, and *Venus* in the *Houſe of Life*, and *Malevolent Aſpect* to croſs me. So that by the es of *Aſtrology*, I was to live preciſely, *a Hun- d Years and One; Two Months; Six Days; r Hours; and Three Minutes*. The next that e up was a *Geomancer*; one that reduced all his l to certain little Points, and by them would you, as well *Things paſt*, as to *come*. Theſe nts he beſtow'd at a Venture, among ſeveral un- al Lines, ſome Long, others Shorter, like the ures of a Man's Hand; and then with a certain ble Rabble of *Myſterious Words*, he proceeds to

his

his *Calculation*, upon *Even*, or *Odds*, and Challenges the whole World to allow him the most Learned, and Infallible of the Trade.

There were divers great Masters of the Science that follow'd him. As *Haly*, *Gerard*, *Bartholomew* of *Parma*, and one *Toudin*, a familiar Friend and Companion of the Great *Cornelius Agrippa*, the famous Conjurer; who though he had but *one* Soul was yet Burning in *four Bodies*. (I mean the *four Damnable Books* he left behind him.) There was *Trithemius* too, whith his *Poligraphy* and *Stenography*; that had Devils now his Belly full, though in his Life-time his Complaint was, that he could never have enough of their Company. Over-against him was *Cardan*; but they could not set their Horses together, because of an old Quarrel, whether was the more *Impudent* of the Two. And there I saw *Mizaldus* tearing his Beard, in Rage, to find himself Pump'd dry; and that he could not Fool on to the End of the Chapter. *Theophrastus* was there too, bewailing himself for the Time he had spent at the *Alchymists Bellows*. There was also an unknown Author of *Calvicula Solomonus*, and *The Hundred Kings of Spirits*; with the Composer of the Book, *Adversus omnia Pericula Mundi*. *Taisnerus* too, with his Book of *Physiognomy* and *Chiromancy*? and he was doubly Punish'd? first for the *Fool*, he was, and then for those he had made. Though to give the Man his due, he knew himself to be a Cheat; and that he that gives a Judgment upon the Lines of a Face, takes but a very uncertain Aim. There were *Magicians*, *Necromancers*, *Sorcerers*, and *Enchanters* innumerable; besides divers private Boxes, that were kept for Lords and Ladies and other Personages of great Quality, that put their Trust in these *Disciples* of the *Devil*; and go to *Strand-Bridge*, or *Billeter-Lane*, for Resolution in Cases of *Death*, *Love*, or *Marriage*; and now

and

nd then to recover a *Gold Watch*, or a *Pearl Neck-lace.*

Not far from these were a Company of handsome Women, that were Tormented in the quality of *Witches*; which griev'd my very Heart to see it. But to Comfort me, What, (says a Devil) have you so soon forgot the Roguery of these Carrions? Have you not had the Tryal enough yet of them; they are the very Poyson of Life, and the only dangerous *Magicians* that corrupt all your Senses, and disturb the Faculties of your Soul; these are they that cozen your Eyes with *false Appearances*, and set up your *Wills* in opposition to your *Understanding* and *Reason.* 'Tis right, said I, and now you mind me of it, I do very well remember, that I have found them so; but let's go on and see the rest.

I was scarce gone three Steps farther, but I was got into so hideous a dark Place, that it was e'en a Mercy we knew where we were. There was first at the entrance *Divine Justice*, which was most dreadful to behold; and a little beyond stood *Vice*, with a Countenance of the highest Pride and Insolence imaginable. There was *Ingratitude*, *Malice*, *Ignorance*, *obstinate* and *incorrigible Infidelity*, *brutish* and *headstrong Disobedience*, *rash* and *imperious Blasphemy*, with *Garments* dipt *in Blood*, *Eyes sparkling*, and *a hundred pair of Chops barking at Providence, and vomiting Rage and Poyson.* I went in (I confess) with fear and trembling, and there I saw all the Sects of *Idolaters* and *Hereticks*, that ever yet appeared upon the Stage of the Universe; and at their Feet, in a glorious Array, was Lascivious *Barbara*, second Wife to the Emperor *Sigismond*, and the *Queen of Harlots*: One that agreed with *Messalina* in this, That Virginity was both a Burthen and a Folly; and that in her whole Life she was never either *wearied*, or *satisfy'd*; but herein she went beyond her, in that she held the Mortality as

well of the Soul as of the Body; but ſhe was now be
ter inſtructed, and burnt like a bundle of Matche

Paſſing forward ſtill, I 'ſpy'd a Fellow in a Co
ner all alone, with the Flames about his Ears gnaſ
ing his Teeth, and *Blaſpheming* through *Fury* a
Deſpair. I ask'd him what he was, and he told m
he was *Mahomet.* Why then (ſaid I) thou art th
damned'ſt Reprobate in Hell, and haſt brought mor
Wretches hither than half the World beſide; an
Lucifer has done well to allot thee a Quarter her
by thy ſelf; for certainly thou haſt well deſerv
the firſt place in his Dominions. But ſince every M
chuſes to talk of what he loves, I prithee, good *I*
poſtor, tell me, What's the reaſon that thou haſt fo
bidden *Wine* to all thy *Diſciples*? Oh! (ſays he)
have made them ſo drunk with my *Alchoran*, th
need no Tipple. But why haſt thou forbidden the
Swines-fleſh too? (ſaid I.) Becauſe (ſays he) I wou
not affront the *Jambon*; for *Water* upon *Gamm*
would be *falſe Heraldry.* And beſide, I ne
lov'd my People well enough to afford them t
pleaſure either of the *Grape* or the *Spare-R*
Nay, and for fear they ſhould chance to grope
the Way to Heaven, I have eſtabliſh'd my Pow
and my Dominions by Force of Arms; without ſu
jecting my Laws to idle Diſputes and Diſcourſe
Reaſon. Indeed there is little of *Reaſon* in my *P*
cepts, and I would have as little in their *Obedie*
A World of *Diſciples* I have, but I think they
low me more out of *Appetite* than *Religion*, or
the *Miracles I work.* I allow them *Liberty of C*
ſcience; they have as many Women as they ple
and do what they liſt, provided they meddle
with the Government. But look about ye now,
you'll find that there are more *Knaves* than
homet.

I did ſo, and found my ſelf preſently ſurroun
with a Ring of *Hereticks*, and *their Adherents*,

which were ready to tear out the Throats of their eaders. One among the reſt was beſet with a brace Devils, and either of them a pair of Bellows, uffing into each Ear *Fire* inſtead of *Air*, which ade him a little *Hot-headed*. There was another, at, as I was told, was a kind of a *Simoniac*, and d taken up his Seat in a Peſtilential Chair; but it as ſo dark, I could not well diſcern whether it was *Pope* or a *Preſbyter*.

By this time I had enough of Hell, and began to iſh my ſelf out again; but as I was looking about r a Retreat, I ſtumbled upon a long Gallery before was aware, and there I ſaw *Lucifer* himſelf, with his Nobility about him, Male and Female. (For Marry'd Men ſay there pleaſure, their are Shevils too.) I ſhould have been at a damn'd Loſs hat to do, or how to Behave my ſelf among ſo maſtrange Faces, if one of the *Uſhers* had not come me, and told me, that being a Stranger, it was s Majeſty's pleaſure I ſhould enter, and have free erty of ſeeing what was there to be ſeen. We changed a couple or two of Compliments; and en I began to look about me; but never did I ſee Palace ſo furniſh'd, nor indeed comparable to it. Our Furniture at the beſt is but a choice Colleion of dead and dumb Statues, or Paintings; with-t Life, Senſe, or Motion: But *there* all the eces were Animated, and no Traſh in the whole ventory. There was hardly any thing to be ſeen t Emperors and Princes, with ſome few, perhaps, their choieſt Nobility and *Privadoes*. The firſt nk was taken up by the *Ottoman* Family, and er them ſat the *Roman* Emperors, in their Order; d the *Roman* Kings, down to *Tarquin the Proud*; ſide Highneſſes and Graces, Lords Spiritual and emporal innumerable. My Lungs began now call for a little freſh Air, and I deſir'd my Guide ſhew me the way out again. Yes, yes, with all

my Heart, (says he) follow me then. And so he carry'd me away, by a *back Passage*, into *Lucifer's* House-of-Office; where there was, I know not how many Tun of *Sir-reverence*, and Bales of *flattering Panegyricks*, not to be number'd; all of them *Licens'd*, and *Enter'd according to Order*. I could not but smile at this Provision of *Tail-Timber*, and my Guide took notice of it; who was a good kind of a *Damn'd Drill*. But I call'd still to be gone. And at length he led me to a little Hole, like the Vent of a Vault, and I crept through it as nimbly as if the Devil himself had given me a lift at the Crupper; when, to my great Wonder, I found my self in the *Park* again, where I begun my Story: Not without an odd Medley of *Passions*; partly Reflecting upon what others endur'd; and in part upon my own Condition of Ease and Happiness, that had deserv'd, perhaps, the contrary as well as they. This Thought put me upon a Resolution of leading such a Course of Life for the future, that I might not come to *feel* these Torments in *Reality*, which I had now only seen in *Vision*.

And I must here intreat the Reader to follow my Example, without making any farther Experiment: and, likewise not to cast an *ill Construction* upon my *fair Meaning*. My Design is to discredit and discountenance the Works of Darkness, without *Scandalizing* of Persons; and since I speak only of the *Damn'd*, I'm sure no honest Man alive will reckon this Discourse a *Satyr*.

The End of the Sixth Vision.

THE SEVENTH VISION, OF HELL REFORM'D.

THERE happen'd lately ſo terrible an Uproar, and Diſorder in Hell, that (though it be a place of perpetual Outrage and Confuſion) the oldeſt Devil never knew the fellow of it; and the Inhabitants expected nothing leſs than an abſolute *Topſy-Turvy*, and *Diſſolution of their Empire*. The *Devils* fell upon the *Damn'd*; and the *Damn'd* fell upon the *Devils*, without knowing one from t'other; and all running *helter-ſkelter*, to and again, like mad; for in fine, it was no other than a general Revolt. This *Hurly-burly* laſted a good while, before any Mortal could imagine the meaning of it; but at length there came certain Intelligence of a *Monſtrous Talker*, a *Pragmatical Medling Undertaker*, and an *old Bawd* of a *Governante*, that had knockt off their Shackles, and made all this Havock. *Which may give the Reader to underſtand what kind of Cattel theſe are, that could make Hell it ſelf more dangerous and unquiet.*

Lucifer, in the mean time, went *Yelping* up and down, and *Bawling*, for *Chains*, *Hand Cuffs*, *Bolts*, *Manacles*, *Shackles*; *Fetters*, to tie up his Priſ'ners again; when, in the middle of his *Carreer*, *He* and the *Babler*, or *Talker*, I told ye of, met *full-butt*; and after a little ſtaring one another in the Face, upon the Encounter, the *Babler* open'd; Prince of mine, (ſays he) you have a Pack of *Lazy*, *Droning Devils*

in your Dominions, that look after nothing, but ſit with their Arms and Legs a croſs, and leave all your Affairs at *Six* and *Seven*. And you have divers abroad too, upon *Commiſſion*, that have ſtaid out their Time, and yet give you no Accompt of their Employment. The *Governante*, who had been blowing the Coal, and Whiſpering Sedion from one to another, chanc'd to paſs by in the *interim*, and ſtopping ſhort, addreſs'd her ſelf to *Lucifer*: Look to your ſelf (ſhe cry'd) there is a Deſperate Plot upon your *Diabolical Crown* and *Dignity*. There are Two *Tyrants* in't, *Three Paraſites*, a *World* of *Phyſicians*, and whole *Legions* of *Lawyers* and *Attorneys*. One word more in your Ear: There is among them a *Mungrel-Prieſt*, (a kind of a *Lay-Elder*) that will go near to ſit upon your Skirts, if you have not a care of him.

At the very Name of *Prieſt*, and *Lay-Elder*, *Lucifer* look'd as pale as Death; ſtood ſtone-ſtill, as mute as a Fiſh; and in his very Looks, diſcover'd his Apprehenſions. After a little Pauſe, he rous'd himſelf as out of a Trance. A *Prieſt*, do you ſay? a *Lay-Elder*? *Tyrants*? *Lawyers*, *Phyſicians*? A *Compoſition to Poyſon all the Devils in Hell*, and *Purge their very Guts out!* With that, away he went to viſit the *Avenues*; and ſet his *Guards*; and who ſhould he meet next, but the *Medler*, in a monſtrous haſte and hurry? Nay, then (ſays he) here is the *Foreruner of Ill-luck*. But what's the matter? The matter! cry'd the *Medler*; and then with a huge deal of tedious and impertinent Circumſtance he up and told him, that a great many of the *Damn'd* had contriv'd an Eſcape; and that there was a Deſign to call in four or five Regiments of Hypocrites and Uſurers; under colour, forſooth, of Eſtabliſhing a better *Intelligence* betwixt *Earth* and *Hell*, with a hundred other Fopperies; and had gone on till this time, if *Lucifer* would have found Ears: But he had other Fiſh to fry; for Neck and all was now at Stake

nd ſo he went about his Buſineſs of putting all in a poſture, and ſtrengthening his Guards. And for the arther Security of his Royal Perſon, he entertain'd nto *his own immediate Regiment*, ſeveral Reforma- oes of the Society, that he particularly knew to be o Flinchers.

He began his Survey in the *Vaults* and *Dungeons*, mong his *Jaylers* and *Priſoners*. The *Makebate-Babler* march'd in the *Van*, breathing an Air that indled and enflam'd wherever he paſt, without gi- ing any Light; ſetting People together by the Ears, hey knew not why. In the ſecond place the *Go- vernante*, as full of *News* and *Tittle-Tattle* as ſhe ould hold, and telling her *Tale* all the Way ſhe vent. In the Breech of her follow'd the *Medler*, lea- ing as he paſt along, firſt on one ſide, then on the ther, without ever moving his Head; and making air with every Soul he ſaw in's way. He gave *one* a *Bow*; *t'other* a *Kiſs*; *Your moſt humble Servant*, to a *third*; *Can I ſerve you Sir*, to a *fourth*: But every Compliment was worſe to the poor Creatures, than he Fire it ſelf. Ah *Traytor!* ſays one: For Pity's ake away with this new Tormentor! crys another: This Fellow is *Hell upon Hell*, ſays a third. As he rudg'd on, there was a Rabble of Raſcals, got toge- her; and in the middle of the Crowd, a moſt Emi- ent *Knight of the Poſt*, (a great Maſter of his Trade) *that was Reading a Lecture to that Venera- le Aſſembly, of the Noble Miſtery of Swearing and Lying*, and would have taught any Man in one quar- er of an Hour, to prove any thing upon Oath, that he never ſaw nor heard of in his Life. This Doctor had no ſooner caſt his Eye upon the *Intermed'er*, but up he ſtarted in a Fright. How now? (ſays he) *Is that Devil here?* I came hither on purpoſe to avoid him; and if I could but have dreamt he'd have been in *Hell*, beyond all diſpute, I'd have gone my ſelf to *Paradiſe*.

As he was ſpeaking, we heard a great, and a con-

fuſed Noiſe of *Arms*, *Blows*, and *Out-Cryes*; and preſently we diſcover'd ſeveral Perſons falling one upon another like Lightning; and in ſhort, with ſuch a Fury, that 'tis not for any Tongue or Pen to deſcribe the Battle. One of them appear'd to be an *Emperor*; for he was *Crown'd* with *Laurel*, and ſurrounded with a grave Sort of People, that look'd like *Counſellors* or *Senators*; and had all the *Old Statues* and *Records* at their Fingers end: By which they endeavour'd to make it out; *That a King might be kill'd in his Perſonal Capacity, and his Politick Capacity never the worſe for't.* And upon this Point, were they at *Daggers-drawn* with the *Emperor*. *Lucifer* came then roundly up to him, and with a Voice that made Hell quake; What are you Sir, (ſays he) that take upon you thus in my Dominions? I am the Great *Julius Cæſar*, (quoth he) that in this general Tumult thought to have reveng'd my ſelf upon *Brutus* and *Caſſius*, for Murthering me in the *Senate*; under colour (forſooth) of aſſerting the *Common Liberty*; whereas theſe Traytors did it meerly out of *Envy*, *Avarice* and *Ambition*. It was the *Emperor*, not the *Empire* they hated. They pretended to deſtroy *Me*, for introducing *Monarchy*; but did *They* over-throw the *Monarchy* it ſelf? No, but on the contrary, they confirm'd it, and did more miſchief in taking away *My Life*, than I did in diſſolving *their Republick*. However, *I dy'd an Emperor; and theſe Villains carry'd only the Infamy, and Brand of Regicides to their Graves; and the World has ever ſince ador'd my Memory, & abhor'd Theirs. Tell me* (quoth he) *ye curſed Blood-Hounds*, (turning towards them) *whether was your Government better, think ye, in the Hands of your Senators, a Company of talking Gown-Men, that knew not how to keep it; or in the Hands of a Soldier, that won it by his Merit? It is not the Drawing of a Charge, or the making of a fine Oration that fits People for Government; nor will a Crown ſit well upon the Head of a Pedant*; but let him we

t that deſerves it. *He is the true Patriot that ad-vances the Glory of his Country, by Actions of Bra-very and Honour. Which has more Right to Rule, think ye, he that only* Knows *the Laws, or or he that* Maintains *them? The one only* Studies *the Govern-ment, the other* Protects *it. Wretched Republick? Thou call'ſt it Freedom to obey a divided Multitude, and Slavery to ſerve a ſingle Perſon; and when a Company of covetous little Fellows are got together, they muſt be ſtil'd* Fathers of their Country, *for-ſooth; and ſhall one Generous Perſon take up with the Name of* Tyrant? *Oh! How much better had it been for* Rome *to have preſerv'd that one Son that made her Miſtreſs of the World, than that Multi-tude of Fathers, who by ſo many Inteſtine Wars render'd her but a Step-Mother to her own Chil-dren. Barbarous and cruel that you are! So much as to mention the Name of a Commonwealth; con-ſidering that ſince People taſted of Monarchy, they have prefer'd even the worſt of Princes, as* Nero, Tiberius, Caligula, Heliogabalus, *&c. before your Tribe of Senators.*

This Diſcourſe of *Cæſar*'s ſtruck *Brutus* with ex-ceeding Shame and Confuſion; but at length, with a feeble and trembling Voice, he deliver'd himſelf to his Effect. 'Gentlemen of the Senate, (*ſays he*) do ye not hear *Cæſar*? Or will you add Sin to Sin, and ſuffer all the Blame to be caſt upon the Inſtruments, when you your ſelves were the Contrivers of the Villany? Why do ye not anſwer? For *Cæſar* ſpeaks to you, as well as to us. *Caſſius* and my ſelf, were but your *Bravo's*, and govern'd by your Perſwaſi-ons and Advice, little dreaming of that inſatiable Ambition that lay lurking under the Gravity of your long Beards and Robes. But 'tis the Practice of you all, to Arraign that Tyranny in the Prince, which you would Exerciſe your ſelves: In Effect, when you have gotten Power, and the Colour of Authority in your Hands, it is more dangerous for

'a Prince not to comply with you, than for a Vaſſal 'to rebel againſt his Prince. To what End ſerv'd your 'perfidious and ungrateful Treaſon? Make anſwer 'to *Cæſar*. But for our Parts, in the Conſcience of 'our Sin, we feel the Severity of our Puniſhment.

At theſe Words a *Hollow-Ey'd Supercilious Senator*, (that had been of the Conſpiracy, and was then blazing like a *Pitch-Barrel*,) rais'd himſelf, and with a faint Voice, ask'd *Cæſar* what Reaſon he had to complain? For *Prince*, (ſays he) if King *Ptolomy* 'Murther'd *Pompey the Great*, upon whoſe Score 'he held his Kingdom: Why might not the *Senate* 'as well *kill you*, to recover what you had taken 'from them? And in the Caſe betwixt *Cæſar* and '*Pompey*, let the Devils themſelves be Judges. As 'for *Achillas* (*who was one of the Murtherers*) what 'he did, was by *Ptolomy*'s Command, and then he 'was but a *Freebooter* neither, a Fellow that got his 'Living by Rapine and Spoil: But *Cæſar* was un-'doubtedly the more infamous of the Two. 'Tis 'true, you wept at the ſight of *Pompey*'s *Head*, but 'ſuch Tears as were more treacherous than the Steel 'that kill'd him. Ah Cruel Compaſſion, & Revenge-'ful Pity! That made Thee a more Barbarous Ene-'my, to *Pompey*, *dead* than *living*. Oh that ever 'two Hypocrite Eyes ſhould creep into the firſt Head 'of the World! To conclude, the Death of *Cæſar* 'had been the Recovery of our *Republick*, if the 'Multitude had not call'd in others of his Race to 'the Government; which render'd thy Fall the 'very *Hydra* of the Empire.

We had another Skirmiſh upon theſe Words, if *Lucifer* had not commanded *Cæſar* to his Cell a-gain, upon Pain of Death; and there to abide ſuch Correction as belong'd to him, for ſlighting the Warnings he had of his Diſaſter. *Brutus* and *Caſſius* too were turn'd over to the *Politick Fools*: And the *Senators* were diſpatch'd away to *Minos* and *Rhadamanthus*, and to ſit as *Aſſiſtants* in the *Devils Bench*.

After

After this I heard a murmuring Noiſe as of People Talking at a diſtance, and by degrees I made it out that they were Wrangling and Diſputing ſtill lowder and lowder, till at length it was but a Word and a Blow; and the nearer I came, the greater was the Clamour. This made me mend my Pace; but before I could reach them, they were all together by the Ears in a Bloody Fray: They were Perſons of great Quality all of them; as Emperors, Magiſtrates, Generals of Armies. *Lucifer*, to take up the Quarrel, commanded them Peace and Silence, and they all obey'd; but it vex'd them to the Hearts to be ſo taken off in the full Career of their Fury and Revenge. The firſt that open'd his Mouth was a Fellow ſo Martyr'd with Wounds and Scars, that I took him at firſt for an indigent Officer; but it prov'd to be *Clitus* (as he ſaid himſelf.) And one at his Elbow told him, he was a ſaucy Companion for preſuming to ſpeak before his time; and ſo deſir'd Audience of *Lucifer*, for *the high and mighty* Alexander, *the Son of* Jupiter, *and the Emperor and Terror of the World:* He was going on with his *Qualities & Titles*; but an Officer gave the word, *Silence*, and bad *Clitus* begin; which he took kindly, & told his Story

'If it may pleaſe Your Majeſty (*ſays he*) I was the 'firſt Favourite of this Emperor; who was then Lord 'of the known World, barr the Title of *the King of* 'Kings, and boaſted himſelf for the Son of *Jupiter* 'Hammon; and yet after all this Glory and Con'queſt, he was himſelf a Slave to his Paſſions: He 'was Raſh, and Cruel, and conſequently incapable ei'ther of Counſel, or Friendſhip. While I liv'd, I was 'near him, and ſerv'd him faithfully; but it ſeems he 'did not entertain me ſo much for my Fidelity, as to 'augment the Number of his Flatterers: But I found 'my ſelf too honeſt for a baſe Office; and ſtill as he 'ran into any foul Exceſſes, I took a Freedom with 'all poſſible Modeſty, to ſhew him his Miſtakes. 'One Day, as he was talking ſlightly of his Father

'*Philip*;

'*Philip*, (that brave Prince, from whom he receiv'd
'as well his Honour, as his Being) I told him frankly
'what I thought of that *Ingratitude* and *Vanity*;
'and desired him to treat his Dead Father with more
'Reverence, as a Prince worthy of eternal Honour
'and Respect. This Commendation of *Philip*, so en-
'flam'd him, that presently he took a Partisan and
'struck me Dead in the Place with his own hand.
'After this, pray'e, where was his Divinity, when he
'gave *Abdolominus* (a poor Garden-Weeder) the
'Kingdom of *Sidonia*? Which was not, as the World
'would have it, out of any Consideration of his Ver-
'tue, but to Mortify and take down the Pride and
'Insolence of the *Persians*. Meeting him here just
'now in *Hell*, I ask'd him what was become of his
'Father *Jupiter*, that he lay so long by't; and whe-
'ther he were not yet convinc'd that all Flatterers
'were a Company of Rascals, who with their *In-*
'*cense* and *Altars*, would perswade him, that he was
'of *Divine Extraction*, and *Heir Apparent to the*
'*Throne and Thunder of Jupiter*. This now was
'the Ground of our Quarrel. But Invectives apart;
'who but a *Tyrant* would have put a *Loyal Subject*
'to Death only for his Affection, and Regards to
'the Memory of his Dead Father? How Barbar-
'ously did he treat his Favourites, *Parmenio*, *Philo-*
'*tas*, *Calisthenes*, *Amintas*, &c. So that good or
'bad is all a case: for 'tis a Crime enough to be the
'Favourite of a *Tyrant*: As in the Course of Hu-
'man Life, every Man Dies because he is Mortal;
'and the Disease is rather the Pretext of his Death,
'than the Cause of it. You'll find now (says *Satan*)
that *Tyrants* will shew their *People* many a *Dog-trick*
when the Humour takes them. The *Good* they *hate*
for not being *wicked*; and the *Bad*, because they are
not *worse*. How many *Favourites* have you ever seen
come to a fair and timely End? Remember the Em-
blem of the *Sponge*, and that's the use that *Princes*
make of their *Favourites*: *They let them suck and*

fill

fill, and then ſqueeze them for their own Profit.

At that word there was heard a lamentable Cry; and at the ſame time a Venerable Old Man, as pale as if he had no Blood in his Veins, came up to *Lucifer*, and told him, That his Emblem of the *Sponge* came very pat to his Caſe; *For* (ſays he) *I was a great Favourite, and a great Hoarder of Treaſure: A* Spaniard *by Birth*; *the Tutor and Confident of* Nero; *and my Name is* Seneca. *Indeed his Bounties were to exceſs*; *he Gave me without aſking, and in Taking I was never Covetous, but Obedient. It is in the Nature of Princes, and it beſits their Quality, to be Liberal, where they take a liking, both of Honour and Fortunes: And 'tis hard for a Subject to refuſe without ſome Reflection upon the Generoſity or Diſcretion of his Maſter. For 'tis not the* Merit, or Modeſty *of the* Vaſſal, *but the* Glory *of the* Prince *that is in Queſtion: And he is the* beſt Subject, *that contributes the moſt to the Splendor and Reputation of his* Sovereign. Nero *indeed gave me as much as ſuch a Prince could beſtow*; *and I manag'd his Liberality with all the Moderation imaginable: Yet all too little, to preſerve me from the Strokes of Envious and Malicious Tongues*; *which would have it, that my* Philoſophizing *upon the* Contempt of the World *was nothing elſe but a meer* Impoſture, *that with leſs Danger and Notice, I might feed & entertain my* Avarice, *and with the fewer* Competitors. *Finding my Credit with my Maſter declining it ſtood me upon to provide ſome way or other for my Quiet, and to withdraw my ſelf from being the* Mark *of a* Publick Envy. *So I went directly to* Nero, *and, with all poſſible Reſpect and Humility, made him a Preſent back again of his own Bounties. The Truth is, I had ſo great a* Paſſion *for his* Service, *that neither the Severity of his* Nature, *nor the Debauchery of his* Manners, *could ever deter me from exhorting him to Nobler Courſes, and paying him all the Duties of a* Loyal Subject. *Eſpecially*

in

in caſes of Cruelty *and* Blood: *I laid it perpetually home to his Conſcience, but all to little purpoſe; for he put his Mother to Death; laid the City of* Rome *in Aſhes; and indeed, Depopulated the Empire of honeſt Men. And this drew on* Piſo's Conſpiracy, *which was better* laid *than* excuted: *For upon the Diſcovery, the prime Inſtruments loſt their Lives; and, by Divine Providence, this Prince was preſerv'd, in order (as one would have thought) to his Repentance and Change of Life. But upon the Iſſue, the* Conſpiracy *was prevented, and* Nero *never the better. At the ſame time, he put* Lucan *to* Death, *only for being a better* Poet *than himſelf. And if he gave me my Choice what Death to die, it was rather* Cruelty *than* Pity: *For, in the very Deliberation which Death to chuſe, I ſuffer'd all even in the Terror and Apprehenſion that made me refuſe the reſt. The Election I made was to Bleed to Death in a* Bath, *and I finiſh'd my own Diſpatches hitherto; where to my farther Affliction, I have again encounter'd this Infamous Prince, ſtudying new* Cruelties, *and inſtructing the very* Devils *themſelves in the Art of* Tormenting.

At that Word *Nero* advanc'd, with his ill-favour'd Face, and ſhrill Voice. 'It is very well (*ſays he*) 'for a Prince's *Favourite*, or *Tutor*, to be Wiſer 'than his *Maſter*; but let him manage that Advan- 'tage then with Reſpect, and not like a raſh and in- 'ſolent Fool, make Proclamation preſently to the 'World, that he's the Wiſer of the Two. While 'Seneca kept himſelf within thoſe Bounds, I lodg'd 'him in my Boſom, and the Love I had for that Ma- 'was the Glory of my Government; but when h 'came to Publiſh once (what he ſhould have Dif- 'ſembled or Conceal'd) that it was not *Nero*, bu 'Seneca, that Rul'd the Empire, nothing leſs than h 'Blood could make Satisfaction for ſo intolerabl 'a Scandal; and from that Hour I reſolv'd his Ru 'And I had rather ſuffer what I do a hundred time

'ope

over, than entertain a Favourite that ſhould raiſe His Credit upon my Diſhonour. Whether I have reaſon on my ſide or no, I appeal to all this Princely Aſſembly: Draw near, I beſeech ye, as many as are here, and ſpeak freely, my Royal Brethren; Did you ever ſuffer any Favourite to 'ſcape Unpuniſh'd, that had the Impudence to write, *I and my King*; to make a *Stale* of *Majeſty*, and to publiſh himſelf a better *Stateſman* than his Maſter? No, no, (they cry'd out all with one Voice) it never was and never ſhall be endured, while the World laſts: For we have left our Succeſſors under an Oath, to have a care on't. 'Tis true, *a wiſe Counſellor at a Prince's Elbow, is a Treaſure, and ought to be ſo eſteemed*, while he makes it his Buſineſs to cry up the Abilities and Juſtice of his Sovereign: But in the inſtant that his Vanity tranſports him to the contrary, *away with him to the Dogs*, and *down with him*, for there's no enduring of it.

'All this (*cry'd* Sejanus) does not yet concern me; for though I had indeed more Brains than *Tiberius*, yet I ſo order'd it, that he had the Credit in publick, of all my private Advices. And ſo ſenſible he was of my Services, that he made me his Partner, and Companion in the Empire: He caus'd my Statues to be Erected, and Inveſted them with ſacred Priviledges. *Let* Sejanus *Live*, was the daily Cry of the People; and, in Truth, my Well-being was the Joy of the Empire; and far and near there were publick Prayers & Vows offer'd up for my Health. But what was the end of all? When I thought my ſelf ſureſt in my Maſters Arms and Favour, he let me fall; nay, he threw me down, caus'd me to be cut in pieces; delivering me to the Fury of a Barbarous and Enraged Multitude; that drag'd me along the Streets, and happy was he that could get a piece of my Fleſh to carry upon a Javlein's point in Triumph. And it had been well this inhuman Cruelty had ſtop'd here; but it extended to my

poor

'poor Children; who though unconcern'd in my 'Crime, were yet to partake in my Fate. A Daugh-'ter I had, whom the very Law exempted from 'the ſtroke of *Juſtice*, becauſe of her Virginity; but 'to clear that Scruple, ſhe was Condemn'd firſt to 'be Raviſh'd by the *Hangman*, and then to be Be-'headed, and treated as her Father. My firſt Failing 'was upon Temerity and Pride: I would out-run 'my Deſtiny, defy Fortune; and for Divine Provi-'dence, I look'd upon it as a ridiculous Thing. When 'I was once out of the Way, I thought doing worſe 'was ſomewhat in order to being better; and then I 'began to fortify my ſelf by Violence, againſt *Craft* 'and *Malice*. Some were put to Death, others Ba-'niſh'd; till in fine, all the Powers of Heaven and 'Earth, declar'd themſelves againſt me. I had re-'courſe to all ſorts of ill People and Means. I had 'my *Phyſician* for *Poyſoning*; my *Aſſaſſins* for *Re-'venge*; I had my falſe Witneſſes & corrupt Judges; 'and in Truth, what Inſtrument of Wickedneſs had 'I not? And all this not upon Choice or Inclination, 'but purely out of the Neceſſity of my Condition. 'When ever I ſhould come to fall, I was ſure to be 'ſhun'd the better ſort, as thoſe that would only 'ſeve to accuſe me; but the *Lewd* and *Vicious* I fre-'quented, to encreaſe the Number of my Complices, 'and make my Party the ſtronger. But after all, if 'Tiberius was a *Tyrant*, I'll ſwear he was never ſo 'by my Advice: But on the contrary; I have ſuffer'd 'more from him for *plain Dealing* and diſſwading 'him, than the very Subjects of his Severity have 'commonly ſuffer'd by him. I know, 'tis charg'd 'upon me, that I ſtir'd him up to Cruelty, to ren-'der him odious, and to ingratiate my ſelf to the 'People. But who was his Adviſer, I pray'e, in this 'Butcherly Proceeding againſt me? Oh *Lucifer*, '*Lucifer*! you know very well, that 'tis the Practice 'of *Tyrants*, when they do amiſs themſelves, and 'ſet their People a Grumbling, to lay all the Blame

(and

(and Puniſhment too) upon the Inſtrument; and hang up the Miniſter for the Maſter's Fault. This is the End of all Favourites, *cries one*; Not a Half-penny matter if they were all ſerv'd ſo, *ſays another*. And every Hiſtorian has his ſaying upon this *Cataſtrophe*, and ſets up a *Buoy* to warn After-ages of the Rock of *Court-favours*. The Greatneſs of a Favourite, *I muſt confeſs*, proclaims the Greatneſs of his Maker; and the Prince that maintains what he has once rais'd, does but juſtify the Prudence of his own Choice: And when ever he comes to undo what he has done, publiſhes himſelf to be light & unconſtant, and does as good as declare himſelf (*even againſt himſelf*) of the Enemy's Party.

Up ſtept *Plautian* then, (*Severus*'s *Favourite*) he that was toſs'd out of a Garret-Window, to make the People ſport. *My Condition in the World* (ſays he) *was perfectly like that of a* Rocket, *or* Fire-work: *I was carry'd up to a prodigious Height in a Moment, and all Peoples Eyes were upon me, as a* Star of the firſt Magnitude; *but my Glory was very ſhort-liv'd; and down I fell into Obſcurity & Aſhes.* After him appear'd a Number of other Favourites; and all of them hearkening to *Beliſarius, the Favourite of Juſtinian:* who, Blind, as he was, had already knockt twice with his Staff, and ſhaking his Head, with a weak and complaining Voice, deſir'd *Audience*, which was at length granted him; *Silence* commanded; and he ſaid, as follows.

'Prince (ſaid he) before they deſtroy the Creatures they have rais'd and choſen, ſhould do well to conſider, that Cruelty and Inconſtancy is much a greater Infamy to a Prince, than the worſt Effects of it can be to a *Favourite*. For my own part, I ſerv'd an Emperor, that was both a Chriſtian, and a great Lover and promoter of *Juſtice*. And yet after all the Services I had done him in ſeveral Battles and Adventures, (inſomuch that He was actually become my Debtor, for the very Glory of

'hi-

'his Empire) my Reward in the End, was to have
'my Eyes put out, and (with a Dog and a Bell) to
'be turn'd a Begging from Door to Door. Thus
'was that *Beliſarius* treated, whoſe very Name for-
'merly was worth an *Army*; and he was the Soul of
'his Friends, as well as the Terror of his Enemies.
'But a *Prince's Favour is like Quick-ſilver, Reſt-*
'*leſs and Slippery, never to be fix'd; never ſecured.*
'*Force it, and it ſpends it ſelf in Fumes: Sublime*
'*it, and 'tis a Mortal Poiſon. Handle it only, and*
'*it works it ſelf into the very Bones; and all that*
'*have to do with it, Live and Dye, Pale and*
'*Trembling.*

At theſe Words the whole Band of Favourites ſet up a hideous and a heavy Groan, trembling like Aſpen Leaves; and at the ſame time, reciting ſeveral Paſſages out of the Prophet *Habakkuk*, againſt Careleſs and Wicked Governors. By which Threatnings it is given to underſtand, *That the Almighty, when he has a Mind to deſtroy a wicked Ruler, does not always Puniſh one Potentate by another, and bring his Ends about by a Tryal of Arms, or the Event of a Battle; but many times makes uſe of Things the moſt Abject and Vile, to Confound the Vanity and Arrogance of the Mighty; and makes even Worms, Flies, Caterpillars, and Lice, to ſerve him as the Miniſters of his terrible Juſtice.* Nay, *The Stone in the Wall, and the Beam in the Houſe, ſhall riſe in Judgment againſt them.*

This Diſcourſe might have gone farther, but that the Company preſently parted, to know the meaning of a ſudden Noiſe and Clatter they heard, that half deafned the Auditory. And what was it at laſt, but a Scuffle between the *Gown-men*, & the *Brothers of the Blade?* and there were Perſons of great Honour, and Learning, Young and Old, engag'd in the Fray. The *Men of War* were at it claſhing with their Swords, and the *Gentlemen of the Long Robe*, Fencing ſome with *Toſtatus*; others with huge *Pandects*,

that

at with their old *Wainſcot-Covers*, were as good *Bucklers*; and wou'd now and then give the Foe heavy Rebuke, over and above. The Combat had ertainly been very bloody, if one of *Lucifer*'s *Conables* had not commanded them in the King's Name o keep the Peace; which made a drawn Battle: And ith that, one of the Combatants, with the beſt Face e had, ſaid aloud; If ye knew (Gentlemen) either Js or our Quarrel, you'd ſad we had Reaſon, and peraps ſide with us. At that Inſtant their appear'd, *Domitian*, *Commodus*, *Caracalla*, *Phalaris*, *Heliogabalus*, *Alcetes*, *Andronicus*, *Buſiris*, and Old *Oliver*, with a World of great Perſonages more; which hen *Lucifer* ſaw, he diſpos'd himſelf to treat that Majeſtical Appearance, as much to their Satisfaction s was poſſible. And then came up a grave Ancient Man, with a great Train at his Heels, that were all loody, and full of the Marks they had received under the Perſecution of theſe Tyrants.

'You have here before ye (quoth the Old Man) *Solon*; and theſe are the *Seven Sages*, Natives of *Greece*, but renown'd throughout the Univerſe. He there in the Mortar, is that *Anaxarchus* that was Pounded to Death by Command of *Nicocreon*; He with the Flat Noſe is *Socrates*; the little Crump-Shoulder'd Wretch, was the Famous *Ariſtotle*; and t'other there the Divine *Plato*. Thoſe in the Corner are all of the ſame Profeſſion too; Grave and Learned Philoſophers; that have diſpleas'd Tyrants with their Writings; and in fine, the World is ſtor'd with their Works, and Hell with the Authors. To come to the Point, moſt mighty *Lucifer* we are all of us Dealers in Politicks; great Writers and Deep-Read-Men in the Maxims of State and Government. We have digeſted Policy into a Method, and laid down certain Rules, by which Princes may make themſelves Great and Belov'd. We have adviſ'd them, impartially to adminiſter Juſtice; to reward Virtue, as well Military

'as

'as Civil; to Employ Able Men, Baniſh Flatterers
'to put Men of Wiſdom and Integrity in Places
'Truſt. To reward or puniſh, without Paſſion, a
'according to the Merits of the Cauſe, as Go
'Vicegerents. And this now is our Offence. W
'Name no Body, we deſign no Body; but
'Crime enough to wiſh well to the Way, and to th
'Lovers of Virtue. With that, turning towards th
'Tyrants: Oh moſt unjuſt Princes, (ſaid he) tho
'Glorious Kings and Emperors, from whom w
'took the Model of our Laws and Inſtructions, ar
'now in a ſtate of Reſt and Comfort, while you ar
'tormented. *Numa* is now a Star in the Firmamen
'& *Tarquin* a *Firebrand* in *Hell*. And the Memor
'of *Auguſtus* and *Trojan* is ſtill freſh and fragra
'when the Name of *Nero* and *Sardanapalus* ar
'more Putrid and Odious than their Bodies.

When *Dionyſius* the Tyrant heard this, (with hi
Companions about him) Fleſh and Blood could hol
no longer; and he cry'd out in a Rage, '*That Rogue*
'*Philoſopher has told a Thouſand Lyes, Legiſlator*
'*with a Pox!* Yes, yes, they are ſweet Legiſlators
'and Princes have many a fair Obligation to them
'No, no Sirrah, (ſays he to *Solon*) you are all of yo
'a Company of *Quacks*; Ye prate and ſpeculate o
'things ye don't underſtand; and with your damn'
'Moralities, ſet the People agog upon Liberty; cry
'up the Doctrine of *Free-born Subjects*, and then
'our Portion is Perſecution in one World, and In-
'famy in t'other.

'We ſhall have a fine Time on't, my moſt Graci-
'ous Prince, (cry'd *Julian the Apoſtate*, ſtaring *Lu-*
'*cifer* in the Face) when theſe Dunghil-Pedants, a
'Company of Cock-brain'd, Ridiculous, Mortifi'd,
'Ill bred, Beggerly Tatterdemallions, ſhall come to
'erect a Committee for Politicks, and paſs Sentence
'upon Governors, and Governments; ſtiling them-
'ſelves forſooth, the Supporters of both; without
'any more Skill than my Horſe in what belongs to

'either

ither. Tell me (says he) if a Brave Prince had not better be Damn'd, than Subject himself to hear one of these Turdy-Facy-Paty-Nasty-Lousy-Fartical-Rascals, with a Scabb'd Head, and a Plantation of Lice in his Beard; and his Eyes crept into the Nape of his Neck, pronouncing for an Amphorism; That *a Prince that looks only to One, is a Tyrant*; and that *a True King is the Shepherd, and Servant of his People.* Ah, rash and besotted Coxcombs! *If a King looks only to Others, who shall look to him?* As if Princes had not Enemies enough abroad without being so to themselves too. But you may Write your Hearts out, & never the nearer. Where's our Sovereignty, if we have not our Subjects Lives, and Estates at our Mercy? And where's our absolute Power, if we submit to the Counsels of our Vassals? If we have not to satisfie our Appetites, Avarice and Revenge, we want Power to discharge the Noblest Ends of Government. These Contemplative *Idiots* would have us make Choice of Good Officers, to keep the Bad in Order; which were a Madness, in our Condition. Let them be Complaisant, and no Matter for any other Merit, or Virtue. *A Parcel of Good Offices, handsomely dispos'd among a Pack of Cheats and Atheists, will make us a Party another Day*; whereas all is lost, that's bestow'd upon honest Men; for they're our Enemies: Speak Truth, then all of ye, and shame the Devil; for *the Butcher fats his Sheep only for the Shambles.*

I have said enough, I suppose, to stop your Mouth; but here's an Orator will read you another-gates Lecture of *Politicks*, than any you have had yet, if you'll give him the Hearing. *Photinus*, advance, (said *Julian*) and speak your Mind. Whereupon, there appear'd a Brazen-fac'd Fellow, with a Hanging-Look, and twenty other Marks of a Desperate Villain; who with a Hellish Yell, and three or four dry Mouths for a *Prologue*, brake into this Discourse.

The

The Wicked Advice of one of Ptolomy's *Courtiers, about the Killing of* Pompey; *taken out of* Lucan's Pharsalia, *Lib.* 8.

METhinks under Favour, (most Renown'd *Ptolomy*) we are now slipt into a Debate, a little beside the Business. The Question is, *Whether* Pompey *should be deliver'd up to* Cæsar, *or no.* That is to say, whether in Reason of State it ought to be done; and we are formalizing the Matter, whether in Point of Equity and Justice it may be done. *Bodies Politick have no Souls; and never did any great Prince turn a Council of State into a Court of Conscience, but he repented it. Kingdoms* are to be govern'd by *Politicians*, not by *Casuists*; and there is nothing more contrary to the true Interest of Crowns and Empires, than in Publick Cases, to make Scruple of Private Duties. The Argument is this: *Pompey* is in Distress, and *Ptolomy* under an Obligation; so that it were a Violation of Faith and Hospitality, not to relieve him. Now give me leave to reason in the other Way. *Pompey* is forsaken, and persecuted by the Gods; *Cæsar* upon the Heels of him, with Victory and Success. Shall *Ptolomy* now ruin himself, to protect a Fugitive, against both *Heaven* and *Cæsar*! I must confess, where Honesty and Profit are both of a Side, 'tis well; but where they disagree, the Prince that does not quit his Religion for his Convenience, falls into a direct Conspiracy against himself. He shall lose the Hearts of his Soldiery, and the Reputation of his Power. Whereas on the contrary, the most hateful Tyrant in the World shall be able to keep his Head above Water; let him but give a general License to commit all Sorts of Wickedness: You'll say 'tis impious: But I say, who if it be? who shall call you to Accompt? These Deliberations are only for Subjects, that are under Command; and not for Sovereign Princes, whose Will is a Law.

— *Ev*

—— *Exeat Aula,*
Qui volet esse pius.——

He was never cut out
For a Court, that's devout.

In fine, since either *Pompey* or *Ptolomy* must suf-
r, I am absolutely for the saving of *Ptolomy*, and
e presenting of *Pompey*'s *Head* without any more
o to *Cæsar*. *A Dead Dog will never Bite.*

Photinus had no sooner made an End, but *Domiti-*
n appear'd in a monstrous Rage, and lugging of
or *Suetonius* after him, like a Bare to the Stake.
here is not in Nature (says he) so damn'd a Gene-
tion of Scribling Rogues, as these *Historians*. We
n neither be quiet for them Living nor Dead;
r they haunt us in our very Graves; and when
ey have vented the Humour, and Caprice of their
wn Brains, that forsooth must be called, *the Life*
such an Emperor. And for an Instance, I'll shew
what this Impertinent Chronicler says of my self.
e had squander'd away his Treasure, says he, *in*
pensive Buildings, Comedies, and Donatives to
e Soldiers.

Now would I fain know which Way it could
ve been better employ'd.

In another Place he says *That* Domitian *had*
me Thoughts of easing himself in his Military
harges, by reducing the Number; but that he durst
t do, for Fear some of his Neighbours should put
n Affront upon him. So that to lick himself whole,
e fell to raking and scraping whatever he could
t, either from Dead or Living, and any Rascal's
estimony was Proof enough for a Confiscation;
r there needed no more to undo an Honest Man,
an to tell a Tale at Court, that such a one had
oken Ill of the Prince,

Is this the way of Treating *Majesty*? What
uld this *Impudent Pedant* have said worse, if he
d been speaking of a *Pick pocket*, or a *Pyrate*?
ut *Princes* and *Thieves* are all one to them. He

He says farther, *That* Domitian *made Seizure* o *several Estates, without any sort of Right whatso ever; and there went no more to this Title, than fo a false Witness to depose, That he heard the De funct declare, before he dy'd, that he made* Cæsa *his Heir. He set such a Tax upon the* Jews, *tha many of them deny'd their Religion to avoid i And I remember that when I was a young fellow, saw an old Man of Fourscore and Ten, taken upo suspicion by one of* Domitian's *Spies, and turn'd u in a publick Assembly, to see if he was Circumcise*

Be ye now Judges, *Gentlemen of the Black-Guar* if this be not a most intolerable *Indignity:* Am to answer for the Actions of my Inferior Officers It amazes me, that my Successors should ever e dure these scandalous Reports to be published, esp cially against a *Prince* that had laid out so muc Money in Reparing the Libraries that were burn

It is very true, (said *Suetonius* in a doleful ton and I have not forgotten to make mention of it your Honour. But what will you say, if I shew yo in a Warrant under your Hand, this *execrable* an *impious Blasphemy? It is the Command of your Lor and God.* And in fine, if I speak nothing but Truth where's your cause of Complaint? I have Writte the Lives too of the Great *Julius Cæsar*, and t Divine *Augustus*; and the World will not say but have done them right. But for your self, and such you, that are effectually but so many *Incarnate* a *Crowned Plagues*; what fault have I committed setting before your Eyes those *Tyrannies*, whi Heaven and Earth cannot but look upon with *Dre* and *Horror*.

This Discourse of *Suetonius* was interrupted the *Barber*, or *Boutefeu*, that rounded *Lucifer* in t Ear, and told him, Look ye, Sir, (*says he, pointi with his Finger*) that limping Devil there, that loo as if he were surbated with beating of the Hoof, been abroad in the World this Twenty Year, and

juſt now come back again. Come hither Sirrah, es *Lucifer*; and ſo the poor Cur went wrigling glotting up towards his Prince. You are a fine gue to be ſent of an Errand, are ye not? (ſays *Lu-*r) to ſtay Twenty Year out, and come back again as wiſe as ye went? What Souls have ye brought ? Or what News from t'other World? *Ha!* r Highneſs (quoth the Devil) has too much Hon- and Juſtice, to condemn me unheard. Wherefore leaſed to remember, that at my going out, you e me charge of a certain Merchant: *It coſt me the Ten Years of my time to make him a Thief, Ten more to keep him from turning honeſt a-, & reſtoring what he had ſtol'n.* A fine Fetch for evil this, is it not? cry'd *Lucifer*. But *Hell is no e the Hell it was when I knew it firſt, than lk is Cheeſe: And the Devils now-a-days are lamn'dly inſipid and dry, they're hardly worth roaſting.* A ſenſleſs Puppy! to come back to me *a Story of* Waltham's *Calf, that went nine e to ſuck a Bull.* But he's not Maſter of his de yet. And with that, *Lucifer* bad one of his cers take him away, and put him to School again; I perceive he's a Raſcal, ſays he; and *he has e'en roguing at a* Play-Houſe, *when he ſhould have at* Church.

n that inſtant, from behind a little Hill, a great y *Men* came running as hard as they cou'd drive, r a Company of *Women:* The *Men* crying out, , *Stop*; and the *Women* crying for *Help. Lucifer* manded them all to be ſeiz'd and ask'd what was matter. Alas, alas! (cry'd one of the *Men* quite of Breath) *theſe Carrions, have made us Fathers, gh we never had Children.* Govern your Tongue, ah, (cry'd a *Devil of Honour*, out of reſpect to Ladies) and ſpeak Truth: For 'tis utterly im- ble ye ſhould be *Fathers* without *Children.* Par- me, ſaid the Fellow, we were *marry Men*, and *ſt Men*, and *good Houſe-keepers*, and have born

Offices in the *Pariſh*, and have *Children* that calls
Fathers. But 'tis a ſtrange thing, we have been
broad ſome of us by the *Seven Years together*;
thers as long *Bed-rid*, and ſo impotent, that the
vilians would have put us, *inter Frigidos & Ma*
ficiatos: And yet our Wives have brought eve
Year a *Child*, which we were ſuch Fools, as to ke
and bring up, and give our ſelves to the Devil at
to get them Eſtates, out of a Charitable Perſuaſi
(forſooth) they might yet be our own; though fo
Twelve-month together (perhaps) we never ſo m
as examin'd, whether our *Wives* were *Fiſh* or *Fl*
But now ſince the *Mothers* are *dead*, and the *Child*
grown up, we have found the Tools that made th
One has the *Coach-man's Noſe*; another the *Gen*
man-Uſher's Legs; a third a *Couſin-German's E*
And ſome we are to preſume, conceiv'd purely
ſtrength of *Imagination*; or elſe by the *Ears*,
Weazels.

Thereupon appear'd *a little Remnant of a M*
a dapper *Spaniard*, with a kind of a *Beeſom-Bea*
and a *Voice* not unlike the *yapping* of a *foyſting C*
As he came near the Company, he ſet up his Thr
and call'd out: Ah, Jade! ſays he, I ſhall now t
you to task, ye Whore you, for making me *Fat*
my *Negro's Baſtard*; and for the *Eſtate* I ſettled
on him. I did ever miſdoubt foul Play, but ſho
never have dreamt of *that Ugly Toad*, when th
was ſuch choice of *handſome luſty young Fellow*
bout us; but it may be ſhe had them too. I c
the *Monks* many and many a time, I remember
the Pit of Hell, Heaven forgive me for't: For
Strumpet would be perpetually gadding abroad un
colour of going to Confeſſion; and in ſooth, I
never any great Friend to *Penance* and *Mortificat*
And then would I be eaſing my Mind ever and a
to this *curſed Moor*. I cannot imagine (ſaid I) wh
this Miſtreſs of thine ſhould commit all the Sins
ſhe goes every Hour of the Day to *Confeſs* at

er *Monastry*. And then would this *Dog-Moor*, an-
wer me; Alas, good Lady! I would e'en venture
y Soul with hers, with all my Heart; she spends
l her time, you see, in Holy Duties. I was at that
me so innocent, that I suspected nothing more, than
pure Respect and Civility to my *Wife*; but I have
arnt better since; and that effectually his Soul and
ers were commonly ventur'd in the same Bottom;
es, and their Bodies too, as I perceive by their *Mag-*
y-Issue, for the *Bastards* take after both *Father*
nd *Mother*.

So that at this rate, cry'd the *adopted Fathers* the
husband of a *Whore* has a pleasant time on't. First,
e's subjected to all the *Pukings*, *Longings*, and *pee-*
sh Importunities, that a *breeding Woman* gives
ose about her, till she's *Laid*, and then comes
e *squally* of the *Child*, and the *Twittle-twattle-*
ossips of the *Nurse* and *Midwife*; they must be
ell treated too, well lodg'd, and well paid. *A sweet*
aby (says one to the Jade the Mother on't) *'tis e'en*
like the Father, as if he had spit it out of his
outh, it has the very Lips, the very Eyes of him;
hen 'tis no more like him than *an Apple is like an*
yster. And in conclusion when we have born all
s, and twenty times more in t'other World with
Christian Patience, we are hurry'd away to Hell,
d here we lie a *Company of damn'd Cuckolds* of
; and here we are like to lie, for ought I see *in-*
ecula Seculorum; which is very hard, and in
ith out of all reason.

I cut this Visit short, to see what News in a *deep*
ault near at hand, where we heard a great *hustle*
d *contest* betwixt divers *Souls* and the *Devils*. There
ere the *Presumptuous*, the *Revengeful*, and the *En-*
ous; gaping and crying out, as they would break
eir Hearts. *Oh, that I could but be born again!* says
e; *Oh, that I might go back into the World again!*
ys another; *Oh that I were to Die once more!*
ys a third. Insomuch that they put the Devils out of

all Patience, with their impertinent and unprofitab
Wiſhes and Exclamations. Hang your ſelves, cry
they, for *a Pack of couzening, bawling Raſcals: Y*
Live again! and be Born again! And what if y
might do't a thouſand times over? You would o
Dye at laſt a thouſand times greater Villains, th
now you are; and there would be no clearing He
of you with a Dog-whip. However to try you, a
make you know your ſelves; we have Commiſſi
to let you live again, and return. *Up then, ye Va*
lets, go, be Born again; Get ye into the World aga
Away, cry'd the Devils, with a luſty Laſh at eve
Word; and thruſt hard to have got them out. B
the poor Rogues hung an Arſe; and were ſtruc
with ſuch a Terror, to hear of Living again, a
Returning; that they ſlunk into a Corner, and l
as quiet upon't as Lambs.

At length, one of the Company that ſeem'd
have ſomewhat more Brain and Reſolution than
Fellows, enter'd very gravely upon the Debate, wh
'ther they ſhould go out or no? 'If I ſhould no
'ſays he, at my Second Birth, come into the Worl
'Baſtard, the Shame would be mine, tho' my Pare
'committed the Fault; and I ſhould carry the Sca
'dal and the Infamy of it to my Grave. Now p
'caſe, my Mother ſhould be honeſt, for that's n
'impoſſible, and that I came into the World, Le
'timate; how many Follies, Vices, and Diſeas
'are there that run in a Blood! Who knows but
'ſhould be Mad or Simple? Swear, Lye, Che
'Whore; nay, if I came off with a little Mortificati
'of my Carcaſs; as the *Stone*, the *Scurvy*, or t
'*Noble Pox*; I were a happy Man. But Oh! t
'Lodging, the Diet, and the Cookery that I am
'expect for a matter of Nine Months in my Mothe
'Belly; and then the Butter and Beer, that muſt
'ſpent to ſweeten me, when I change my Quart
'I muſt come crying into the World, and live in
'norance even of what Life is, 'till I Dye; and th

s ignorant of Death too, till 'tis paſt. I fancy my wadling-Clouts and Blankets to be worſe than my Winding-Sheet; my Cradle repreſents my Tomb. And then who knows whether my Nurſe ſhall be found, or no? She'll overlay me perhaps; leave me ome four and twenty Hours, it may be, without clean Clouts; and a Pin or two all the while perchance, up to the Hilts in my Back-ſide. And then ollows Breeding of Teeth and Worms; with all he Gripes and Diſorders that are caus'd by unwholſome Milk. Theſe Miſeries are certain; and why ſhould I run them over again?

'If it happen that I paſs the ſtate of Infancy without the *Pox* or *Meaſles*, I muſt be then pack'd away o School, to get the *Itch*, a *Scald-Head*, or a pair of *Kib'd-Heels*. In Winter, 'tis ten to one you find me with a Snotty-Noſe; and perpetually under the Laſh, if I either miſs my Leſſon, or go late to School. So that, *Hang Him for my part, that would be Born again*; for any Thing I ſee yet.

'When I come up toward *Man*, the *Women* will have me *as ſure as a Gun*; for they have a thouſand Ginns and Devices to catch Woodcocks; and if ever I come to ſet Eye upon a Laſs that underſtands *Dreſs* and *Railery*, *I'm gone, if there were no more Lads in Chriſtendom.* But for my part, I am *as ſick as a Dog, of Powdering, Curling*, and playing the *Lady-Bird*. I would not for all the World be in the *Shoemakers Stocks*, and choak my ſelf over again in a *ſtreight Doublet*; only to have the Ladies ſay, *Look, what a delicate Shape and Foot that Gentleman has.* And I would take a little pleaſure to ſpend ſix Hours of the four and twenty in picking Grey Hairs out of my Head or Beard, or turning White into Black. To ſtand half-raviſht in the Contemplation of my own Shadow: To Dreſs fine, and go to Church only to ſee handſome Ladies: To correct the Midnight-Air with Ardent Sighs and Ejaculations; and to keep Company

'with Owls and Batts, like a Bird of *Ill-Omen*: T
'walk the Round of a Miſtreſs Lodging, and pla
'at *Bo-peep* at the Corner of every Street to ador
'her Imperfections, (or as the Song ſays —— *f*
'*her Uglineſs, and for her Want of Coin*;) to mak
'Bracelets of her Locks, and truck a Pearl-Necklac
'for a Shoe-ſtring. At this rate, I ſay, Curſed agai
'and again be He, for my Part, that would Liv
'over again ſo Wretched a Life.

'Being come now to write *Full Man*, If I have a
'Eſtate, how many Cares, Suits and Wrangles goe
'along with it! If I have None, what Murmurin
'and Regret at my Misfortunes! By this Time, th
'Sins of my Youth are gotten into my Bones;
'grow Sowre & Melancholly; nothing pleaſes me
'I curſe *Old Age* to ten thouſand Devils; and th
'*Youth* which I can never recover in my *Veins*, I en
'deavour to fetch out of the *Barber's-Shop*; from
'*Peruques*, *Razors*, & *Patches*, to conceal, or at leaſ
'diſguiſe, all the Marks and Evidences of Nature i
'her Decay. Nay, when I ſhall have never an Ey
'to ſee with, nor a Tooth left in my Head; *Gout*
'*Legs*, *Windmils* in my Crown, my *Noſe runnin*
'*like a Tap*, and *Gravel in my Reins by the Buſhe*
'then muſt I make Oath, that all this is nothing bu
'meer Accident, gotten by Lying in the Field, o
'the like; and out-face the Truth, in the very Teet
'of ſo many undeniable Witneſſes. *There is no Plagu*
'*comparable to this Hypocriſy of the Members.* T
'have an *Old Fop* ſhake his Heels, when he's read
'to fall to pieces; and cry, *Theſe Legs would mak*
'*a ſhift yet to play with the beſt Legs in the Com*
'*pany*; and then, with a luſty Thump on's Breaſt
'fetch ye up a Hem, and cry, *Sound at Heart, Boy*
'and a thouſand other Fooleries of the like Nature
'But all this is nothing to the Miſery of an *Ol*
'*Fellow in Love*; eſpecially if he be put to *Gallan*
'it againſt a Company of Young *Gameſters*. Oh
'the inward Shame and Vexation, to ſee himſe

'ſcar

ſcarce ſo much as neglected. It happens ſometimes that a *Jolly Lady*, for want of better Entertainment, may content herſelf with one of theſe *Reverend Fornicators*, inſtead of a *Whetſtone*: But alack, alack! *The poor Man is weak, though willing*, and after a whole Night ſpent in cold and frivolous Pretences and Excuſes, away he goes with Torments of Rage and Confuſion about him, not to be expreſs'd; and *many a heavy Curſe is ſent after him, for keeping a poor Lady from her natural Reſt, to ſo little purpoſe.* How often muſt I be put to the Bluſh too, when every *Old Toaſt* ſhall be calling me *Old Acquaintance*; and telling me, *Oh Sir, 'tis many a fair Day, ſince you and I knew one another firſt: I think 'twas in the Four and Thirtieth of the Queen that we were School-Fellows. How the World's alter'd ſince!* &c. And then muſt my Head be turn'd into a *Memento Mori*; my Fleſh diſſolv'd into *Rheums*; my Skin *wither'd & wrinkled*; with a Staff in my Hand; knocking the Earth at every trembling Step, as if I call'd upon my Grave to receive me. Walking, like a moving *Phantaſm*; my Life little more than a Dream; my *Reins* and *Bladder* turn'd into a perfect Quarry; and the *Urinal* or *Piſs-Pot*, my whole Study. My next Heir watching every Minute, for the long-look'd for, and happy Hour of my Departure: And in the mean Time, I'm become the *Phyſicians Revenue*; and the *Surgeon's Practice*, with an *Apothecary's Shop* in my Guts; and every *Old Jade* calling me *Grandſire*. No, no; I'll no more living, again I thank ye: *One Hell*, rather than two *Mothers*.

'Let us now conſider the Comforts of Life; the Humours, and the Manners. He that would be Rich, muſt play the Thief, or the Cheat; *he that would Riſe in the World, muſt turn Paraſite, Informer, or Projector.* He that Marries, ventures fair for the Horn, either before or after. There is no Valour, without Swearing, Quarrelling, or Hector-

'ing; if ye are *Poor, no Body owns ye*; if *Rich, you'l*
'*know no Body*; if you die *Young, What pity it*
'*was* (they'll say) *that he should be cut off thus in*
'*the Prime*; if *Old, He was e'en past his Best, there's*
'*no great Miss of him.* If you are *Religious*, and
'frequent the *Church* and the *Sacrament*, you're a
'*Hypocrite*; and *without this*, you're an *Atheist*, or
'an *Heretick.* If you are gay and pleasant, you pass
'presently for a *Buffoon*; and if pensive and re-
'serv'd, you are taken to be sowre and censorious.
'*Curtesy* is called *Cologuing* & *Currying of Favour*;
'*Downright Honesty* and *Plain-dealing*, is interpre-
'ted to be Pride and Ill Manners. This is the World,
'and for all that's in't, I would not have it go over
'again. If any of ye, my Masters, (said he to his
'Camerade) be of another Opinion, hold up your
'Hands. No, no; (they cry'd all unanimously) No
'*more Generation Work, I beseech ye: Better the*
'*Devils, than the Midwives.*

After this came a *Testator*, Cursing and Raving
like a *Bedlam*, that he had made his *Last Will and*
Testament. 'Ah *Villain!* (said he) *for a Man to*
'*Murther himself, as I have done!* If I had not
'*Seal'd*, I had not *Dy'd.* Of all things, next a *Phy-*
'*sician*, deliver me from a *Testament!* It has kill'd
'more than the *Pestilence.* Oh! miserable Mortals,
'let the *Living* take warning by the *Dead* and make
'no *Testaments.* It was my hard Luck, first to put
'my Life into the *Physician*'s Power; and then by
'making my *Will*, to Sign the Sentence of *Death*
'upon my self; and *my own Execution. Put your*
'*Soul and your Estate in Order*, (says the Doctor)
'*for there's no hope of Life:* And the Word was
'no sooner out, but I was so Wise and Devout
'(forsooth) as to fall immediately upon the Prologue
'of my *Will*, with an *In Nomine Domini Amen*, &c.
'And when I came to dispose of my *Goods* & *Chat-*
'*tels*, I pronounc'd these bloody Words; *(I would*
'*I had been Tongue-ty'd when I did it)* I make and
'consti-

constitute my Son my sole Executor. *Item*, To my Dear Wife I give and bequeath all my *Plays* and *Romances*; and all the Furniture in the Rooms upon the Second Story. To my very good Friend *T. B.* my large Tankark, for a Remembrance. To my Foot-Boy *Robin* Five Pounds to bind him Prentice. To *Betty*, that tended me in my Sickness, my little Caudle-Cup. To Mr. *Doctor*, my fair *Table-Diamond*, for his Care of me in my Illness. After Signing and Sealing, the *Ink was scarce dry upon the Paper, but methought the Earth open'd, as if it had been hungry to devour me.* My Son and *Legatees* were presently casting it up, how many Hours I might yet hold out. If I call'd for the *Cordial Julep*, or a little of Dr. *Gilbert*'s-*Water*: My Son was taking Possession of my Estate: My Wife so busie about the Beds and Hangings that she could not attend it: The Boy and the Wench could understand nothing, but about their *Legacies*. My very good Friend's Mind was wholly upon his *Tankard*: My kind *Doctor*, I must confess, took occasion now and then to handle my Pulse, and *see whether the Diamond were of the right black-water, or no*; if I ask'd him what I might Eat, his answer was, *Any thing, any thing, e'en what you please your self.* At every Groan I fetch'd, they were calling for their *Legacies*, which they could not have till I was Dead.

But if I were to begin the World again, I think I should make another kind of *Testament*: I would say, *A Curse upon him that should have my Estate when I am Dead; and may the finest Bit of Bread he eats out on't, choak him. The Devil in Hell take what I cannot carry away; and him too that struggles for't, if he can catch him. If I dye, let my Boy be duly paid him during Life. Let my Wife dye of the Pip, or the Mother*; (not a half penny matter which) *but let her first live long enough to plague the* damn'd Doctor, *and indite him for*

Poysoning

'*Poysoning her poor Husband.* To speak sincerely; I can never forgive that *Dog-Leach.* Was it not enough to make me Sick, when I was Well, without making me Dead, when I was Sick? And not to rest there neither, but to persecute me in my Grave too. But to say the Truth, this is only Neighbours-Fare; for all those Fools that trust in them, are serv'd with the same Sawce. A *Vomit*, or a *Purge*, is as good a *Pass-Port* into *the other World*, as a Man would wish. And then when our Heads are laid; 'tis never to be endured, the *Scandals* they cast upon our *Bodies* and *Memories! Heaven rest his Soul* (cries one) *he kill'd himself with a Debauch. How is't possible* (says another) *to cure a Man that keeps no Diet? He was a Mad-man*, (cries a third) *a meer Sot, and would not be govern'd by his Physician. His Body was as Rotten as a Pear: He had as many Diseases as a Horse, and it was not in the power of Man to save him.* And *truly*, '*twas well that his Hour was come, for he had better a great deal Dye well, than live on as he did.* Thieves and Murtherers that ye are! *You your selves are that Hour ye talk of.* The *Physician* is only *Death* in a *Disguise*, and brings his Patient's *Hour* along with him. Cruel People! Is it not enough to take away a Man's Life, and like *Common Hangmen* to be paid for't when ye have done; but you must blast the Honour too of those ye have dispatch'd, to excuse your *Ignorance? Let but the Living follow my Counsel*, and write *their Testaments* after *this Copy*, they shall live long and happily, and not go out of the World at last, *like a Rat with a Straw in his Arse*, (as a learned Author has it) or be cut off in the Flower of their days by these *Counterfeit Doctors of the Faculty of the* Close-stool.

The Dead Man ply'd his Discourse with so much Gravity and Earnestness, that *Lucifer* began to believe what he said. But because *all Truths are not to be spoken*, especially among the *Devils*, where

hardly

hardly any are admitted: And for fear of Miſchief; if the Doctors ſhould come to hear what hath been ſaid, *Lucifer*, preſently order'd the Fellow to be Gagg'd, or put in Security for his good Behaviour.

His Mouth was no ſooner ſtop'd, but another was open'd; and one of the Damn'd came running croſs the Company, and ſo up and down, back and forward, (like a Cur that had loſt his Maſter) bawling as if he had been out of his Wits, and crying out: Oh! Where am I? Where am I? I am abus'd, I am 'chous'd: What's the meaning of all this? Here are 'damning *Devils*, *tempting Devils*, and *tormenting Devils*; but the Devil of a Devil can I find of 'the *Devils* that brought me hither: They have 'gotten away my *Devils*: Where are they? Give 'me my *Devils* again.

It might well make the Company ſtare to ſee a Fellow hunting for *Devils* in *Hell*, where they ſwarm in *Legions*. But as he was in his *Hurry*, a *Governante* caught him by the Arm, and gave him a *half-turn*, ſtop'd him. Old *Lucky-bird*, (ſays ſhe) if thou wanteſt *Devils* here, where do'ſt expect to find them? He knew her as ſoon as he ſaw her. 'And art 'Thou here, Old *Belzebub* in a Petticoat? (*ſaidhe*) 'the very Picture of *Satan*; the Coupler of Male and 'Female; the Buckler and Thong of Letchery; the 'Multiplier of Sin, and the Guide of Sinners; the 'Seaſoner of Rotten Mutton; the Interpreteſs be-'twixt Whores and Knaves; the Preface to the Re-'medy of *Love*, and the Prologue to the Critical-'Minute. *Speak, and without more ado, tell me*; 'Where the Devils and their Dams, that brought me 'hither? Theſe are none of them. *No, no*; I am not 'ſuch an Aweſe as to be *trapan'd* and *ſpirited away* 'by *Devils* with *Tails, Horns, Briſtles, Wings*; that 'ſmell as if they had been ſmoak'd in a *Chimney corner*. The *Devils* that I look for, are worſe than 'theſe Where are the *Mothers* that play the *Bawds* 'to their *own Daughters*? And the *Aunts* that do

'as much for their *Nieces*, and make them caper an
'ſparkle like Wild-fire? The *Black-Ey'd Girls*
'that carry Fire in their Eyes, and ſtrike as ſure a
'a *Lance* from the *Reſt* of a Cavalier? Where are
'the *Flatterers* that ſpeak nothing but *pleaſing*
'*things*? The *Make-bates* and *Incendiaries*, that
'are the very *Canker* of *Humane Society*? Where
'are the *Story-mongers* the *Maſters* of the Faculty
'of *Lying*; that *Report* more than they *Hear*, *Affirm* more than they *Know*, and *Swear* more than
'they *Believe*? Thoſe ſlanderous *Back-biters*, that
'like *Vultures*, prey upon *Carrion*? Where are the
'*Hypocrites*, that turn *Devotion* into *Intereſt*, and
'make a *Revenue* of a *Commandment*? That pre-
'tend *Extaſy* when they are *Drunk*, and utter the
'*Fumes* and *Dreams* of their *Luxury* and *Tipple* for
'*Revelations*? That make *Chapels* of their *Parlours*
'*Preachments* of their ordinary *Entertainment*; and
'every thing they do, is a Miracle: They can Divine
'all that's told them; and raiſe People to Life again,
'that counterfeit Sick, when they ſhould Work; and
'give an Honeſt Man to the Devil with a *Deo Gratias*.
'Theſe are the Devils I would be at; theſe are they
'that have damn'd me; Look them out, and find them
'for me, ye impudent Hag, or I ſhall be ſo bold as
'to ſearch your French-Hood for them. And with
that word, he fell on upon the poor *Governante*,
tore off her Head-Geer, and laid about him ſo furiouſly, that there would have been no getting him off,
if *Lucifer* had not made uſe of his *Abſolute Authority*, to quiet him.

Immediately upon the compoſing of this Fray, we
heard the ſhooting of *Bars* and *Bolts*, the opening of
Doors and *Hinges*, that creak'd for want of Greaſe;
and a ſtrange Humming of a great Number of *People*.
The firſt that appear'd, were a Company of *bold*,
talkative, and *painted Old Women*; but as *bonny* and
gameſom, tickling and toying with one another, as if
they had never ſeen *Thirteen*, and carrying it out
with

with an Air of much Satisfaction and Content. The *Babler* was ſomewhat ſcandaliz'd at their Behaviour, and told them how ill they did to be Merry in *Hell*: And ſeveral others admir'd it as much, and ask'd them the reaſon of it, conſidering their *Condition*. With that, one of the Gang, that was wretchedly *thin* and *pale*, and rais'd upon a pair of Heels that made her Legs longer than her Body, told *Lucifer*, with great Reſpect; that *at their firſt coming, they were as Sad as it was poſſible for a Company of damn'd Old Jades to be*: But (ſays he) we were a little comforted, when we heard of no other Puniſhments here than *Weeping and Gnaſhing of Teeth*: and in ſome hope to come off upon reaſonable Terms: For we have not amongſt us ſo much as a Drop of Moiſture in our *Bodies*, not a *Tooth* in our *Heads*. Search them preſently (cry'd the *Intermedler*) ſqueeze the *Balls* of their *Eyes*, and let their *Gums* be examined; you'll find *Snags*, *Stumps* or *Roots*; or enough of ſomewhat or other there, to ſpoil the Jeſt. Upon the *Scrutiny*, they were found ſo dry, that they were good for nothing in the World, but to ſerve for *Tinder* for *Matches*; and ſo they were diſpos'd of into the Devils *Tinder Boxes*.

While they were caſing up the *Old Women*, there came on a number of People of ſeveral Sorts and Qualities, that call'd out to the firſt they ſaw; *Pray'e Gentlemen*, (ſaid they) *before we go any farther will, ye direct us to the* Court of Rewards? How's that, (cry'd one of the Company) I was afraid we had been in *Hell*; but ſince you talk of *Rewards*, I hope 'tis but *Purgatory*: Good, good, (ſaid the whole Multitude) you'll quickly find where you are. *Purgatory*! (cry'd the *Intermedler*) you have left that up the Hill there, upon the right hand. This is *Hell*, and a Place of Puniſhment; here's no Regiſtry of Rewards. Then we are miſtaken, (ſaid he that ſpake firſt.) How ſo? (cry'd the *Intermedler*.) You ſhall hear, ſaid the other.) We are in the other World intitu-

led

led to the *Order of the Squires of the Pad*; and borrow'd now and then a ſmall Sum upon the *King's Highway*; we underſtood ſomewhat too of the *Croſs-bite*, and the uſe of the *Frail Dye*. Some of our conſcientious and charitable Friends would fain have drawn us off from the Courſe we were in; and to give them their due, beſtow'd a great deal of good Counſel upon us, to very little purpoſe; for we were in a pretty Way of Thriving, and had gotten a Habit, and could not leave it. We ask'd them, *What would you have us do?* Money *we have* none, *and* without it there's no living: *Should we ſtay till it were* brought, *or* came alone? *How would ye have a poor* Individuum Vagum *to live? That has neither* Eſtate, Office, Maſter, *nor* Friend *to maintain him; and is quite out of his Element, unleſs he be either in a* Tavern, *a* Bawdy-Houſe, *or a* Gaming-Ordinary. *Now, that's the Man, that* Providence *has appointed to* Live by his Wits. Our *Adviſers* ſaw there was no good to be done, went their way; telling us, that *In the other World we ſhould meet with our Reward.*

They would tell us ſometimes, how baſe a thing it was to defame the Houſe, and abuſe the Bed of a Friend. Our Anſwer was ready: 'Well! and had 'we not better do it there were the Houſe is open 'to us, the Maſter and Lady kind, the Occaſion fair 'and eaſy; than to run a *catterwawling* into a Family 'where every Servant in the Houſe is a Spy; and '(perhaps) a Fellow behind every Door in the Houſe, 'with a Dagger or Piſtol in his Hand to entertain 'us? Upon this our Grave *Counſellors* finding us ſo reſolute, e'en gave us over; and told us as before, that, *In the other World we ſhould meet with our Reward.* Now taking *This* to be the *Other World* theſe honeſt Men told us of, we are inquiring after the *Rewards* they promis'd us.

Abominable Scoundrels! ſaid an *Officer of Juſtice*, there at hand; how many of your reprobated Com-

panions

panions have ſquander'd away their Fortunes upon Whores and Dice, expoſing not only their Wives and Children but many a Noble Family, to a ſhameful and *irreparable Ruin.* And let any Man put in a Word of wholeſome Advice, their Anſwer is, *Tuſh, tuſh; our Wives and Children are in the Hands of Providence; and let him provide for the Rooks, that feeds the Ravens.* Then it was told ye, *You ſhall find your Reward in the other World*; and the time is now come, wherein ye ſhall receive it. *Up, up then, ye curſed Spirits, and away with them.* At which word, a Legion of Devils fell on upon the miſerable Caitiffs, with Whips and Firebrands, and gave them their long expected *Reward*; and at every Laſh, a Voice was heard to ſay, *In the other World you ſhall receive your Reward.* Theſe Wretches in the mean while, *Damning* and *Sinking themſelves to the Pit of Hell*, ſtill, as if they had been upon *Earth*; and vomiting their *Cuſtomary* and *Execrable Blaſphemies.*

Juſt as this Storm blew over, there drew near a Multitude of *Bayliffs*, *Serjeants*, *Catchpoles*, and other Officers of Prey, with the *Thieves* Devil, bound Hand and Foot, and a foul Accuſation againſt him. Whereupon *Lucifer*, with a fell Countenance, took his Seat in a flaming Chair, and call'd his Officers about him. So ſoon as the Prince had taken his Place, a certain Officer began his Report. Here is before thee (*quoth he*) a Devil, (moſt mighty *Lucifer*) that ſtands charg'd with Ignorance in his Trade, and the Shame of his Quality and Profeſſion; inſtead of *Damning* Men, he has made it his Buſineſs to *Save* them. The Word *Save* put the Court in ſuch a Rage, that they bit their Lips till the Blood ſtarted; and the Fire ſparkled at their Eyes: And *Lucifer* turning about to his *Attorney*, *Who would ever have imagin'd*, (ſaid he) *that ſo Treacherous a Raſcal could have been harbour'd in my Dominions?* It is moſt certain, my Gracious Lord, (*reply'd the*

the Attorney) that this Devil has been very diligent in drawing People into *Thefts* and *Pilferies*; and then when they come to be diſcover'd, they are clap'd up and hang'd, or ſome Miſchief or other. But ſtill before *Execution*, the *Ordinary* calls them to *Shrift*, and many times the Toy takes them in the Head, to *Confeſs* and *Repent*; and ſo they are Sav'd. Now this ſilly Devil thinks, that when he has brought them to *Steal*, *Murther*, *Coin*, and the like, he has done his part, and ſo he leaves them: Whereas he ſhould ſtick cloſe to them in Priſon, and be tempting of them to Deſpair, and make away themſelves. But when they are once left to the Prieſt, he commonly brings them to a Sight of their Sins, and they 'ſcape. Now this ſimple Devil was not aware, it ſeems, that *many a Soul goes to Heaven from the Gallows, the Wheel, and the Faggot:* And this Failing has loſt your Highneſs many a fair Purchaſe. Here's enough, (*cry'd the Preſident*) & there needs no more Charge againſt him. The poor Devil thought it was high time to ſpeak now, when they were juſt upon the point of paſſing his Sentence; and ſo he cry'd out: My Lord, (*ſaid he*) I beſeech you hear me; for though they ſay the Devil is deaf, it is not meant of your Greatneſs. So there was a general Silence, and thus he proceeded.

I cannot deny (*my Lord*) but *Tyburn is the way to Paradiſe, and many a Man goes to Heaven from the Gallows.* But if you will ſee thoſe that are *Damn'd for Condemning others*, againſt *thoſe that are Sav'd from the Gallows*, *Hell* will be found no loſer by me at the foot of the Accompt. How many *Marſhals-Men*, *Turn-Keys* and *Keepers*, have I ſent ye, for letting a *Coiner* give them the ſlip now and then with his *falſe Money*; (always provided they leave better Money inſtead on't.) How many *Falſe Witneſſes*, and *Knights of the Poſt*, that would ſet their Conſciences like Clocks, to go faſter or ſlower, according as they had more or leſs Weight; and Swear

extempore,

extempore, at all *Rates* and *Prices*! How many *Solicitors*, *Attorneys* and *Clerks*; that would draw ye up a *Declaration* or an *Indictment* ſo ſtily, that I my ſelf could hardly diſcover any Error in't: And yet when it came to the *Teſt*, it was as plain as the Noſe on a Man's Face; (that is to ſay again, provided they were well Paid for the Faſhion.) How many *Jaylers* that would wink at an Eſcape for a luſty Bribe! And how many *Attorneys* that would give you Diſpatch or Delay, thereafter as they were Greas'd. Now after all this, what does it ſignify, if *One Thief of a Thouſand comes to the Gallows?* He only ſuffers becauſe he was Poor, that there may be the better Trading for the Rich; and without any Deſign in the World to ſuppreſs Stealing. Nay, *It often falls out, that they that bring the Malefactor to the Gibbet are the worſe Criminals of the two.* But they are never look'd after; or if they ſhould be, they have Tricks and Fetches enough to bring themſelves off: So that it fares in this caſe, as it did with him that had his Houſe troubled with *Rats*, and would needs take in a Company of *Cats* to deſtroy them; the *Rats* would be nibling at his Cheeſe, his Bacon, a Cruſt of Bread, and now and then a Candles-end; but when the *Cats* came, down went a Milk-bowl, and away goes a Brace of Partridges, or a couple of Pidgeons; and the poor Man muſt content himſelf to go Supperleſs to Bed. In concluſion, the *Rats* were troubleſome, but the *Cats* were Intolerable. *And then there's this in't*; ſuppoſe *one poor Fellow Hangs, and goes to Heaven, I do but give him in truck for two Hundred at leaſt, that deſervess to be Hang'd but 'ſcape, and go to Hell at laſt.* Beſides, a *Thief* upon a *Gibbet*, is as good as a *roaſted Dog* in a *Pidgeon-Houſe*; for ye ſhall immediately have two or three Thouſand *Witches* about him, for ſnips of his *Halter*, an *Eye*, *Tooth*, or a *Collop* of his *Fat*; which is of Sovereign Uſe in many of their Charms. But in fine,

let

let me do what I will, my Services are not understood. My Succeſſor, it may be, will diſcharge his Duty better: And indeed I am very well content to lay down my Commiſſion; for (to ſay the Truth) I am in Years, and would gladly have a little Reſt now in my Old-Age; which I rather propoſe to my ſelf in the Service of ſome *Pretender*, than where I am.

Lucifer heard him with great Patience, and in the end, gave him all the Satisfaction imaginable; ſtrictly charging the *Evil Spirits* that had abus'd him to do ſo no more, upon hazard of *Pain Corporal* and *Spiritual*; and they deſir'd him too, that he would not lay down his Employment; for he was ſtrong enough yet to do very good Service in it. But to think of Eaſing himſelf, by going to a *Pretender*, he'd find himſelf miſtaken; for 'twas a Duty he'd never be able to endure. Well! (ſays he) e'en what your Highneſs pleaſes. But truly I thought a Devil might have liv'd very comfortably in that Condition: For he has no more to do, that I can ſee, than to *keep his Ears open, and Learn his Trade.* For, put caſe it ſhould be ſome *Pretender* to a *Good Office*, or a *Fat Biſhoprick*, (though the *Fathers* and *Councils* are againſt *Pretenders* in *this Caſe*) I fancy to my ſelf all the Pleaſure and Divertiſement that may be. It is as good as going to School; for *theſe People teach the Devils their* A B C; and all that we have to do, is to *Sit ſtill* and *Learn.*

The *Viſion* that follow'd this, was the *Dæmon* of *Tobacco*; which, I muſt confeſs, did not a little ſurprize me. I have indeed often ſaid to my ſelf, *Certainly theſe Smoakers were poſſeſs'd*; but I could never ſwear it till now. I have (ſaid the Devil) by bringing this Weed into *Spain*, Reveng'd the *Indians* upon the *Spaniards*, for all the Maſſacres and Butcheries they committed there; and done them more Miſchief, than ever *Colon*, *Cortes*, *Almero*, *Pizarro* did in the *Indies*. By how much it is more

Honourable

Honourable to Dye upon a *Swords-point*, by *Gun-shot*, or *at the Mouth of a Cannon*; than for a Man to *Snivel* or *Sneeze* himself into another World; or to go away in a *Meagrim*, or a *Spotted-Fever*, perchance; which is the ordinary Effect of this poisonous *Tobacco*. It is with *Tobacconists*, as 'tis with *Demoniacks* under an *Exorcism*; they *fume* and *vapour*, but the *Devil sticks to them still*. Many there are that make a very *Idol* of it: They admire, they adore it, tempting and presenting all People to take it; and the bare mention of it, puts them into an Extasy. In the Smoak, it is a *Probation* for *Hell*, where another Day they must endure Smoaking; taken in Powder, at the Nose, it draws upon Youth the Incommodities of Old Age, in the perpetual Annoyance of *Rheum* and *Drivil*.

The Devil of *Subornation* came next, which was a good-complexion'd, and a well-timber'd Devil; to my great Amazement, I must acknowledge; for I had never seen any Devils till now, but what were extream ugly: The Air of his Face was so familiar to me, that methought I had seen it in a thousand several Places, sometime under a Veil, sometime open; now under one Shape, and then under another. One while he call'd himself *Childs-Play*; another while *Kind Entertainment*; here, *Payment*; there, *Restitution*; and in a third place, *Alms*. But in fine, I could never learn his right Name. I remember in some Places I have heard him call'd *Inheritance*; *Profit*; *Good-Cheap*; *Patrimony*; *Gratitude*. Here he was call'd *Doctor*; there, *Batchelor*; with the *Lawyers*, *Solicitors*, and *Attorneys*, he past under the Name of *Right*, and the *Confessors* call'd him *Charity*.

He was well-accompany'd, and stil'd himself *Satan's Lieutenant*: But there was a Devil of Consequence, that oppos'd him Might and Main; and made this Proclamation of himself: *Be it known*, (says he) *that I am the great Embroyler, and Politick*

tick Entangler of Affairs: The Deluder of Princes, the Pretext of the Unworthy, and the Excuse of Tyrants. I can make Black White, and give what Colour I please to the fouleſt Actions in Nature. If I had a mind to overturn the World, and put all in a general Confuſion, I could do it: For I have it in my Power, to Baniſh Order *and* Reaſon *out of it. To turn* Sawcineſs and Importunity into Merit; Example into Neceſſity: *To give* Law to Succeſs, Authority to Infamy; and Credit to Inſolence. *I have the Tongues of all* Counſellors *at my Girdle; and they ſhall ſpeak neither more nor leſs than juſt as I please.* In ſhort: *That's Eaſy to me, which others account Impoſſible; and while I live, ye need neither fear either Virtue, Juſtice, or good Government in the World.* This Devil of *Subornation*, that talks of his Lieutenancy, what could he ever have done without me? He's a Raſcal that no Perſon of Quality would admit into his Company, if I did not fit him with Vizors and Diſguiſes. Let him hold his Tongue then, and know himſelf; and let me hear no more of thoſe Diſputes about the Lieutenancy of Hell; for, I have *Lucifer*'s Broad-Seal, to ſhew for my Title to't.

For my part, (cry'd another Mutinous Spirit) I am one of thoſe humble-minded Devils, that can content my ſelf to hold the Door, upon a good Occaſion; or knock under the Table, and play at ſmall Game, rather than ſtand out. But, *Few Words among Friends are beſt*; and when I have ſpoken three or four, let him come up that liſts. I am then (ſays he) the Devil's-Interpreter, and my Buſineſs is, to Gloſs upon the Text; in which Caſe, the Cuckolds are exceedingly beholden to me; for I have much to ſay for the Honour of the Horn: *How ſhould a poor Fellow that has a handſome Wench to his Wife, and never a Penny to live on, hold up his Head in the World, if it were not for that Quality?* I have a pretty Faculty in doing good Offices for Diſtreſſed Ladies,

Ladies, at a Time of Need; and I make the whole Sex ſenſible, how great a Folly and Madneſs it is, to neglect thoſe Sweet Opportunities. Among other Secrets, I have found out a Way to eſtabliſh an Office for Thievery; where the Officers ſhall be Thieves, and juſtify it when they have done. Here he ſtop'd.

There was a ſhort Silence, and then there appeared another Devil, of about a Foot and a half long. I am (ſays he) a Devil but of a ſmall ſize, and perhaps one of the leaſt in Hell; and yet the Door opens to me, as well as to another; for I never come empty-handed. *Why, what have you brought then?* (ſays the Intermedler, and came up to him.) *What have I brought?* (quoth he) *I have brought an* Eternal Talker, *and a* Finical Flatterer: *They are two Pieces that were in high eſteem in the Cabinets of two great Princes; and I have brought them for a Preſent to* Lucifer. With that *Lucifer* caſt his Eye upon them, and with a damn'd Veruyce-Face, as if he hid bitten a Crab: You do well, ſays he, to ſay ye had them at Court; and I think you ſhould do well, to carry them thither again; for, *I had as live have their Room as their Company.*

After him, follow'd another Dwarf-Devil, complaining, that he had been a matter of Six Years about ſo infamous a Raſcal, that there was no good to be done with him; for the Bad, as well as the better Sort, were ſcandaliz'd at his Converſation. *A mighty piece of Buſineſs!* (cry'd the *Governante*) *And could you not have gotten him a handſome Office or Employment?* That would have made him good for ſomething, and you might have done his Buſineſs.

In the mean Time, the Babler went whiſpering to and down, and finding Faults; till at length, he came to a huge Bundle of Sleeping Devils, in a Corner, that were faggotted-up, and all mouldy and full

of

of Cobwebs; which he immediately gave Notic
of, and they cut the Band to give them Air. Wit
much ado, they waked them, and ask'd, *Wha
Devils they were? What they did there?* and, *Wh
they were not upon Duty?* They fell a *yawnin*
and ſaid, that they were the *Devils of Luxury.* Bu
ſince the Women have taken a Fancy to prefer *Gu
neas* and *Jacobuſſes* before their Modeſty and Ho
nour, there has been no need of a Devil in the Ca
to tempt them: For 'tis but ſhewing the men
Spankers, they'll Dart like Larks, and fall down b
fore ye; and then you may e'en do what you w
with them, and take them up in a Purſe-Net. *Ga
ſupplies all Imperfections*; it makes an Angel o
Crocodile, turns a Fool into a Philoſopher; and,
Dreſſing-Box well lin'd, is worth twenty thouſa
Devils So that there is no Temptation like a Pr
ſent: And take them from Top to Bottom, t
whole Race of Women is frail; and, One Thread
Pearl will do more with them, than a Million
fine Stories.

Juſt as the Devil made an end, we heard anoth
ſnorting; and 'twas well he did ſo, for we had tr
upon his Belly elſe. He was laid hold of, upon
picion that he ſlept *Dog-Sleep*; or rather the
of a *contented Cuckold, that would ſpoil no Spor
where he made none.* I am (ſays he) the *Nun's D
vil*; and for want of other Employment, I have be
three Days aſleep here, as you found me. My M
treſſes are now chuſing an *Abbeſs*; and alwa
when they are at that Work, I make Holy-day: F
they are all Devils themſelves then; there is ſu
*Canvaſſing, Flattering, Importuning, Cajolin
Making of Parties*; and in a word, ſo general
Confuſion, that a Devil among them would do m
hurt than good. Nay, the *Ambitious* make it a Po
of Honour upon ſuch an Occaſion, to ſhew t
they can out-wit the Devil. *And if ever Hell ſho
be in Danger of a Peace, it is my Advice, that
preſe*

reſently call in a Convention of Nuns, to the E-ection of an Abbeſs; which would moſt certainly educe it to its ancient ſtate of Sedition, Mutiny, and onfuſion; and bring us all in effect to ſuch a paſs, at we ſhould hardly know one another.

Lucifer was very well pleas'd with the Advice, nd order'd it to be enter'd upon the Regiſter, as a re Expedient, to ſuppreſs any Diſorders that might appen for the future, to the Diſturbance of his Go-rnment. After which, he commanded the Iſſu-g out of a Summons to all his Company and *Li-ery-Men*, who forthwith appear'd in prodigious ultitudes; and *Lucifer*, with a Hideous Yell, de-ver'd himſelf moſt graciouſly as follows.

The Decree of Lucifer.

TO our *Truſty* and *Deſpairing Legions*, & *Well-Beloved Subjects*, lying under the Condemna-on of *Perpetual Darkneſs*, that liv'd Penſioners to n, and had Death for their Pay-Maſter, Greeting. This is to let you underſtand, That there are *Two evils*, who pretend a Claim to the Honour of our *ſtenancy*; but we have abſolutely refus'd to gra-y either the one or the other in that Point; out a ſiguiar Affection and Reſpect to *Our Right uſty and Well-beloved Couſin*; a certain *She-evil*, that deſerves it before all others.

At this, the whole Aſſembly fell to Whiſpering d Muttering, and Staring one upon another; till laſt *Lucifer* obſerving it, bad them never trouble emſelves to gueſs who it might be; but fetch *ood Fortune* to him, known otherwiſe by the ame of *Madam Proſperity*; who appear'd in the ail of the Aſſembly, and with a proud and diſdain-Air, march'd up, and planted herſelf before the *graded Seraphim*; who look'd her wiſtly in the ce, and then went on in the Tone he firſt began.

It is our *Will, Pleaſure*, and *Command*, that next

and

and immediately under our *Proper Person*, you Pay all Honour and Respect to the *Lady Prosperity*, and *Obey* her as the most *Mighty* and *Supreme Governess of these our Dominions*. Which Titles and Qualities, we have conferr'd upon her, as due to her Merit; for *She hath Damn'd more, Souls than all you together*. She it is, that makes Men cast off all *Fear of God*, and *Love of their Neighbour*. She it is, that makes Men place their *Sovereign Good* in *Riches*: That *Engages* and *Entangles* Men's *Minds* in *Vanity*; strikes them *Blind* in their *Pleasures*; *Loads* them with *Treasure*, and *Buries* them in *Sin*. Where's the *Tragedy*, that she has not play'd her Part in't? Where's the *Stability* & *Wisdom*, that she has *stagger'd*? Where's the *Folly*, that she has not *improv'd* and *augmented*? She takes no *Counsel*, and fears no *Punishmen*. She it is that furnishes *Matter* for *Scandal*, *Experience* for *Story*; that entertains the *Cruelty* of *Tyrants*, and bathes the *Executioners* in *Innocent Blood*. How many *Souls*, that liv'd *Innocent* while they were, *Poor*, have fallen into *Impiety* and *Reprobation*, so soon as ever they came to drink of the *Inchanted Cup of Prosperity*! Go to then, be *Obedient* to *Her*, we charge ye all, as to *Our self*: and know, that, *They that stand their Ground against Prosperity, are none of your Quarry*. Let them e'en alone; for 'tis but Time lost, to attempt them. Take Example from that *Impertinent Devil*, that got leave to tempt *Job*; he persecuted him, begger'd him, cover'd him all over with *Scabs Ulsers*. So that he was! if he had understood his Business, he would have gone another way to work, and begg'd leave to have multiply'd *Riches* upon him; and to have possess'd him of *Health* and *Pleasures*. That's the Trial! And how many are there that when they thrive in the World turn their Backs upon *Heaven*, and never so much *name* their *Creator* but in *Oaths*, and then too without thinking on him: Their Discourse is all of *Fol-*

lities

ties, *Banquets*, *Comedies*, *Purchases*, and the like. Whereas the *Poor Man* has *GOD* perpetually both his *Mouth* and *Heart*. *LORD*, (says he) *be mindful of me, and have Mercy upon me; for all my trust is in thee.* Wherefore (says *Lucifer*, redoubling accurſed Clamour) let it be Publiſh'd forthwith throughout all our Territories, That *Calamities*, *Troubles*, and *Perſecutions* are our *Mortal Enemies*; for ſo we have found them upon Experience: They the *Diſpenſations* of *Providence*, the *Bleſſings* the *Almighty*, to fit Sinners for himſelf, and they at ſuffer them, are enrolled in the *Militia* of *Heaven*.

Item: For the better Adminiſtration of our Government, it is our Will and Pleaſure, and *We do ſtrictly charge and command*, that our Devil's give inſtant Attendance in *Courts of Judicature*? And they are hereby totally diſcharged from any farther care of *little Petty-Foggers*, *Flatterers*, and *Envious Perſons*; for they are ſo well acquainted with *Hell-Road*, that they'll guide one another, without the help of a Devil to bring them hither.

Item: We do Ordain and Command, That no Devil preſume for the future to entertain any Concident but Profit; for that's the *Harbinger* that provides Vice the moſt Commodious Quarter, even the ſtraiteſt Conſciences.

Item: We do Ordain, as a Matter of great Importance to the Converſation of our Empire, That what part ſoever of our Dominions, *the Devil Money* ſhall vouchſafe to appear, all other Devils there preſent ſhall riſe, and with a low Reverence, preſent him the Chair, in token of their Submiſſion his Power and Authority.

Item: We do moſt expreſly Charge and Command our Officers, as well Civil as Military, to employ their utmoſt Diligence and Induſtry, for the Eſtabliſhing a General Peace throughout the World.

For that's the time for *Wickedneſs* to thrive in, a
all ſorts of *Vices* to proſper and flouriſh; as *Lux*
ry, *Gluttony*, *Idleneſs*, *Lying*, *Slandering*, *Gami*
and *Whoring*: And in a Word, Sin is upon the Encrea
and Goodneſs in the Wane. Whereas in a State
War, Men are upon the Exerciſe of *Valour* and *V*
tue; calling often upon Heaven in the Morni
for fear of being Knockt on the Head after Dinn
And Honeſt Men and Actions are rewarded.

Item: We do from this time forward diſchar
all our Officers and Agents whatſoever from givi
themſelves any farther Trouble of tempting M
and Women to Sins of *Incontinence*: For as mu
as we find upon Experience, that *Adultery* and *F*
nication will never be left, till the Old Wom
ſcratches the Stool for her Back-ſide. And thou
there may be ſeveral Intervals of *Repentance*, a
ſome faint Purpoſes of giving it over; yet the H
mour returns again with the next Tide of Blood; a
Concupiſence, is as Loyal a Subject to us, as any
have in our Dominions.

Item: In Conſideration of the *Exemption* foreſa
by which means ſeveral poor *Devils* are left wi
out preſent Employment; And, *For aſmuch as th*
are many Merchants and Tradeſmen in London,
ris, Madrid, Amſterdam, *and elſe where*; *up a*
down the World, that are very Charitably diſpo
to relieve People in Want; *eſpecially* Young He
newly at Age, and Spend-thrifts, *that come to b*
row Money *of them. But the times being de*
and little Money *ſtirring, all they can do, is to f*
niſh them with what the Houſe affords; *and i*
Hundred-Pound or two in Commodity *will do t*
any good, 'tis at their Service, (they ſay.) *This*
Gallant *takes up at exceſſive Rates, to Sell ag*
immediately for what he can get; *and the M*
chant has his Friend to take it off under-hand,
a third part *of the* Value. (Which is the Wa
Help

Helping Men in Diſtreſs.) *Now, out of a ſingular Reſpect to the ſaid* Merchants *and* Tradeſmen, *and for their better Encouragement, as alſo to the end that the* Devils *aforeſaid may not run into Lewd Courſes, for want of Buſineſs: We Will & Require, That a* Legion *of the ſaid* Devils *ſhall from Time to Time be continually aiding and aſſiſting to the ſaid* Merchants *and* Tradeſmen, *in the Quality of* Factors; *to be relieved Monthly by a freſh Legion, or oftner, if Occaſion ſhall require.*

Item: We do Will and Command, *That all our* Devils, *of what Degree or Quality ſoever, do henceforth entertain a ſtrict Amity and Correſpondence, with* Our Truſty *and* Well beloved *the* Uſurers, *the* Revengeful, *the* Envious, *and all* Pretenders to Great Places *and* Dignities: *And above all others, with the* Hypocrites; *who are the moſt powerful* Impoſtors *in* Nature, *and ſo excellently ſkill'd in their Trade: That they ſteal away People's* Hearts *and* Souls, *at the* Eyes *and* Ears, *inſenſibly; and draw to themſelves,* Adoration *and* Reward.

Item: We do farther Order and Command, That all Care poſſible be taken for the Maintaining of *Blabs, Informers, Incendiaries* and *Paraſites* in all Courts and Palaces; for thence comes our Harveſt.

Item: That the Bablers, Tale-bearers, Make-bates, and Inſtruments of Divorces and Quarrels, be no longer call'd Fans, but Bellows; in regard that they Draw and Inflame, without giving any Allay, or Refreſhment.

Item: That the *Intermedlers* be hereafter call'd and reputed, the *Devil's Body-Lice*; becauſe they fetch Blood of thoſe that feed and nouriſh them.

Lucifer then caſting a ſowre Look over his Shoulder, and ſpying the *Governante*; I'm of his Mind, (*quoth he*) that ſaid, *Let God diſpoſe of the* Dowegna's, (or Governantes) *as he pleaſes; for I'm in no little Trouble how to diſpoſe of theſe Confounded Carrions.*

Carrions. Whereupon the *Damn'd* cry'd out w
one Voice: *Oh* Lucifer! *let it never be ſaid, th
it rain'd* Douegna's *in thy* Dominions. *Are we
miſerable enough, without this new Plague of
ing Baited by* Hags? *Ah, Curſed* Lucifer! (cry
every one to himſelf) *ſtow them any where, ſo th
come not near me. And with that they, all clap
their Tails between their Legs, and drew in the
Horns, for Fear of this new Torment. Lucifer,* ſm
ing how the Dread of the Old Women wrought u
on the Devils, contented himſelf, at the preſent,
let it paſs only *In Terrorem*: But withal, he Swo
By the Honour of his Imperial Crown, and *as
hop'd to be Sav'd*, That what Devil, Devil's Dam,
Reprobate *ſoever, ſhould in Time to come be fou
wanting to his Duty; and in the leaſt Degree di
obedient to his* Laws *and* Ordinances: *All, a
every the* ſaid Devil *or* Devils, *their* Dams, *or* R
probates *ſo offending, ſhould be delivered up to t
Torture of the* Douegna, and *ty'd* Muzzle *to* Mu
zle; ſo to remain, In Secula Seculorum, witho
Relief or Appeal; any Law, Statute, or Uſage to t
contrary notwithſtanding. But in the mean tim
caſt them into that Dry Ditch, (ſays he) that th
may be ready for uſe upon any Occaſion.

Immediately upon the Pronouncing of this *Sole
Decree*; *Lucifer* retir'd to his Cell; the Weath
clear'd up, and the Company diſpers'd in a Frig
at ſo horrible a *Menance*, and ſo went about th
Buſineſs: When a Voice was heard out of t
Clouds, as the Voice of an Angel, ſaying; *He th
rightly Comprehends the Morality of this Diſcour
ſhall never repent the Reading of it.*

FINIS.